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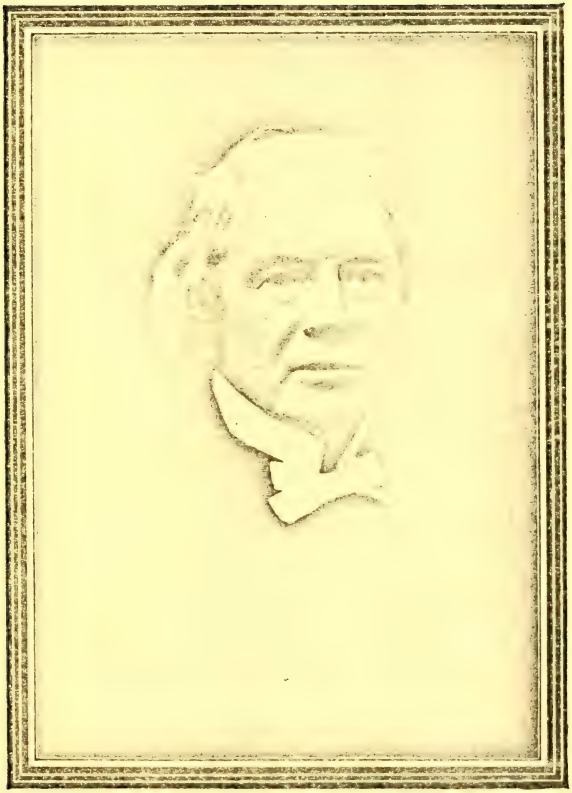


John M Walden

METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1915

JOHN MORGAN WALDEN

The whole of Bishop Walden's life was spent in the open. From his earliest manhood his very nature brought him into publicity. He was the servant of all. He did his own thinking and reached his own conclusions independently. He had a reason for all his beliefs, and he held tenaciously to his opinions. He possessed an enormous fund of exact knowledge concerning the details of the work in his hands and all the collateral issues and interests related to it. He was willing to pay the price exacted for the possession of all this knowledge by being a patient, untiring, and constant student. For many years he was known as the statistician of the church, including all the various boards to which he belonged. He was ready, at the proper time, to express his opinion and conclusion, which was generally correct, and which was always listened to with respect. Not given to imagination, not given to much prophecy, he had possession of the present facts and upon them based his arguments. From the beginning he seems to have given himself wholly to his work. He had no side lines, and he never tried to turn his opportunities for service into merchandise of any sort. He was occupied with administration in the large things of the church during the most of his public career. He was a good example of a man, dead in earnest, who began in poverty and did his utmost with the task in hand until he was called to a larger responsibility, and giving that the same devotion. His early life became a series of promotions; each time a little larger place because he proved himself able to do larger work. The church has had no better example of the life of a

man, not so remarkably equipped as some men in some things, but remarkable in its basis of solid character; the capacity for study; the wide and accurate knowledge of the times in which he lived; a most persistent will to carry out his plans; and, over and directing all, a determined consecration of his life in absolute sincerity in service to the times in which he lived.

John Morgan Walden was born at Lebanon, O., February 11, 1831; the son of Jesse and Matilda Walden. His mother died in his early childhood and the little boy grew up with an exalted impression of the mother's saintly life. At the age of fourteen he was thrown upon his own resources, and, like many another country boy, without the distraction of ready money but with willing hands he gained his livelihood in various ways through the following years. At one time he was working on a farm; at another he was driving the business of a country peddler; later he was learning the trade of a carpenter, and then he was found clerking in a village store. His schooling consisted of a series of winter terms at the country schoolhouse. Nothing out of the ordinary occurred in his school life beyond the fact that he was the quickest and brightest of his class; always keeping his place on a level with the older pupils. At last there came into the country neighborhood as the teacher of the school a man of conscience and ability who, within the year or two that he remained as teacher to young Walden, gained an influence over him for great good, and inspired him with the thought, and finally with the determination, to secure a college education. Then he entered Farmer's College, located at College Hill, O., now a part of Cincinnati. Such was his industry and capacity for study that he finished the course in three years and graduated in 1852, and so high was his standing in the college that he was, immediately upon graduation, elected to the principalship of the preparatory department, which he conducted for two years.

In his earlier years young Walden felt constantly the restraining influence of the life and teachings in religious matters of the mother whom he had lost. As he grew older he found a home for a time with a family who seem to have been kind to him, considerate of the orphan's needs, and who because of that kind-

ness made a very strong appeal to his affection and gratitude, but the man and his wife were skeptics. They possessed considerable skeptical literature, in one form or another. Believing themselves to be emancipated from superstition, they made it a matter of much conversation and affected very strongly the unfolding mind of the boy in their home; so much so that in his teens he became openly an unbeliever and filled his mind with the stock arguments of infidelity. It was fortunate for him that the teacher mentioned above, who inspired him to do his best and gave him an outlook for the future, was also a man of Christian faith, and quietly did what he could to assist the young man's religious nature. And the young man thought very much on religious matters. One day while walking along a country road he was passed by a man on horseback who stopped, entered into conversation with him, introduced himself as the Methodist preacher who had been sent to that circuit, and invited him to come to the meeting he was to hold in the neighborhood that evening. His invitation was so gracious that it made an impression upon young Walden, and in the evening he was present at the service. This man was the Rev. Michael Kaufman, a member of the Cincinnati Conference, and a man of great skill as a soul-winner. Under the influence of the gospel message young Walden yielded to the conviction that had been growing within his soul and became a thorough and happy convert to the Christian faith. In his later life he wrote of this date as the time when all his views of life and outlook upon life were changed, and the change came to him at a time before he had made up his mind as to his lifework. Like many another country boy to whom a word in season has been spoken, and to whom a spiritual hand of help has been reached, he saw the whole horizon of his life widen and heighten through that revelation, and his own heart came into the knowledge of what his lifework was to be. During his college days he had become an occasional contributor to the press, developing a great interest in current political matters, and while thus seeking his way young Walden first concluded that his work was to be that of a journalist. He completed his engagement as a teacher at Farmer's College and accepted an opening to begin the work of editor and publisher upon a paper

known as The Independent Press at Fairfield, Ill. This was in 1854.

He had become a most earnest partisan on the question of temperance, and also equally interested and earnest in his opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska bill, which was then the great question of public policy touching the extension of slavery into the newer territories of our country. His paper became the champion of these two ideas. Neither idea was popular in southern Illinois at that time; both were opposed by a large majority of the citizens. No questions of mere policy affected the editor in his conduct of the paper. He believed that the temperance cause should be pushed hard, and that the Kansas-Nebraska bill should be opposed hard, and so after a few months, while he tried to believe that the great drought of the year, almost ruining the crops, was the cause for it, he was presently forced to admit that the real reason why most of the subscribers did not renew their subscriptions for a second year was because of the high stand he had taken on these great moral and political questions. So he gave it up, as the only thing he could do. He went back to his home in Cincinnati and became a reporter and correspondent on The Daily Commercial, and so continued for two years. This time included the great political campaign of 1856, during which he traveled widely over Ohio and Indiana reporting speeches at political meetings, and himself occasionally taking the stump. It was the first great Anti-Slavery campaign and he was interested, heart and soul. The Anti-Slavery struggle in Kansas was attracting increasing attention, and in 1857 we find Mr. Walden at Quindaro, Kan., ready to cast in his lot with the pioneers of the new territory and do his share toward maintaining Kansas as a free State. Here he established a newspaper called The Chindowan, which in the Wyandotte language means Leader. His paper immediately began the advocacy of radical free State measures and exerted a very considerable influence, giving its editor a prominent place at once among Free-State leaders. This was his first conspicuous work. As a newspaper man and politician he made himself powerfully felt in those early days in the settlement of Kansas. The great aim was to save Kansas from slavery. Mr. Walden was busy and useful, both

with his paper and with many public addresses, in molding into organic life a new free State. He attended every Free-State convention while he was resident in Kansas. He was a member of its first Legislature. He was a member, also, of the convention to prepare a constitution for the new State; this convention is known in history as the Leavenworth Constitutional Convention. In this convention he was chairman of the Committee on Education, and also as chairman of the Committee on Address, he was himself the author of "The Address of the Convention to the American People." This address was accepted as the groundwork of the constructive plan of the new commonwealth of Kansas. That document was everywhere received over the country as both patriotic and statesmanlike. The original draft, in his own handwriting, of this address is before us as we write. He became, in fact, the spokesman of the people engaged in the great conflict in Kansas in staying the westward tide of slavery. We are to remember that this was the work of a youth of only twenty-seven.

Under the Leavenworth Constitution he was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and as a result of this election he closed his connection with The Chindowan and canvassed the territory in opposition to the Pro-Slavery Constitution known as the Lecompton Constitution. The result of the agitation of the year was a victory for the free-soilers and the guarantee of a free State. The young man from Ohio, who had thrown himself into the conflict with all the intensity of his strong nature, stood in high favor throughout Kansas. He had already been elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction. There was no doubt that the path of political advancement was open before him. Had he remained in Kansas, with the hold he had gained upon the people, he would, without doubt, have gained the highest places within their gift. Here the story of his life comes to its first great turning point. He had been exercising, in greater or less degree, his gifts as a local preacher during his residence in Kansas, and the conviction grew upon him that he ought to find his place in the Christian ministry. Bishop Janes went that year into Kansas to hold the Kansas-Nebraska Conference and there met young Walden. The result of two or three interviews, in which the older man im-

pressed upon the younger man his conviction that Walden's true place was in the ministry, resulted in the closing up of his work in Kansas and in his return to Ohio. Bishop Janes wished him to remain in the Western country, where he was already so well established and where he would have taken a place of influence at once, but feeling that his work should begin in his native country he returned to Ohio, and in September, 1858, he was received into the Cincinnati Conference. He was appointed junior preacher on the North Bend Circuit. Two years later he was sent to York Street Church in Cincinnati. In 1862 he became the superintendent of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of Cincinnati, an organization doing important work in that day; continuing in this work for two years and a part of this time also serving as the Corresponding Secretary of the Western Freedmen's Aid Commission, holding this position until 1866. His part in the Civil War consisted in this unique work for the freedmen at its beginning, and also in his participation with the citizens of Cincinnati in all patriotic movements during the Civil War. A regiment of Home Guards was raised, largely in that part of Cincinnati where his church was situated, and he was made its commander. This Home Guard regiment continued its organization during the Kirby Smith raid, and also during the John Morgan raid. In this way Mr. Walden gained the title of colonel. He did not see service at the front, but did service of an efficient and valuable kind in the maintaining of proper patriotic sentiment in the city of Cincinnati.

Among the other services rendered to his home city was a membership of three years in the Board of Education of Cincinnati and chairman of its Library Committee. He also served as the editor of The Daily Christian Advocate, the official journal of the General Conference, at its session in 1864. It is now accorded to him by those who know the history that he led as the chief mover in the organization of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is known to those who have studied the history of the Freedmen's Aid Society that it was a part of Bishop Walden's plan for the work among the freedmen that a central university with university powers, for colored peo-

ple, should be established by this society in each of the former Confederate States, and that the universities were to be fed by secondary schools wherever it was possible to maintain them within the given States; the plan being to make a practical, technical, and industrial as well as classical education possible to as many of these wards of the nation as would avail themselves of the opportunity. It was a great conception, and what was thus desired and planned is not now to be discounted by the fact that the ideal has been but partially fulfilled. Most of the schools were organized and started according to the original design, and most of them have been continued to this day. Such buildings and equipments as it has been possible to secure have been in use. But the best that has been done is only a partial service instead of carrying out the original purpose. What could not be seen forty years ago we can see plainly now, namely, that universities have not been greatly needed for college and university work among our colored people. College students through the years have been few in number. What was needed then, and is needed now, is the opportunity for many thousands to be taught in these schools who are only able to get the first principles of an education; to begin at the beginning of things in matters of study, and for the most part in the grades below the high school. But these schools which have done so much primary and intermediate work have been the best of their kind in the South, and as a whole the results have been wonderful. The work which these schools are now doing is of increasing value to the race and to the country.

Bishop Walden saw many of his ideals fail for lack of funds with which to develop the work. The manner in which when he could not reach the absolute best he did the possible best in planning for these schools is wholly admirable. The Freedmen's Aid Society has always felt the grinding, heart-wearing, corroding need for more money. The open doors and promised success of the work, the daily enlarging opportunities for this service have been the society's greatest embarrassment, and the man who more than any other helped to meet its emergencies with patient smile and persistent will through the long years of its history was John M. Walden. For none knew so well as he the long story of our work

for the freedmen, and no one else carried so much exact information concerning all the details of its history stored away for instant use in a well-nigh infallible memory. Beginning in 1866 as the first Corresponding Secretary, he continued such until his election as Publishing Agent in 1868; from that time forward he was a member of the Board of Managers until 1885, then he was made president of the society, serving until 1904, after which he was president emeritus and first vice-president until his death.

In 1867 he was appointed presiding elder of the East Cincinnati District. He was a member of the General Conference in 1868 and was also a member of all the succeeding General Conferences up to and including 1884, five in all. At the General Conference of 1868, held in Chicago, he was elected one of the Publishing Agents of The Western Methodist Book Concern, and continued in that office for four successive terms, until his election to the episcopacy in 1884. During the years of his administration as Publishing Agent of The Western Methodist Book Concern that house passed through what was perhaps the most critical period of its entire history. The Civil War had just been brought to a close and the period of reconstruction was in full swing. In its earlier years the Western house had enjoyed the growing Methodist patronage of practically the entire South. Consequent upon the division of the church in 1844, and the long litigation resulting in a division of the property of The Book Concern, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, receiving a share under the decision of the United States Supreme Court, a heavy task was laid upon Hitchcock & Walden, the Publishing Agents of the Western house, the burden of which was to continue the business and pay over their share of the money belonging to the South. But the business coming to the house from the South was very largely destroyed; the small amount still being done being more of a missionary proposition than a source of profit. The West and the Northwest were still young and poor. A very large part of what is now Methodism's most prosperous area was missionary ground. The means of communication were then only partially developed; neither books nor periodicals could be had at so cheap a price as now. The average prices were more than double what they are to-

day. The development of our Sunday school literature, now the largest output in the world, was then but just begun. What is now the greatest source of profit in publications was then almost of no profit at all. Another event which made the position of The Book Concern critical at this time was the Chicago fire of 1871, in which the building and the stock of The Book Concern in that city were swept out of existence. There have been calamities by fire in The Book Concern on two or three occasions in the later years, and while the losses have been considerable, such has been the volume of later business that the effect has not been noticed. It was not so with the Chicago fire. There was a bonded indebtedness, besides many current debts at the parent house in Cincinnati. The depositories at Chicago and Saint Louis had never been profitable. There were seasons when the future of the entire Western house was uncertain; indeed, it may be remembered that at the General Conference of 1878 a resolution was introduced looking to the investigation of the affairs of The Western Book Concern, and its lack of prosperity, with a view to determining whether it would be wise any longer to continue its existence as a separate house. This proposition had many advocates, but was defeated largely through the influence of Dr. Walden, who did not believe that the future was to be judged by what the past or the present might show. Before the next General Conference better times had come, and the question has not been raised in later years concerning the discontinuance of the Western house.

The quality of patient persistence and the ability to work long and hard which was developed by these Agents, Hitchcock & Walden, during these years of crisis when nothing but patience and persistence would have won the day, is a matter to be remembered and to be thankful for. During these years, also, the deficits in the expenses of General Conferences were largely paid by The Book Concern, amounting in some years to thousands of dollars. In the earlier years the salaries of the Bishops were also paid by The Book Concern, and later on, during the administration of Dr. Walden, the deficiencies in the Episcopal Fund were annually supplemented from the earnings of The Book Concern. The marvel is that, considering the total amount of the assets of the house and

the total amount of the business done, there was found so much money which could be diverted to these other uses. It was done by the strictest economy; economies in many ways which could not be exercised now. We have at The Book Concern many old letter books containing the copies of official correspondence of those years, and many thousands of these letters were written by Dr. Walden's own hand; a species of drudgery which could not be undergone now with the increasing volume of business. It was the day of small presses; of old-fashioned machinery in the bindery. Such a thing as an adding machine had never been heard of; hours were long and wages were low, the volume of sales relatively small, and of profits relatively large because of the extreme carefulness of administration. When at the end of his sixteen years of service in The Book Concern Dr. Walden was transferred to another field of labor, he had the satisfaction of knowing that, while the total assets of the business were not as yet great, they were constantly growing. There was no longer any question about the continuance and the future of The Western Book Concern. Its great debts were paid; the depository at Chicago, rehabilitated from the fire, was more prosperous than ever before. The depository at Saint Louis had fully justified its existence.

For the first twelve years of his Book Concern work he had the helpful partnership of Dr. Luke Hitchcock; for the last four years that of Dr. W. P. Stowe. It may be safely said that he was the policy-maker and the executive head of the long administration.

Just before leaving for the South on his final journey last winter Bishop Walden dropped in at the office of the writer, as was his frequent custom, for a little chat; this time in weakness, but with hopeful anticipation of a winter in the South under most pleasant conditions. He spoke of the tasks he still had in hand—gathering the material for a history of the Freedmen's Aid Society and putting in order some facts for his own autobiography, which he had been urged to write. Speaking with great freedom of current matters, he asked a few questions about The Book Concern and its present work, and then said, with a smile: "It gives me very great satisfaction to know that, while I was here in the day

of small things, yet I helped to lay the foundation for this present great work and that some of my plans still appear in the structure of the business." And he had a right to such satisfaction, because if it had not been for the unyielding determination to make The Book Concern a success, from 1868 to 1884, piloting it through stormy seas and bringing it finally safely to a place of prosperity, certain I am that its present prosperity would not be possible.

At the General Conference in Philadelphia in 1884 Dr. Walden was elected as one of the Bishops of the Church. Wiser minds than mine may determine whether it was really a promotion; whether there could be a greater work given to any man in the Christian church than that of publishing and sending forth the best type of Christian literature in the successful, conscientious way which marked his term of service.

At the funeral services of Bishop Walden, among other appropriate tributes paid him was one given by Bishop Cranston, his successor in The Book Concern and later his colleague in the episcopacy, our present senior Bishop. From this tribute I may be permitted to quote a characterization of Bishop Walden in his work as a Bishop:

> Bishop Walden's record as a general superintendent was in every way honorable to himself and to the church. He was no less industrious, no less systematic and painstaking in the new office than in the old. He neglected no detail. He made maps of his Conferences. He calculated distances to be traversed by moving preachers. He knew every parsonage value and every stipend for pastoral support. He mastered the Discipline and became an authority in church law. He kept close track of new legislation. He studied precedents and decisions until he was expert in parliamentry practice. He had the history of his church at his tongue's end. He gloried in her doctrines, and exulted in her manifold activities, as to every one of which he was thoroughly informed. He cheerfully took the long, hard missionary visitations to distant continents. He gathered and collated significant data in every department of church work. He was a living encyclopædia of information as to conditions at home and abroad. He knew every school, college, hospital, deaconess institution, with its equipment, endowment, etc. He gathered by the wayside such facts, financial, political, social, or educational, as might enter into a statesman's view of the duty or opportunity of the church. The map of the world was none too big for his plans for Methodism as God's great evangelizing instrumentality. Ask any of the older Bishops who was the best informed man in the church, up to date, up to the last hour,

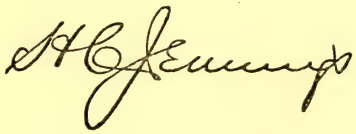
and he will answer, Bishop Walden. Ask any experienced worker who was the trusted mentor in all the General Committees, who it was who saw to it that nothing was slurred over or forgotten in the confusion of the closing hours, and he will name Bishop Walden. As secretary for the Bishops he was ready on the moment with any information desired as to their records or business. He checked up to the last item at every session the disciplinary requirements involving action by the Board. Nor did his retirement seem to discharge him from any of these responsibilities. He did not interpret release from Conference presidency as a revocation of his general superintendency. To the very last opportunity he literally reveled in service. That other Bishops were more conspicuous at times in public recognition he observed, but did not resent. He knew his task and its value, and he knew that God knew—and that was enough. I cannot help recalling that the fullness and readiness of his information, together with his eagerness to serve the cause in hand, sometimes invited the sallies of men who set wit before knowledge. I wonder how many of those who indulged their own particular aptitude caught the full meaning of that quiet and sometimes smiling repartee, "I thought you should know the facts in the case." And then he would go right on being an encyclopædia brought down to the minute. It is my witness to his work and worth that no Bishop has ever served the church more conscientiously, more self-sacrificingly, and, taking all the varied functions of the office into the final average, I would say, more effectively than Bishop Walden.

In the Bishops' council his utterances since his retirement have been admirable in both spirit and substance. There had come to him in these later years a patriarchal serenity and tenderness that made his counsels to us seem like the words of a seer or a father. He will be affectionately remembered by every Bishop, and greatly missed for years to come. It was a wonderful deliverance he gave to the General Committee on Home Missions as late as November, 1913.

As a Bishop he traveled over the greater part of the world. He visited our work in all the great continents and made three official visitations to Europe, where he had his residence for about three years. It was agreed by all who knew him and who knew the church well that he possessed a more definite knowledge of the concrete life of the church throughout all her wide boundaries than did any other man of his time.

In nothing was Bishop Walden more interested than in the cause of Federation with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. From the time of the Cape May Conference down to the last hour his mind and heart were full of plans for the consummation of a final unity, his faith in which was never shaken. The Joint Com-

mission on Federation of the two churches was in session when he died. He had greatly desired to be at this meeting. He had engaged in much correspondence concerning it. He had great hope of its outcome and very tender were the tributes of our brethren in the South to his spirit and work through the long years in behalf of the true unity of the churches. For a long time he had wished for the organization of a court for the peaceful settlement of all cases of conflicting interests between the two churches, and this end was reached the day after his death. This is not the place to make a record of the long service he rendered in this matter in its detail; it is enough to say that the one unceasing purpose of his life through all its later years was to do what one man could to bring about, in all honor to all parties, the settlement of what to him was the next great question in the establishment of true Christian unity among all churches.



SOME CURRENT DISCUSSIONS OF THE PERSON OF CHRIST

The historic and literary study of the Scriptures, which has been such a marked feature of the theological life of our time, has gone far enough for us to discern rather clearly some main trends of opinion toward the problem of the person of Christ. It was of course to be expected that the newer critical method would be carried in the hands of some devotees to absurd extremities. The fashioning of the tools of present-day biblical study has really been one of the intellectual marvels of our time. But a tool which is fashioned by the accumulated wisdom of generations of scholars can fall into the hands of the bad-tempered or the unbalanced or the foolish. We need not to be surprised, then, to discover that some modern critics avow that Jesus Christ never existed. In this country Professor W. B. Smith, of Tulane University, has the rather singular distinction of announcing the theory that Jesus was a myth wrought out by certain religious tendencies at work in what we think of as the earliest Christian generations. A good answer to the speculations of Professor Smith, and of others, like Drews and Robertson, who hold substantially to Smith's views, has been made by Professor F. C. Conybeare, of Cambridge University. Professor Conybeare is himself a critic of extreme naturalistic temper. His own conclusions are not those which would likely be acceptable to any scholars of orthodox schools. But Professor Conybeare is skilled in the use of historical methods and shows completely the folly of trying to account for Jesus as the product of myth-making tendencies. He makes it clear that those who think of Jesus in terms of solar myth are really amateurs in the use of the historical method, and that men who came to such conclusions are hardly entitled to a place among critical scholars. But while Professor Conybeare himself and others of the extreme critical school flout openly the findings of the solar-myth theorists, they do not leave much place for Jesus as we have been accustomed to think of him. President Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, in an

article in the Atlantic Monthly some months ago, took the ground that present-day science has rendered a great service in the rediscovery of the actual historical Jesus. Men like Dr. Pritchett, and also like President Eliot, of Harvard, would maintain that it is our duty to stick closely to these actual historical rediscoveries of Christ; that we must see Christ just as he was, that we must strip off every vestige of dogma, every assumption out of harmony with the modern scientific view of the universe, and take the teachings of Christ reduced thus to their net historical minimum. We would not for a moment underestimate the value of modern historical research as applied to the life of Jesus; but if the technical critic really casts out of the Scripture everything which is dominated by the view that Jesus is essentially what the orthodox church has from the beginning held him to be, there will be very little left. All our present-day documents in the New Testament are documents of faith. All were written on the assumption that Jesus is in some unique sense the divine Son of God. If we try to get back behind the documents to any other view, we are at a good deal of a loss. A critic might hold that all the assumption of the church concerning Jesus for the last nineteen hundred years has been mistaken, but if all our historical statements concerning Christ have come to us out of that assumption, it is quite a question as to how much of historical value we have left after the assumption is cast aside. The assumption may be a magnifying and even a distorting medium, but it has been the only medium which has kept the picture of the Christ before us. It is somewhat as if an astronomer, after having made an investigation of the rings of Saturn through a telescope, should tell us to cease looking at Saturn through a telescope and contemplate the rings with the naked eye. The embarrassment would be that we could not see anything, at least anything of consequence, with the naked eye. Another school of students frankly avow that they are not concerned with the actual historic data as to Christ, but with what men have thought about him from the beginning. The Christ idea is here, no matter how it got here, and the idea has to be judged as to its worth now that we have it. Such students investigate church history to discover what part the conceptions concern-

ing Christ have played in the religious life of successive ages. Without regard to what actually happened in Judea and Galilee nineteen centuries ago, the fact is that the Christ idea of God has got afloat and is the bearer of the hopes of the race. The doctrine that God is a Father of holy love is all-essential. We need not concern ourselves as to the part which any historical Jesus played in connection with that idea. The western hemisphere is called America, and America is the synonym for certain national and spiritual conceptions. It is a matter of slight consequence to us how the western hemisphere came to be called America. Quite likely the dimly seen character whose name is thus perpetuated has been honored far beyond his worth. But America stands now for a vast range of ideas, and not for a person who lived some four hundred and fifty years ago and who did or did not make certain voyages of discovery. Similarly with Christianity. The question is what Christianity means now that we have it. The various theories concerning Christ and his life and death which have occupied the attention of successive church teachers have value on their own account, without regard to how they actually got started. The philosophy of our day is pragmatism. In harmony with that philosophy we try out in real life the Christian conceptions and see what becomes of them. In any case their only important value is their value for religious experience.

We have no desire to quarrel with pragmatism. The spiritual worth of truth is, indeed, tested by its serviceableness. But the Christian revelation depends not only upon the appeal which an idea makes as an idea, but upon the question as to whether the idea holds true for God. Professor B. W. Bacon, of Yale University, is known everywhere as making very free with the New Testament documents. Very radical New Testament critics find themselves unable to go with Professor Bacon, especially in his discussions of what is and what is not historically authentic, for example, in the Gospel of Mark. But Professor Bacon has certainly done good service in his little book on Christianity Old and New, in showing how much Christianity depends for its validity upon the question of its historic foundation. What we supremely desire in Christianity is not only a revelation about man, but also,

and much more, a revelation about God. Christianity stands or falls with its doctrine as to the character of God. Christian thought has always delighted to picture God as the chief of burden-bearers and the leader of all in self-sacrifice. If historic Christianity means nothing except that such and such ideas about God got started under such and such circumstances, we miss henceforth an element of power in the Christian system. Without always attempting to define closely the meaning of incarnation, Christianity's distinctive message has always been that, in some way, at real cost to himself, God has entered uniquely into the burdens and limitations of human experience through Jesus Christ. Perhaps we can best sum up the position of devout Christian thought to-day by stating that masses of believers get along without a formal theory concerning Christ. On the one hand they hold fast to the historic Jesus. On the other hand they see in each succeeding formula concerning Christ the attempt of an age to express Christ in the largest way. The constant aim is to make Christ mean more to men. The successive theories of atonement are the attempts to say that in Christ God is doing all he can do for us. The thoughtful believer looks upon Jesus as the abounding life of God. Jesus can no more be caught within the formal statements of a creed than any abundance of life can be so caught. Any attempt to reduce the life of Jesus to a decreasing historic minimum only increases the marvel of the quality and of the volume of life that could accomplish so much through so little. At the same time that the historic critic makes the facts of the Christ life few the Christ revelations become many. At the same time that those facts are represented as inconsequential the largest consequences flow from them. In any case the believer marvels at the fullness of life in Christ. Finding God in that life, he is not overmuch concerned as to just how to state his belief in theological or philosophic terms. So far as the present writer can make out, this is about the position of the more thoughtful Christians of to-day. Practically and vitally they are making more of Christ than ever before. Theoretically and theologically they are not so much concerned as formerly with the phrasings of doctrine concerning Christ. But this position, devout as it is, is one of unstable

equilibrium. The church will not rest long in a mere practical attitude toward Christ. Each age, as we have said, utters in its own way its largest tribute to the Lord of Christianity. There are already signs of movement toward attempts to state anew for our day a theory as to the person of Christ. Some have tried to find in the discoveries of modern psychology a new basis for a statement of the relation between the divine and the human in Jesus. Foremost among these are the late Father Tyrrell, of the Roman Catholic Church, and Dr. William Sanday, of the Church of England. Father Tyrrell was possessed of a noble spirit of theological adventure, a spirit which brought him into conflict with his church superiors. Probably the best application of the pragmatic method in theological procedure is that made by Dr. Tyrrell, though the writer of this article does not recall that Tyrrell ever professedly allied himself with the pragmatists. In Tyrrell's eyes the supreme value of Christ is his value for worship and for practical piety. But this Roman Catholic leader saw that there must be some theoretical treatment of the Christ problem. So Father Tyrrell threw out a suggestion that the power of one personality over another, as we see that power in the findings of the modern psychologists, may give a clue as to the power of the divine personality over Jesus. The psychological investigator can give us instance after instance where one personality has been so dominated by another as almost to lose its individuality. Does not this give us a hint as to the possibility of the Divine Spirit's seizure of a human life with such power as to make that life in every least detail his own? We must all feel grateful to Dr. Tyrrell for many of his theological suggestions and for the inimitable charm with which he set them forth. But this particular suggestion starts a good many questions. The most striking illustrations that we see of the domination of one personality by another are to be found in the realm of hypnotism. But in hypnotism we do not see any exaltation of the dominated life to a large range of thought or vision. The capture is that of the lower phases of psychological mechanism. The higher faculties seem to be quiescent. In Jesus, on the other hand, it is just this play of loftiest spiritual faculty which is always most in evidence. Father Tyrrell

discerned, as did hardly any other man of his time, the divine influences which played into and out from the life of Jesus, but it is to be doubted if his references to modern psychology help us much. It is to be regretted that Father Tyrrell was cut off in his prime before he had time to gather into systematic shape his scattered suggestions as to formal theology. Some years ago Dr. William Sanday wrote a book on Christologies Ancient and Modern. The book is greatly under the influence of Professor William James's Varieties of Religious Experience. Dr. Sanday makes much of James's division between the conscious self and the subliminal self. In that mysterious realm below the threshold of active consciousness Dr. Sanday finds the seat of the divine in Christ. But here again, while there is much fertility of suggestion, there is not much of positive contribution. Merely laying stress on the line between the conscious and the subconscious does not help us far toward an understanding of the uniqueness of Jesus, for that distinction holds in every human experience. Moreover, we are coming to see that a large part of what is below the threshold of consciousness has previously been above the threshold. Much has been allowed to drop below the threshold, and perhaps in riper form it has later reappeared. Again, the marvel about the Christ consciousness is what we see above the threshold in the light of full consciousness. These things do not seem to have been done in a corner, even in the corner of a down-cellar subconsciousness.

A second group of persons making suggestion toward a theory of the person of Christ are those working at a restatement of the doctrine which has been technically known as that of the Kenosis. As everyone knows, this theory starts from passages like that of Paul, to the effect that Jesus emptied himself of certain attributes of divine glory. The doctrine received formal statements at the hands of three European theologians of the last century—Thomasius, Ebrard, and Gess. Each of the statements was open to serious objection and the doctrine as a whole has never received very wide acceptance. The fundamental difficulty with it is that it presupposes too intimate a knowledge of the inner constitution of Deity. If a divine being is to be emptied of omniscience, omni-

presence, and omnipotence, so as to come within the limits of human experience, there must be very strict subordination of (let us say) one person to another in a God-life made up of very distinct personal consciousnesses. Many profound thinkers have never been able to see that the strictly philosophical objections to this theory are of great weight, though the presuppositions are, indeed, bold. The late Professor Borden P. Bowne, in private conversations and in one or two published addresses, fully committed himself to at least the essentials of the Kenotic theory. In spite of the very daring claim which any such theory makes upon knowledge of the inner life of Deity—a claim which may well appall a cautious thinker—there is a very notable movement toward restatement of the Kenotic theory. Professor H. R. MacIntosh has recently published a book on the doctrine of the person of Christ which really is Kenotic in principle. The book is well worth reading even by those who cannot accept the theory. There is complete mastery of Christological literature and thoroughly reverent spirit together with unusual theological acumen. Principal P. T. Forsyth, in the Person and Place of Jesus Christ, takes likewise a Kenotic position. Forsyth's work, however, is of less consequence than MacIntosh's. Forsyth at times bristles with polemic spirit and at such times is prone to settle theological problems by emphasis.

A third line of approach to this central theme of the person of Christ is that marked out by a very able essay in a work recently published by seven Oxford men on Foundations. The aim of this work is to state the problems of theology as they appear to men of to-day who are not much over thirty years of age. The essay which has chiefly to do with the theme now before us is on The Divinity of Christ, and is written by Dr. William Temple, Headmaster of the Repton School. Though Dr. Temple is only thirty-three years of age, his essay is extraordinary for its command of the theological sources and for its insight into the demands of any adequate discussion of the divinity of our Lord. Dr. Temple sees very clearly that what we need in any statement of the Christ problem is a real revelation of the character and purpose of God. He sees clearly also how thoroughly the problem

of revelation in Christ is bound up with the problem of redemption in Christ. Dr. Temple comes to the conclusion that for revelation and redemption we need a consciousness human in its form and divine in its contents. He would maintain that in Christ we have not an individual man, but rather a person who is at the same time man and God. Jesus is not *a* man or *a* God, but God revealed in the forms of human consciousness. Dr. Temple's essay is avowedly under the influence of that remarkable book published some ten years ago by Dr. Moberly, entitled Atonement and Personality. Both Moberly and Temple would hold that God has revealed himself not by seizing upon some particular individual in the course of the world's history whom he has made divine, and not by withdrawing from the universe to reduce himself within the limits of human consciousness, but by speaking and acting and living through a human consciousness uniquely constituted for the purpose of such revelation. Great force is manifest in Temple's argument in the emphasis on the contents of the Christ mind as revealing divinity. Not enough, however, is said about the constitution of the mind itself. When we are thinking of contents we have also to think of the container. Of course Dr. Temple implies that the mind of Jesus was such that it could contain the contents of the divine mind. But the fact is not sufficiently stressed that the mind of Christ must in its very make and structure show its unique relationship to the divine. In the thought of the present writer Dr. Henry C. Sheldon, of Boston University, has said substantially all that Dr. Temple has said, and has said it with juster regard to all the factors of the problem. But Dr. Temple has the advantage—as well as the disadvantage—of less formal theological treatment.

Some readers may wonder why such an article as this of mine is written. Why not be satisfied with the practical attitude of adoring contemplation of Christ? The answer is that the religious intellect will not stop with such practical attitude. The mind will go on to ask its questions and to insist upon a statement of the problem of Christ that fits in harmoniously with the thought of succeeding generations. And the article is written also to indicate that, in the realm of formal theological reasoning, the the-

orizing concerning Christ for the next few years will perhaps lie between those who hold to the Kenotic theory and those who hold to the theory suggested by Dr. Temple. The virtue of the Kenotic theory is its stress on the self-sacrifice of God. The virtue of the other theory is that it keeps closer to the recognized limits of theological speculation. The two elements, of insistence upon the self-sacrifice of God and of recognition of the limits within which thinking about God must move, will have to be combined. This is the problem which immediately confronts him who would formulate a doctrine of Christ. Meantime we can fall back upon the fact that Christ himself becomes a greater factor in each day's living. The growing realization of the importance of Christ will lead to ever fresher statements of theory about Christ, and to revisions and restatements of such theories about as fast as they are published.

Francis J. McConnell

AN IMAGINARY SERMON

My text may be found in Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, second chapter, tenth verse. I hesitate to read it, for if I read from the common English version I shall weaken and blur the impression which ought to be produced by the words as written by the apostle. Let me prepare your minds a little for his bold announcement.

The apostle's conception of man's relation to God is so comprehensive and so transcendent that he often struggles in vain to express it in language. He seems conscious of inability to find words for so ineffable a reality, and hence presents only subordinate aspects of this relationship from time to time, and even these aspects oftener in similitudes and metaphors than in plain descriptive terms. Thus, to teach the disparity of man to God, and of human power to divine, he likens God to the potter and man to the clay. Then, in effect, he says we are God's pottery, his earthen vessels of honor or dishonor. We are God's crockery. Again, likening God to a builder, he says to his Corinthian brethren, "Ye are God's building." To indicate what kind of a building he has in mind he immediately afterward tells them that they are God's temple. Elsewhere, likening God to a husbandman, he tells us we are God's husbandry; that is, God's plantation, his farm, his garden, full of growing things. Now the surprising thing about our text is that here the same apostle uses a similitude so bold, so unexpected, so startling, that, notwithstanding the key word is the very same in English as in Greek, I know of no translator who has ventured to carry it over into his translation. What the apostle actually says is this: "We—are—his (that is, God's) poem; we are God's poem." The first time I came upon this expression as I was reading my Greek Testament it made upon my mind a profound impression. But the more I meditated upon it the more I said to myself: Paul is right. And why should I be startled? To liken God to a great poet is far worthier, far more reverent than to liken him to a potter, or to a house-builder, or to a farmer, as the sacred writers so often do. Let it stand. Let

us repeat it with ever better and better understanding. Let us say to ourselves exultingly: Whatever the angels may be, and whatever the devils may fail to be, our redeemed and glorified humanity shall remain what Paul, the inspired apostle, declared it —the poem of the ever-living God.

The thoughts suggested by this text are many and pregnant. Let us consider two only. First, the light which it throws upon our humanity. Second, the light which it throws upon humanity's author.

What is a poem? It is not easy to tell. Innumerable writers have grappled with the question, but I know of none who in his definition has ever satisfied even himself. It is not sufficient to distinguish a poem from a prose production; for all agree that there are such things as prose poems. Moreover, when a man lost in admiration of the Cathedral of Cologne declares it a poem in stone he expresses an idea inexpressible by any other word, and this being true his use of the term is fully justified. Perhaps we may most safely begin by saying that, whatever more it may be, a poem is fundamentally a form of personal self-expression. It invariably expresses something of the thought or feeling or purpose of a personal being, and so reveals something of its author. Now, this certainly holds true of humanity in relation to its Creator. It expresses something of the thought and feeling and purpose of the ever-living God. This, therefore, we may name as the first point of agreement or likeness which warrants the apostle in calling our humanity the poem of God. In the second place, every poem has important presuppositions apart from the fact of personality in its author. For example, every poem presupposes means of expression that antedate and in an important sense pre-condition this particular expression of personal thought, feeling, or purpose. The written poem presupposes a written language; an oral poem, an oral language. Each presupposes a knowledge of the vocabulary—the laws, the cadences, the limitations of the language in question. Even if it be a poem in stone it presupposes stone, and a knowledge of the possibilities and of the limitations of personal expression in forms of stone. Just so is it with God's poem. Humanity presupposes more than the

personality of its author. It presupposes the world on which humanity has its dwelling place. It presupposes all those natural products by which mankind is nourished and all those natural elements and forces by which these products are perpetually made ready for man's use. It presupposes in the Author of mankind a knowledge not merely of himself and of man, but also of all these elements, conditions, laws, and forces without which man would necessarily be other than he is. This, therefore, is the second point in which the nature of a human poem illustrates the nature of the poem divine.

The third point now claims our attention. It is very curious and deeply significant. Have you ever noticed that one of the commonest characteristics of a true poem is that, while its author seems to say one thing, he intends to say, and to the intelligent reader does say, something quite other and deeper? Take the opening lines of that familiar hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee." Suppose some person unfamiliar with Christian images and phraseology—for example, a pagan boy student in the heart of China—were to be given this couplet to translate into his own language, what would be the result? He would inevitably translate it into a prose sentence with utmost literalness, and would suppose that the author at the time he wrote it stood before some ancient rock with a rift or cavity in it, and for some reason, probably for protection from storm or danger, proposed to hide himself therein. That would be absolutely all that the couplet could possibly say to him. Of the real meaning he would not get the faintest idea. Just so we may take that beautiful poem of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." The poet is facing eternity. He has faith not only in immortality but also in Him who is piloting him toward that blessed haven. Death is at hand; but faith is triumphant over all fears of death. As his last gift to his fellow mortals he pens this hymn of faith; but the pagan boy in the heart of China, if given this poem, would never suspect that the poet was thinking or speaking of death. He would imagine the author to be a rather sentimental or fastidious sailor or traveler who, on some former occasion, when putting out to sea, had been annoyed by rough weather and by the demon-

strations of over-anxious friends, and who here deprecates a repetition of that experience. Listen, and see how inevitable that understanding of the verses would be:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For, though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

You observe that the prosaic, matter-of-fact interpretation is one that fits from beginning to end. Our Chinese translator would imagine he had perfectly caught the meaning. Possibly, if very thoughtful and critical, he would wonder why the poet did not say he hoped to see his Pilot *before* rather than after he had crossed the bar; but that would be his only ground for giving the poem any further thought.

These illustrations sufficiently exemplify what I was just now saying about the apparent and the real meaning of great poems. They also compel us to face the question whether God's great poem has the same characteristic; whether in that God seems to be saying one thing while, in reality, he is saying something altogether different. For a moment such a suggestion staggers us. We are prompted to say, It cannot be. That would make God's utterances equivocal. For him to say one thing and mean another would be inconsistent with his perfect veracity, his earnestness, his essential and therefore ever-present sincerity. But let us not decide too hastily. You remember a certain fa-

miliar story that begins, "Behold a sower went forth to sow." That also is one of God's poems. Moreover, if taken as a plain and simple narrative of fact it is a complete story, consistent and finished in every part. The boy in the heart of China, if asked to translate it, would think that some sage in foreign parts had written it for the sake of impressing upon the mind of cultivators of the soil the importance of confining their seed to good ground instead of carelessly letting it fall on trodden paths or brier patches or stony places. But while the parable says something so simple and so level to the comprehension of a pagan boy, it says to us, and was intended to say to all, something infinitely higher and deeper. Just what this higher and deeper meaning is has in this case been explained to us by unimpeachable authority. And the reason which our Lord expressly gives for speaking to the multitude in parables (Matt. 13. 10ff.) is precisely the reason that would justify him in addressing to the slowly dawning intelligence of his moral universe such a poem as this which is being published, canto after canto, in the unfolding life of God's human family. Indeed, a study of that reason, and of the little we know of the possible methods of developing the slowly dawning intelligence of beings in the earliest stages of creaturehood, inevitably brings us to the conclusion that God not only may, but even must, make use of means and modes of revelation in which the primary and apparent significance is followed by others ever deeper and diviner.

This last mentioned thought naturally leads to a new question, and this is the fourth point to which I desire to call your attention. The question is: What is it that determines the intelligibility of a perfect poem in all its meanings? What is it that measures one's ability to understand and appreciate those meanings to their utmost depths? We need not wait long for the answer. A very brief consideration will convince any man that a reader's ability to understand and appreciate a great poem is directly proportioned to his affinity of mind and heart and will with the author. Would one appreciate and enjoy Browning to the full, one must habitually harbor such thoughts, emotions, and purposes as those amid which Browning lived and moved and had

his being. So of any other great poet. So of the greatest of them all, the Creator of them all. To the undivine even God's poem is destitute of all high significance; to the enemies of God it is even an inharmonious jargon, destitute of all rational right to be.

Summing up now all that has occupied our thought thus far, we may say that the similitude employed in our text enriches our conception of human nature in four distinct ways: First, it reminds us that every endowment, indeed, every known possibility of humanity, has behind and underneath it the personal life of God. Second, by compelling us to discriminate between means and end in all divine self-manifestations, it compels us to lift man out of the level of nature's life and to assign to him a distinctly supernatural value even in the mind of God. Third, by reminding us that beneath the *prima facie* or prose meaning of human life we are to search for a profounder, a parabolic and poetic meaning, it starts a series of individual experiences and social testings which result in demonstrating that human life is not altogether what it seems; that the secondary signification of this divine poem conducts to a third yet profounder, the third to a fourth, and so forward indefinitely. Lastly, by suggesting the one thing on which the intelligibility of humanity depends, it shows us that only in proportion as we ourselves approximate the divine do we become capable of true self-knowledge. Showing this, it enriches our conception of the nature of human self-knowledge and our conception of the true function of all self-known human life and being. Well may we thank the apostle for a thought so rich in suggestion relative to the dignity and to the limitless life-range of our own nature. Let us now pass on to notice that our text at the same time and in like degree enriches our conception of God.

This truth is already manifest from what has been said. We saw that the apostle represented God as a potter. Not an inspiring conception, one is tempted to say. But wait a moment. Perhaps you have not fully taken in the apostle's idea. There is a great difference between a potter such as you and I think of and the Poet-potter of whom the apostle is speaking. The former is a poor drudge who is trying to make a living by mechanically re-

producing upon his wheel the pots and jugs and pitchers invented ages ago and still demanded by everyday human convenience. The Poet-potter is another being. He is constantly putting new thoughts into new forms. Instead of working for a living he lives to work. The joy of self-expression lends imperishable beauty to everything to which he puts his molding hand. Hence when Paul calls God a poet he at once helps us to understand how in the world he was ever able to speak of him as a pot-maker. Just so is it with the other familiar appellations of the high and holy One that inhabits eternity. Only because all these are supplemented, nay, rather transfigured and glorified by the remembrance of God's spontaneous, incessant, overflowing poetic creativeness can the devout mind consent to call God a builder, a gardener, a vineyard-dresser, a shepherd, or even a king. But for the idealizing halo given them by such teachings as that of our text it would be an indignity, nay, almost a blasphemy, to call him by any of these names derived from human callings. Even as it is, the devout soul must ever count it one of the greatest of God's condescensions that he permits us to address him by any of the names which our limited and limiting minds can fashion. But our conception of God is chiefly enriched by a discovery which sooner or later comes to every thoughtful mind: the discovery that this great poem of God is a tragedy, a tragedy of unmatched and impenetrable pathos. To most of us this discovery comes as a staggering surprise. Perhaps it ought not so to come, for without an appreciation of the tragic in the world of reality no poet has ever touched the loftiest ranges of poetic possibility. Reasoning, therefore, from analogy, we might anticipate that the divinest of all poems would prove to be one including the divinest of tragedies. Nevertheless, so prone are we to assume that all divine experiences must of necessity be blissful, and only blissful, that it comes as a surprise, yea, as a shock, when we discover that the most heartbreaking heartbreak in the universe is in the heart of God. The record of humanity's sin is at the same time the record of that heartbreak. And as age-outlasting as that sin has been that heartbreak. Is it not a transcendent tragedy, a mystery as baffling as it is divine?

Fortunately, in this darkness that can be felt, there are beams of ever-growing light. In the tragedies of the old Greek poets the supreme constituent factor was ever the resistless energy of a pitiless and implacable fate. Willing or unwilling, men and women of every ethical quality were led on or dragged on to horrible destinies. Not so in the divine tragedy of sinful humanity. In this the destiny-determining power is both pitiful and placable. The Father of men is subject to no blind ontologic fate. He is love. And the human race, being a creation of this self-objectifying power, can love in turn, and in turn experience all love's transformation. Hence in this supreme tragedy, dark as it is, error is not forever irretrievable. By virtue of the vital affinity of God and man, and their vital union in the one historic God-Man, sin can be, sin has been, divinely expiated. Conscious guilt can lose itself in conscious pardon, moral pollution give place to heavenly purity. These transcendent truths, wherever known, have lighted up the darkness of our sin-cursed earth, banished its gloom and despair, projected apocalyptic visions of the coming City of God upon the curtains that veil the future.

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The poem of poems has thus far been legible only in a blotted text, black-lettered and full of errors; its Author is preparing a new edition, in scarlet and gold, faultless in its readings, full of illuminations of living light. And for what is he preparing it? To serve as the missal-hymn of the universe; a hymn in which all orders of created beings shall adoringly unite in bringing love and all love's tributes unto Him that was, and is, and evermore shall be.

To Him, even here and now, let us ascribe, as is most due, all blessing, honor, power, and glory, world without end. Amen and Amen.

William F. Warren.

THE NEW REALISM—ARNOLD BENNETT AND JOHN GALSWORTHY

"There seemed something rather fatuous about the story, for though it had a tremendous plot, and was full of well-constructed people, it had apparently been contrived with great ingenuity to throw no light on anything whatever."—John Galsworthy, Island Pharisees.

"Throw no light on anything whatever." It was just this criticism that I once, in a spasm of temerity, ventured to pronounce in the presence of a journalistic friend against our present daily press. "It doesn't pretend to do it," he replied. "Its purpose is fulfilled if it merely states facts. That is all that life is, anyway. What more should you expect from a record of life?"

It's facts, facts—facts with coffee and rolls at breakfast; facts from the noonday edition at lunch; and facts with the postprandial cigar at night. The newspapers have cultivated this our peculiar vice—our ophiuchan appetite for cosmic gossip. "Throw no light?" Who wants light thrown upon the facts presented in these twelve-point, seven-columned, thirty-odd paged matutinal and vesperal intellectual diversions? There would be no time for it; besides, some thought might be necessary, and both these can hardly be spared from the serious problems of business. For life is a fleeting affair, after all; its facts crowd so turbulently, so dizzily, so monstrously, so horrifically, that to try to grasp even a few, those that pertain to one's own business affairs and the affairs of one's associates, is such a thankless and painful process; is it not far better when one reads its daily record—as all feel they must—is it not better to let the process as nearly as possible resemble the process of life itself? A sharp rock here, an eddy swirling there where some fact comes home with poignant reminder that this is our life after all, and that its affairs touch us now and then—an accident to a friend, a break in the market, a fall in the price of wheat—and we pause reflectively, even painfully; but else the reading proceeds with the same impersonal interest as though the facts were the doings of the Martians and the gossip that of the daughters of the City of the Sun.

What is there to compensate for this search of facts? To put

the question is to suggest the answer. It is the search for the emotional thrill, the titillation of nerves, that life gives. To be sure, the thrill is not so intense nor the titillation so poignant as of life itself, but it is good to take one's emotional perturbations diluted with wood pulp and printer's ink, and it is ever so much less exhausting. The brew of life is too heady to be taken "straight" by any save the strongest, yet this age craves its intoxication, so takes its beverage diluted in the daily press. And, besides, this keeping within arm's reach, literally, life itself in its folded record, is it not to follow the injunction that it is well for one who lives to know life, to follow its protean manifestations, to recognosce its various weaknesses and powers, and thus to learn better how to equip ourselves for the pitiless battle to which life summons all? Other writing, novels, poetry, history even, have not this immediacy. They are, one and all, so we seem to feel, at best adulterations, mixed with the personality of historian, poet, or novelist, and to that extent untrustworthy, perhaps even fallacious. The newspaper is the true realism.

Like the newspaper is the "movie," almost as universal, quite as popular, and soon, they say, to supersede its rival as the educator and molder of the public mind. Its realism passes unquestioned, for have not real people posed for it *in suis personis,* and have not the facts themselves painted their own lineaments on the precious ribbon that under the manipulation of a mere boy simulates the resistlessness of life itself? Newspaper and the "movie," these are at least two powerful abettors and directors of much of the present taste for life and facts, and may, perhaps, serve as an introduction to some of our newer realism in literature.

Many still in their prime can easily remember the almost pious horror with which an earlier generation drew back its robes from contamination with the evils of French naturalism or realism. Balzac, Flaubert, and especially Zola, in their novels had exploited the disagreeable, the repulsive, the sinful in real life; and those whose consciences were queasy revolted, not on critical or philosophical grounds, but because the exhibitions were æsthetically ugly and morally unclean. They could no more endure some of the scenes in Flaubert's Madame Bovary or Zola's Nana or La

Terre than physical or moral disorders in their own lives. Living more or less decent lives themselves, directed by a more or less noble ideal, they persisted in refusing to allow their approbation to an art that was disorderly and ignoble. Thus the word realism became a term of reproach, connoting a nose for the malodorous, an eye for the monstrous, and an imagination for the prurient. That the term naturalism or realism was misused by both those who claimed it as a defense of their canons of literary art and those who attacked it on æsthetic or moral grounds, has been abundantly made clear by later criticism. For it is obvious that to paint merely the more disagreeable or more brutal traits of man's nature is to fail to recognize, what is also a fact, that man is something more than a selfish being with purely animal instincts. And for this reason fiction which paints only man's more agreeable traits, such as are usually ascribed to his so-called ideal nature, might also be called naturalistic or realistic; the only test being that such or such good traits, like the disagreeable, may be found in real life. Realism, as such, can run the full measure of man's nature; it may be noble or base, sublime or abysmal, tragic or comic: in short, it may be as infinite in its variety as human nature itself. So much for the half insight which those had who attacked the new school of writers on purely æsthetic and moral grounds. But the writers themselves got only a half glimpse of the significance of the nature the real portrait of which they sought to delineate. Perhaps the most thoroughgoing in his naturalistic creed was the experimental Zola. Taking his cue from science, and especially the biology and physiology of his time, he sought to prove, by experiments on the characters in his novels, that human nature and human character and actions are the result of the interplay of scientific laws as simple and as rational as the law of natural selection and the survival of the fittest. Indeed, in his mind there was no schism between man and brute and even stocks and stones; the same laws, only slightly modified, ruled in each; and the writer of fiction was a scientist, like the physicist or biologist, only a little more imaginative, as his apparatus was a little less obvious than test tubes, scales, and microscopes, and his substances slightly more volatile than gases

and more restive under restraint than diatomes and amœbæ. Such was the quite-to-be-expected result when the scientific ideal, under the uncompromising championship of Herbert Spencer, Taine, and Haeckel, finally took by storm all, or nearly all, the intellectual activities of Europe and America. For this reason the realistic novels of Zola, as well as those of Flaubert, and later those of Hardy, are pervaded with at least this much of the rational: they are orderly, they have well-elaborated plots, with emotions, characters, motives clearly marked, tabulated, and indexed. When reading them one has the sense of perfect security that one has with a large but well-digested book, with table of contents, index, and appendix all in place and all working harmoniously to one end—a perfect understanding of the author's purpose. To use a phrase used at the beginning of this paper, they "throw light"—a false one, a dismal one, a lurid one, an abysmal one it may be—but they do throw light on everything in the book. This was the old realism. Its ideal was not far from that of the poet Manilius, "Nam neque decipitur ratio, nec decipit unquam." It was faulty because it saw man only partially. I need not repeat here that much of it was nauseatingly prone to exploit man's baser and animal nature; and that it might, could, and should also have exploited his more noble qualities, for these are surely as much the play of scientific law, if scientific law explains all human actions, as his appetites and indulgences. Take, for example, one of the last of these stories, Gorky's wretched tale of Forma Gordeyieff, a story of some four hundred pages, yet only one generous emotion, and that by a poor sister of Rahab plying that ancient calling on the banks of the Volga. Yet this was by no means the most serious moral defect of the old realism. As long as a story keeps moral and immoral, right and wrong, clearly separate, it may tread where it will, like the lady in Comus:

> Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
> By grots and caverns shagged with horrid shades,
> She may pass on with unblenched majesty,
> Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.

But it failed because of too much pride and presumption in its creed. The moral defect with the old realism was that man was

reduced, like the rest of the universe, to a mere machine and made to obey equally mechanistic laws. The paradox that man discovered the laws of human life and character with the help of his reason, and then that he applied them to his own artistic creation, was at first overlooked. But the utter seriousness of the situation lies deeper. A man is either free to make a choice, and suffer the consequences of his choice, or he is a machine bound to inexpugnable laws. Only if the first is true may he be called a moral being; then only may we attach any significance to responsibility and expect retribution for error to be delivered with even hand. But if man may not deliberate and choose, but must act according to natural law—call it heredity, environment, or what you will—then his acts, be they never so vile, are in the same category with the spring of the startled rattlesnake and the plausibility of the ox. Why all this pother about the fate of the hero or heroine if they could have acted in no other way? What significance is there to his temerity in pronouncing the fateful words or her lingering response, if both are due to eupepsia, or the prevailing direction of the wind, or the depth of the soil? Hamlet's indecisive conduct might have been due to a dash of ptomaine poison in the "funeral baked meats," or Macbeth's hesitant bravado to a crack on the skull by a Norwegian battle-ax; but if so why all the "sound and fury" of the tragedy? For there can be no tragedy save where there is moral significance attached to a consciously selected line of conduct. How far natural laws play their part in man's life is for the scientist to determine and exploit. But one more law there is, quite as natural, too, though it is rational: that the pains and penalties as well as the rewards imposed upon human conduct derive their significance to man solely from his demand that the scales of justice remain even. Man has a moral nature as well as a physical, and though they may intimately touch in places, and even at times confuse their aims, the purpose of fiction should be to extricate and set forth clearly the former, not to trace character to its animal inheritance. The old realism was false because to it man was the *bête humaine*.

But most of this criticism has a shopworn and secondhand appearance. All of it has been made repeatedly and with far

greater effectiveness. What is significant here is the shift of position of the realists to-day. They no longer call themselves naturalists and even object to the term realists. There is no one now, unless it be the German, Sudermann, and the Russian, Gorky, to carry on the traditions of Flaubert and Zola. Later writers, like Romain Roland, whose huge ten-volume commentary on life, Jean Christophe, has lately been translated into English, and Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy, the Englishmen who are particularly the subject of this paper, approach life from a new angle. And, naturally enough, this shift of position has been synchronous with the shift of position in both philosophy and science.

It is dangerous to generalize; for our philosophers now tell us that the human liability to error never shows itself more strikingly than in our attempts to make definitions. But even at the cost of their disapproval it is at least exciting to risk oneself upon thin ice and attempt to define briefly the sharp difference of attitude between our most active modern school of philosophy and science and that of the preceding generation. The contrast, to me, consists in this: that, whereas the older school looked at things and their relations from the point of view of reason, the new looks at things and at human reason itself from the point of view of things. The old scientific philosopher had a great deal to say of harmony in the universe, the reign of law, the power of the human reason to understand and make orderly nature and life; the new has about given up the problem of attempting to make nature and life orderly, that is, rational, and regards the human reason itself as but a part of the ceaseless flow of life. The new philosophy has as yet gained for itself no isle of refuge amid the great flux of existence, it has no τοῦ στῶ from which it may gaze at the origin and end of this world of being and becoming. Like leaves tossed on this great stream of facts and things in their ceaseless eddying and whirling, we are able to see neither whence we came nor whither we are going. All we may do is to seize and hug close the haphazard facts that come our way, but whence is their significance, or whither they are bound; this lies solely in the infinite bosom of the stream of existence. We may say facts are, but more than this is not given to mortal man to know. To

Spencer, who perhaps most clearly expressed the ideas of the most active science and philosophy of the preceding generation, the scientific laws are chief; the facts are significant only as they help us discover the laws. In themselves they are nothing. To the present-day relativist in science the facts alone are of consideration; we may classify them if we choose, but always with the thought uppermost that these classifications possess none but the most transitory significance. The only reality is the infinite and pressing stream of things. Thus the present tendency in ethics is to let theorizing alone, distrust abstractions, and to cling to the only clearly predictable thing—social habit. Education in the same way is concerned largely in a mad scramble to gather facts. And this tendency comes to its apotheosis in the newspaper, that grab-bag of cosmic gossip. It is the quite-to-be-expected thing, then, that the new realism, the fiction and the drama receiving much serious attention to-day, should set before its eyes the goal of journalism and be off in the same mad chase of obtrusive and persistent fact.

At this point it is necessary to keep the mind perfectly clear as to the meaning I desire to attach to this word fact, for there is danger of a serious ambiguity. The trembling of the last leaf on a tree before the blasts of winter is a mere isolated physical fact, no more; we have all seen thousands; and as such it suggests no significance. It is there, we see it, and before long we know it will lose its hold and be buried with its brothers, leaving the branches naked to the sky. There is a world of difference between this mere physical fact and the same fact in literature:

> The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
> That dances as often as dance it can,
> Hanging so light, and hanging so high
> On the topmost thing that looks up at the sky.

As early as Aristotle it was pointed out that before a fact can become significant in literature it must be made typical of many facts; its consanguinity to the thousand and one other facts about it must be shown; in other words, it must be stripped of much of its purely adventitious eccentricity and be made to stand not only

as an individual but as one of the many. Thus Lear in a mad house or Orestes in the hands of the state's officers would be figures who would excite our compassion or our ridicule, no more; but Lear and Orestes in literature are tragedy because the ideals of justice in the hearts of the human race seem bound up in their destinies. A mere physical fact, event, or emotion has in itself no significance because it is eccentric, particular, because its relation to other facts and to man is not obvious. But let the human mind play about the fact, seizing the points that bear resemblance to other facts, let the fact stand as a type or illustration of "the way things go in this world," and instantly the fact becomes alive with rational and artistic significance. "Art," says Goethe, "is called art simply because it is not nature." By this he meant that everything in nature is eccentric, highly individualized, particular; and that true art cannot consist in merely copying after the original, but in establishing relationships, seeking for consanguinity, looking for the one under the many; in other words, in humanizing nature. The facts of life may be copied or reported, and they are, in the newspaper and the "movies," and by this we may get an excellent phantasmagoria of the ceaseless flow and unintelligible brawl of life's processes, but never a satisfaction of the ever-insistent demand of human reason that there is order in the universe of men and things, and that this order it is given reason to discover. And it is because John Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett in their more serious novels and dramas persist, as do others of the new realism, in writing, like the newspaper, after the facts, that I insist that the new realism is, first and last, flippant, irrational, and unhuman.

More than once these authors return to the charge of what they regard as the precious modern vice—a refusal to look facts in the face. It is easy to find a quotation that will serve as an example:

> Long ago he found that he could not bear his mother Nature's inscrutable, ironic face bending above him in the dark, and with a moan he drew his clothes over his head. In her who gave him being he has perceived the only thing he cannot brave. And, since there is courage and pride in the feeblest of hearts, he has made a compact with himself:

"Nature! There is no nature! For what I cannot understand I cannot face, and what I cannot face I will not think of, and what I will not think of does not exist for me; thus there is nothing that I cannot face. And—deny it as I may—this is why I herd in my pavilion, under my lights, and make these noises against the sighing and the silence and the blackness of the night."

The meaning of this half allegory is perfectly clear. Man should live always under the fascination of the inscrutable, ironic face of nature, for then alone will he know that life is a compound of the inscrutable and the ironic. And John Galsworthy has done so, as his novels and plays amply attest. What is the life which he finds when he draws back the clothes from over his head, or leaves the lighted pavilion for the sighs and silence? Facts, ever new facts, each with its emotional thrill, like the atrocities or pathetics or even the humor we read in the daily press. We learn that something is wrong, but what, where, we catch no hint, unless it is because not enough people, or not the right people, have drawn back the clothes from over their heads or left the lighted pavilion for the sighs and the silence. His A Commentary, in which perhaps some of his most poignant facts are set forth with all their dismal detail, is no commentary at all. It is yellow journalism. Here we have pictures of degradation, misery, dissatisfaction, but these are things the world has known from its infancy. The abuse, the fault, the reason—for this we look in vain. Fiction is not a monologue, or a performance with only one actor. There must be some opposing force—one character, several, or a tradition—against which the action is directed. Here we have a bewildered cry, like that of the hurt child who looks in vain for his assailant. Fiction should not be as blind as the fact it is portraying:

Talk about democracy—government by the people. There's no sense in it; the people's kept like pigs; all they've got's like pig-wash thrown 'em. They know there's no hope for them. Why, when all's done, a workingman can't save enough to keep 'imself in his old age. Look at me! I've lost my arm, all my savings was spent when I was getting well; I've got this job now, an' am very glad to get it—but the time 'll come when I'll be too old to stand about in all weathers; what'll happen? I'll either 'ave to starve or go into th' Ouse—well, that's a miserable ending for a man.

Perhaps it is well to know the spirit that breathes in the vagabond Ferrand in The Pigeon:

> These sirs, with their theories, they can clean our skins and clean our 'abits—that soothes for them the æsthetic sense; it gives them, too, their good little importance. But our spirits they cannot touch, for they never understand. Without that all is as dry as a parched skin of an orange. . . . The good God made me so that I would rather walk a whole month of nights, hungry, with the stars, than sit one single day making round business on an office stool.

But the play does not make us see more than the inscrutable and ironic face of nature that made such beings to be. By presenting an irrational yet lovable humanitarian, imposed on by every one, it can do no more than touch our sense of the pathetic and the grotesque. The vagabond Ferrand, the one-armed philosopher who diverts traffic in front of the steam-roller, the hundred other bewildered wretches from the dregs of society whose pictures he gives us, are so many individual strays on the broad expanse of life. There is a dumb-animal suffering about them, each and all, that catches our throats in a spasm of emotion. But they do not understand, we do not understand, the author does not understand—all is particularized. Something is wrong, everything is wrong—no, nothing is wrong save life itself in allowing such outrageous facts to be; but because it is infinite, and is in ceaseless flux, it will not to any intelligible question return the slightest answer. When we leave the lighted pavilion we do have the sighing and the moaning, but also the silence and blackness.

When we turn from his picture of the dumb suffering of the individual poor we are again struck by the same irrational aimlessness of everything. "'Tis an unweeded garden," reads the motto of The Country House, and the story lives up to the motto, as do almost all of his novels. They are the gossip and the "near gossip" of the so-called respectable classes, the kind of stuff the yellow dailies delight to honor by high headlines and double-columned stories. In these pictures of life all sense of order is lost, even all sense of security, and in their place we have a flippant capriciousness, a blind play of chance and coincidence. Deliberate choice and the final retribution, or reward, the so-called law of poetic justice, of course we have gone too far in the knowl-

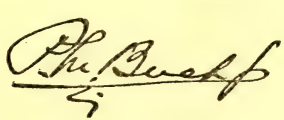
edge of what life really is to expect anything so logical as this, but in reason we demand that there should be some consanguinity between action and what we call wisdom and strength of character. But wisdom and strength of character are gained only as one raises himself above the stream of life, as one learns not "to take things as they come," but to control them by the rational device of understanding them. This is the one thing that Galsworthy's characters never do. They can hardly even be said to possess any character at all. They move by impulse, like puppets, not by motives; and the stronger impulse counteracts the weaker, like two forces meeting from opposite directions; and over the scene hovers the huge shadow of blind and empty chance. Life as he pictures it is an unweeded garden, with weeds and flowers in wildest profusion fighting for existence and obeying naught but nature's law of the survival of the most fit. To read all this may be very thrilling to the senses and to the emotions, but it gives no answer to, not even raises the question of the moral significance of actions and character, and failing in this fails in all. Nowhere is this more clearly shown than in his latest novel, the much praised Dark Flower. Here we have three intense episodes in a man's life, three thrilling love affairs which shake his being to the foundations. They come and they pass like life itself out of nowhere into darkness. He is merely the devoted heart that stands a patient target for the flaming arrow; and thrice is he pierced to the very marrow, while the reader hungrily gulps the unexpurgated emotion. And each ends by the most brazen chance—the first because he gets a telegram at the wrong moment, the second by the most brutal of coincidences, the third because one impulse is stronger than another—and through it all the story moves slowly, like a "movie," to the tune of Old Hundred.

If the genius of Galsworthy is that of yellow journalism, with its love of lugubrious gossip, that of Arnold Bennett, with his charming recital of the humdrum, is not very different from that of a glorified country newspaper. There is the same patient, deliberate search for the little matters of daily interest that go to make the lives of ninety-nine hundredths of commonplace people. Except now and then in his dramas and in his more farcical stories

there is scarcely an incident or a situation that raises its head above the dust of the perfectly ordinary. In his novels people rise, get meals, do the household chores, draw up accounts, even darn stockings, with patient resignation or wild rebellion in their hearts, exactly as people do in real life; not a detail escapes him. And it is this fidelity to the facts of life and the ability to make the reader sense their emotional content that make for Bennett's chief charm. He is the realist *par excellence*. He has the eye of a police inspector and the memory of the Bertillon system. But he never sees below the surface or the hidden connection between things. A primrose on a river's brim a yellow primrose is to him, and nothing more. But here we meet with our first exasperation. The country newspaper, probably from reasons of thrift, does well so to set up its page that the news that Mr. Jones is going to paint his barn appears in the same column with the demise of Mr. Smith's mother-in-law. The editor wants to retain Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith on his subscription list. But there is, as far as the community goes, far more significance in the latter event, especially if the departed was prominent in club circles. But it is just because Mr. Bennett refuses to see or to show any difference in significance between pouring a cup of tea or proposing marriage to a young lady that we are justified in claiming that he throws a lot of unnecessary dust in his reader's eyes. What, for example, is he driving at in his Death of Simon Fuge? Is it the amount of liquor an abstemious man may safely consume, how to behave in a jovially unconventional family, how to accommodate libraries, how to swap unexpurgated limericks, or how to take the death of Simon Fuge? He is bewildering, like a particularly vivid dream. His characters, too, are not real characters at all, but merely puppets of chance, too highly individualized in their actions to give us any general notions by which we may classify them. Indeed, properly speaking, they do not seem, in his longer novels, to act at all. The story happens to them. What Clayhanger and Hilda Lessways do is rarely or never the result of deliberation or conscious choice. They act as impulse directs, and the stronger the impulse the more energetic the action. Both their heedless careers are highly entertaining, because they give with pictorial accuracy the very illogi-

cal sequence of life itself, but they are scarcely edifying except as the reader draws his own comments. To understand character we must get away from the ruck of mere experience, and by careful purifying of significant acts from all base insignificant alloys disengage motives from the entanglements of impulse and see whither these motives tend. Then, and only then, shall we find character.

But enough of this. The old realism was fatal, because it reduced man to a mere automaton acting in obedience to purely natural laws, and thus despised the great problem of morals in human destiny. The new realism has nothing to say of law or of morals, launches itself unafraid on the parlous stream of life, has no standards by which it may measure the worth or the meaning of the infinite floating facts. Everything is fish that comes to its net. It is as happy with a child's toy as with a dire tragedy, measuring the use it may put them to only by the height of the emotional barometer. Maybe out of this ruck of facts which we are insistently called upon to accept we may at some time be able to make a greater synthesis. Maybe, as was the problem with the ancients, from this hypnotic worship of the many we may awaken to a conception of the one. This rests on the knees of time.



TWO ANTITHETICAL TYPES: ABELARD AND BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

In that dreary period of European history which preceded the Protestant Reformation, there stand out a few men who do much to relieve the prevailing gloom. This study concerns two of these men, Abelard of Nantes, the Rationalist, and Bernard of Clairvaux, the Traditionalist and Mystic. Interest has always attached to both of them, although in the case of Abelard a false emphasis has been placed on what was merely an incident in his career—his amour with Heloise. Undoubtedly the incident profoundly affected both his prospects and influence, but the independence and the vigor of Abelard's mind had become apparent long before the commencement of the disastrous romance. Abelard will always be famous as a lover, and we would not willingly surrender the "Letters" which passed between him and Heloise, nor the "Apologia" which he wrote in his last days, nor the body of literature which has the romance for its theme. Nevertheless, the real significance of Abelard is in the history of thought. It was against his intellectual innovations, and not against his personal conduct, that Bernard directed his vindictive attack. The two men occupied diametrically opposite points of view. In no particular does it seem possible to find that they have anything in common. The one was afraid of nothing so much as of an intellect which went on crutches. The other was afraid of nothing so much as of an intellect which sought to stand alone. It was the misfortune of the one that he was practically a pioneer in his demand for intellectual independence as the native right of the human mind. It was the good fortune of the other that he had with him the whole weight of tradition and of contemporary ecclesiastical authority, as opposed to intellectual freedom. A clash between the two men was inevitable. Their mature lives covered the same period—the first half of the twelfth century. They applied their thought to the same subjects. They stated their cases before the same tribunals. But they began with totally different assumptions, and necessarily they reached totally

different conclusions. Abelard was hounded as a heretic, his writings were destroyed, and solemn councils publicly condemned him and all his views. Bernard was reverenced as a saint, fawned upon as the valiant defender of the faith, and accorded an influence so great that he could make and unmake kings and popes. It has been customary for centuries to speak of the Clairvaux monk as *Saint* Bernard, and if the title be given purely on the ground of estimable personal character, it surely cannot be disputed. But it has probably never occurred to anyone to speak of Abelard as a "saint," yet with this one exception of personal character for a brief period—and we must not forget how much an outraged contemporary ecclesiasticism may have distorted his moral lapses—Abelard was every way a greater man than his opponent. At least we have the testimony of the venerable Peter of Clugny to the sweetness and resignation of the outcast's closing days.

The two men are antithetical types. The groups which they typify have always existed to some degree, although, as is to be expected, the group represented by Bernard has predominated in point of numbers. Those who lean on others are always more than those who stand alone. It is here suggested, however, that our own day is witnessing a rapid increase in the number of the men who are of the type of Abelard. With this must go a decrease in the opposite type. More than a century before Abelard's day, Anselm, at Bec in Normandy, had forged out his famous maxim, *Credo ut intelligam* (I believe in order to understand). The maxim was accepted as the last word on the proper attitude of men toward theological tradition and dogma. Bernard himself cared little about "understanding" in the sense in which Anselm used the term. His position would be better expressed in the words, *Amo et credo. Pectus facit theologum* (I love and I believe. The heart makes the theologian). Abelard with one stroke destroyed the Anselmic view, coining the revolutionary phrase, *Intelligo ut credam* (I understand in order to believe). Necessarily this set him over against Bernard as well. The question was, Which comes first, belief or understanding?—first, that is, in importance, as well as in point of time. Bernard answered, "I

care little about understanding: I believe. What I believe is *supra* reason, and for all I know or care, it may be *contra* reason. What tradition and the Church declare to be so, I unquestioningly accept." Abelard answered, "I cannot believe until I understand. What is *contra* reason I reject outright. I will not even believe what is *supra* reason, for I am not willing to assign to the intellect any arbitrary limits. I apply the touch-stone of reason to all tradition and to all ecclesiastical statement. What reason approves I accept. What reason disapproves I reject." Here we have the situation within the modern religious world. On the one hand are those who stand with Bernard; on the other hand are those who stand with Abelard. No one branch of the Church possesses a monopoly of either class. There are men of each type in the various Protestant bodies; there are men of each type in the Romanist body (Modernism may yet produce its Abelard); and there are men of each type who would not call themselves either Romanist or Protestant. This means that the two classes represent fundamental characteristics of human nature. It is this fact which complicates the problem, and makes it a doubtful matter whether the two can ever find a common ground. One thing no man can do for long is to violate the peculiar structural law of his own individuality. A person constituted as John Henry Newman was will never come to peace until he can rest back upon "authority." On the other hand, persons constituted like Huxley or Tyndall or Spencer will be satisfied only with personal and independent judgments, and, so they succeed in reaching these, they want nothing more.

In scarcely any particular did Abelard agree with the theological and philosophical thinking of his time. As has been already indicated, his fundamental position was that doctrine must be subjected to rational tests, and accepted or rejected accordingly. His own words are, *Nec quia Deus id dixerat creditur, sed quia hoc sic esse convincitur accipitur* (Nothing is to be believed merely because God said it, but it is to be accepted because one is convinced that it is really so). Although he was enough the creature of his time to agree with Anselm that as regards theology the intellect was indebted to faith for its material, and was so far not

independent, Abelard, in contradistinction from Anselm's view that the content of faith was traditionally given, held that that content must be personally discovered. He denied the doctrine of the Trinity in its current form, declaring that the real choice lay between Tritheism—which must be rejected—and the Sabellian view that the terms "Father," "Son," and "Holy Spirit" indicated nothing but different aspects in the relation of the Creator to the created. In an age when it was customary to regard the world as a "second best," and so, in a sense, a failure, Abelard took the view, later to be reached by such optimists as Leibnitz and Browning, that the world is the best possible, for it is not conceivable that God should make anything in a less perfect way than it could be made. This daring thinker found the motive to creation, not in anything external to the Creator's own life, but in the inner necessity and constitution of the Godhead. The essence of religion he held to consist in morality. Christianity was therefore nothing new *per se;* it was but the consummation of the general moral movement, gathering up the many threads and weaving them into a seamless fabric. The significance of Jesus is then seen to be in the fact that he was merely "the Founder of a pure moral law." Abelard utterly rejected the traditional view of the incarnation. The divine essence being everywhere, a complete incarnation of it in a single person was impossible. The most that could be said was that Jesus was so completely at the disposal of divine wisdom that it found in him a perfect medium for self-expression. Abelard proposed what is known as the "moral influence" theory of the atonement. The current theory—that of Anselm—proceeded on the assumption that the fundamental quality in the Godhead was justice, which the sin of men had outraged, and which must be "satisfied" as the prerequisite to forgiveness. Jesus, being who he was, had, in his life and death, rendered the necessary "satisfaction." Abelard struck at the vitals of this theory by denying its premises outright. The fundament of Deity was *not* justice, and it needed no such "satisfaction" as was proposed. The deepest thing in God, said this innovator, was benevolence, or love, and the work of Jesus, especially his death, was a great moral spectacle, a drama, intended to convince men of

the divine love, and to turn them toward it. Especially did Abelard make an epochal contribution to ethical science, or, more exactly, laid bare a neglected element of the original Christian message, in his assertion that the essence of vice or virtue lay in the *intentio*. The real *peccatum* (sin), he said, is in the *consensus in eo quod credimus propter Deum dimittendum* (freely assenting to that which we believe is done against God). The external act itself is, therefore, nothing: it is the intention which gives any act its moral quality. It follows that "sin" is essentially something contrary to conscience, and there is no "sin" where ignorance or force led to the deed.

The book which best of all reveals the calibre and the direction of Abelard's mind bears the title, *Sic et non* (Yes and No). It was this book which brought the opposition of Bernard to a climax—an opposition successful enough and popular enough to secure the condemnation of both the book and its compiler before the Council of Sens in 1140. It would be interesting to know what was the real motive of Abelard in the compilation of this work. Was it a sincere desire to reach the truth? or was it sheer delight in upsetting the pious notions of unthinking men, and in showing upon how flimsy a foundation those notions rested? The method of the book was peculiar, although it was later adopted, but in the interests of orthodoxy, by the *Sententarii*, the most famous of whom, Peter the Lombard, was a disciple of Abelard. It must be borne in mind that at the time "tradition" was absolutely authoritative: the clear word of a "Father" on any subject was to men an end of all strife. Abelard—and one perceives a certain sly humor in his effort—compiled the opinions of these infallible Fathers on one hundred and fifty-eight different questions covering the whole field of theology and philosophy. The divine Being, the divine "persons," the Scriptures, Providence, Predestination, the Origin of Evil, the nature of Angels, Creation, the Life Beyond—on these and a host of related questions Abelard succeeded in compiling from authorities supposed to be equally infallible the most conflicting opinions. Clement of Rome was set over against Clement of Alexandria; Augustine and Tertullian were found to be hopelessly at variance; Athanasius was shown to be in disa-

greement with Paul. One would suppose that the result of this conflicting opinion would have been to arouse suspicion as to the infallibility of the authorities, but instead the result was the disgrace of the compiler. At the council to which Abelard was brought by Bernard on a charge of heresy, the daring rationalist was utterly discomfited. He appealed to Rome against the decision of the council, but on the way to the Holy City he was taken sick. The Venerable Peter, Abbot of Clugny, offered him hospitality, and it was here that the checkered career came to its close.

It was intimated above that Bernard and Abelard were antithetical types, and that the groups which they represent are necessarily irreconcilable because their respective points of view express native and therefore ineradicable differences. Both men thought as they did because they were the kind of men they were. Back of that we cannot go; or, if we do seek to go back of it, it is only to be confronted with the same ultimate problem which we meet in the fact that one tree is a maple and another is a pine. We say that the difference is "in the nature of the case." The phrase explains nothing, and hardly conceals our ignorance. The structural law of one organism differs from that of another, but the why or the how of the difference—this is beyond us. There are differences of mental constitution as there are differences of other natural organisms. In the unfolding of the mind, the native differences come to light, and so we get on the one hand a Bernard, on the other hand an Abelard. Abelard was content only with what he himself could ascertain by independent thinking. Bernard was satisfied to accept the thinking which had been handed down by others. The determining factors in the case were original endowment, and its modification and direction by social environment. The maple is the *kind of tree* it is because of the seed from which it sprang. It is the *kind of maple* it is—dwarfed or well-grown, one-sided or symmetrical—because of the situation in which it grew. But no change in situation, however radical, could change the maple into any other *genus*. Wherever it grows, it grows according to its peculiar structural law, and that law is an ultimate whose *raison d'être* is beyond us, except as we can specu-

late on a theory of divine self-expression as the causal fact of created being. Types of mind are as ultimate and as unchangeable. We can and we must allow much for the influence of environment upon the manner and the extent of the individual development. We must allow, too, for the fact, or at least for the possibility, of "transmutation." But when we ask why we stop, baffled. To the final question, *Why* was Abelard constituted an intellectual rover? *Why* was Bernard constituted an intellectual stay-at-home? we can only answer despairingly, "*Because!*"

But although the "rationalist" can never become a "traditionalist" any more than the maple can become a pine, it does not follow that we must choose absolutely between them and fully indorse the one and fully reject the other. No one mind is competent to discover all truth. The utter scorn of others which characterized Abelard is as much to be condemned as is the complete distrust of self which characterized Bernard. In the case of the exact sciences, it is permissible for one man—as witness Galileo—to pronounce a judgment at variance with the collective judgment of humanity, for he is dealing with concrete and positively ascertainable facts. But in the realm of speculation the situation is different. So much of the subject-matter here is pure subjective experience, and there is no experience but has some value and some meaning, and must be reckoned with in any serious attempt at a universal comprehension and systematization. The defect of Abelard was that he failed to realize that in construing his own experience he must take note of the experience of others. The defect of Bernard was that he failed to realize that the construction put upon experience by others must be considered by the individual in the light of his own experience. It is by the continous cross-play of individual and collective experience that progress is made toward absolute truth. On the practical side, this is perhaps the answer to our earlier question, Why? We cannot dispense with the pioneers; neither can we dispense with those who stay at home. All men work together to reach the goal. The work which each does is necessarily in line with his native peculiarities. So that, after all, the modern weakening of mere authority in the realm of "truth" is neither to be deplored nor

feared. Every man must live his own life, but eventually it is seen that no man liveth unto himself. Each in his own way makes his contribution, and out of the collective contributions the answers to such questions as are not unanswerable must finally come. The world would perish of stagnation if all men were Bernards. It would perish of unrestrained anarchy if all men were Abelards. Some men are Bernards, some men are Abelards, and some men are neither, but do the eclectic and synthetic work which conserves the best fruits of the others. The individualist is under a social check; the social conformist is under the individualist's incitement. Each is necessary to the other, and both work together in an unceasing effort to compass the noble human task of finding Truth.

Edwin Lewis.

"HEAR YE THE WORD OF THE LORD"[1]

THERE is a certain incongruity in my speaking to you on this occasion, for I am neither a Methodist nor a minister of the gospel. You who are preparing to go forth as accredited Methodist ministers, I crave your sympathy now as I venture without a pilot's license along this unknown coast. But you shall have full reciprocity. I extend to you my sympathies herewith while you listen to one from the pews holding forth to those who are destined for the pulpit; a spiritual descendant of John Robinson and Jonathan Edwards addressing the successors of the Wesleys and Arminius. It is a situation which must be charged to Doctor Tipple, and he cannot escape his full responsibility. But I should hasten to add that his responsibility does not extend to anything that I shall say. He has given me a free hand, and the onus of any opinions I may express must fall upon my own head and shoulders. It is not altogether alien territory, however, to which I am coming, for Drew Theological Seminary and New York University have between them certain bonds of unity. Not the least of these is the provision in the statutes of the university that the head of the Seminary shall be, *ex officio,* an honorary and advisory member of the University Senate. I could not decline Doctor Tipple's invitation to come here to-day, for, apart from all other considerations, it was a call from a colleague and fellow laborer. Moreover, with graduates of this Seminary entering our Washington Square College on advanced standing as candidates for our Baccalaureate Degree, with Methodists competing with Presbyterians in attendance on our old college at University Heights, and with fifteen per cent of our total registration in the University, or nearly nine hundred students in all, coming to us from the State of New Jersey, I feel that a New York University man may, without arrogance, come among you to-day with some sense of coming to his own people; with some feeling, from the outset, of being at home. The fact that we are engaged in what is, after all, a common cause intensifies this feeling, and your kindly welcome has done the rest.

[1] An Address at Drew Theological Seminary by the Chancellor of New York University.

My text is the exhortation, "Hear ye the word of the Lord." You may find it in about thirty different passages in our Authorized Version of the Scriptures, and any one of them will do. You may find it in other places expressed in other words.

When the Pilgrim Fathers set sail from Leyden, John Robinson gave them his memorable farewell. "I charge you," he said, "before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his Holy Word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion and will go at present no farther than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. I beseech you, remember it—'tis an article of your church covenant—that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God." It was an adherent of Calvin and an eloquent opponent of Arminius who delivered this message, reiterating our text in the most liberal form that his age could receive. In innumerable forms you may find the same call repeated down to our own day. You will find it in Tennyson's "In Memoriam":

> Well roars the storm to him who hears
> A deeper voice across the storm.

And many a parallel passage will occur to you at once.

You have been told many times over how urgent is the special need in these days that a Christian minister should hear the true word before he speaks to his people. In one respect this age is like the first age of Christian history. It is an age that does not generally acknowledge the authority of the preacher as coming from his formal ordination. In the Middle Ages and in the first Protestant centuries a Christian minister was listened to because he was a Christian minister. In these days, as in the time of the apostles and fathers of the church, a minister is listened to only in so far as his word of itself carries conviction. This statement is not altogether true, but how should you expect a commencement orator, with so little time at his disposal, to speak the exact truth

with all of its necessary qualifications? What I have said calls for no more of qualification than the most of our historical generalization. The official authority of the sermon is largely gone. It is law and gospel only so far as men find it to be law and gospel for their own need. The Christian ministers in this land to-day, like the missionary in heathen lands, and like the first bearers of the Christian message nineteen centuries ago, must get their hearing by the sheer weight and worth of what they have to say. There are indeed new antagonisms to overcome. There are great numbers of men who are possessed by acquired and even hereditary antagonisms to Christianity. The repetition of traditional forms of utterance only awakens and intensifies these antagonisms. In so far as this means hostility to the very spirit of God it may be regarded as the same old evil in the world which must be fought and overcome. As Miss Agnes Repplier remarked a little while ago, "There is nothing new about the seven deadly sins." But I am speaking of the hostility of prejudice, of ignorance, of half-way education. This is a hostility which is aroused to its highest pitch by the ancient forms of religion. We are persuaded that it is not directed against the very truth itself. The preacher's words will carry weight, even in the face of such opposition, if only he shall himself have heard and known the very word of God. It is not enough that the familiar language of religion, which is gall and wormwood to many men, shall be sweeter than honey to the preacher's soul. He is to get back of this familiar verbiage to the truth which it enshrouds. He is to offer to the men of this age fresh waters from the everlasting springs. No age in the world's history has been without the need of moral leadership. In no age has that need been more obvious and omnipresent than in our own. There have been other generations in which the shifting of moral landmarks has gone rapidly forward. I do not think that change in the moral situation has gone forward more rapidly in any other age than we have seen it going forward all about us in this present time. If any exception must be made, that exception would apply to France in its first period of revolution. The changes of this present day are, however, more widespread. They are not concentrated in any one people. A hundred modern in-

ventions and appliances give to every new movement and sentiment immediate currency throughout the civilized world. The moral leadership that this age calls for is the leadership of a world of incessant change. It is a most interesting time in which to live. There is joy, great joy, in any impress that any man can make on the spirit of such a day. What was fixed and firm in our social relations has strangely melted under our feet. In place of permanent institutions we find ourselves in the midst of a permanent tendency to change. Social relations have become fluid. We have stepped off from the shore and our feet are upon the waves of a great sea. It is over that sea of change, of unlimited change, that the purposes of Providence go forward to-day. There is no uncertainty as regards those divine purposes. They move as securely over the waters as over the face of the solid ground. They go to meet struggling men and they speak to them the same unruffled word of peace and good cheer. To hear that word, to know it, and to appropriate its power; to learn to speak it forth with confidence, and as one bringing confidence and hope—that is the high calling of those who would be leaders of men to-day in the spirit of the Galilean Master.

John Robinson exhorted his followers that they be ready to receive whatever truth should be made known to them from the written Word of God. I presume we have all of us gone beyond the seventeenth century in this, that for us the word of God is not limited to that written Word. It may be that our respect for the Christian Scriptures is not essentially less than it has been in days gone by. I am quite sure that that respect does not go down in the same proportion that critical investigation goes up. But, whatever our doctrine of inspiration may be, we are pretty generally agreed that it goes beyond any written record. The man of the twentieth century expects to hear the word of God at every turn of his life. It will meet him in human society; in the stress of conflict, in the strain of daily work, and in the light frivolities with which so many men and women find recreation. It will meet him in solitude, where he finds nature in her most dull and dingy as well as in her most grand and glorious forms; in the laboratory, in the field, in the studio, where he himself is creator and launches

his new worlds. Everywhere the word of true inspiration is sounding, if we have ears to hear. But do not think that inspiration is a light thing, to be received between courses or when the spirit is relaxed and falling away in sleep. A lifetime of self-discipline and service is none too much to pay for that "one accent of the Holy Ghost." They who hear are those who have ears to hear.

We are familiar in these days with the uses of wireless telegraphy. We know that at this moment there are messages flashing over this world which delicate instruments are receiving and recording with wonderful fidelity. Here in this room those mysterious messages are undoubtedly vibrating at this present moment. You hear the sound of my voice, but it may be that words of vastly greater weight, messages of peace and war, the call of ships in distress at sea, or greetings from loved ones to loved ones far away—any or all of these things may be passing back and forth between these very walls at this very moment of time. If I remain silent, and all other sounds be hushed, you are still unable to catch one faintest whisper of those messages; yet the messages themselves are altogether real and instruments attuned to their varying rates of vibration are recording them now in different parts of our land, where they are written down for all men to read and understand. It is all present and actual, and may be so demonstrated that none can gainsay it nor deny. How much more real, how much more vital, how incalculably greater in its everlasting import, are those words of God which are at all times passing back and forth over the world in which we move. Our senses at their greatest refinement cannot take them in. They are not alone for those who work, and not alone for those who wait. They are for all men who will take the trouble to receive and to interpret them. Is not this the very task upon which you young ministers of the Christian faith have entered? At any cost of self-suppression or of strenuous endeavor you are to hear the word of God. If you shall hear it in very truth your preaching will be with power and the world about you will be better because of your ministry. The world is waiting for the leadership of men who have listened to that word of power; and those who hear the preacher who himself has such a listening ear will find that their

hearts shall burn within them and their lives shall be enriched, for the common good of all.

If I have spoken hitherto with the deepest solemnity it will be remembered that I am a layman and hold your profession somewhat in awe. It is reserved for favored members of your own fraternity to handle these themes with lightness of touch and with the charm of simple and sincere humanity while abating no jot nor tittle of the reverence which is their due. I can imagine the human interest, joined with elevated thought and great distinction of manner, with which certain eminent clergymen might have invested our theme of this morning. To speak in a human way of things divine is a high achievement, quite beyond all rules and systems and all imitation. I shall not compete with the masters of this art. But I cannot forbear to touch upon the less ethereal and more practical aspect of my theme.

In common life you will find yourselves in the midst of warring parties. Your attempt to hear and recognize *vocem dei,* the voice of God, will be all involved with your effort to understand *vocem populi,* otherwise known as public sentiment. As spiritual leaders you will not side with the majority because at any given time it shall chance to be in the ascendancy. But you will be sorely perplexed to know, in this endless chain of controversy, which side is in the right and which is in the wrong.

> Thrice blest is he who can divine
> Where real right doth lie,
> And dares to take the side that seems
> Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

The question is frequently that between liberals and conservatives. The conservative has history on his side. His ideas have been found to be workable in enduring institutions. That is the strength of his cause, and it is of no small consideration. History has been declared, even by a great radical, to be the only sure guide of life. The value of historical knowledge can hardly be overstated. But if history were the guide of men's lives, there would be an end of history. Historical records are made by doing things that have not been done before. Study history, and study it deeply, but when you turn to new problems you must look for new solutions.

But neither is the advantage all on the side of the radical—though he be known as liberal, or even as progressive. Only a fraction of the new schemes which are proposed for our adoption can be made to work well in any organized human society. The radical must count on a higher percentage of waste among his ideas even though his happiest discovery may be worth more than the whole conservative program. It is all perplexing enough when it comes to a concrete case. You must take one side or the other if you are to have the joy of the fight and a chance at the victory. But the victories of partisan warfare go almost always to a side that is part in the wrong, since neither the rights nor the wrongs commonly gravitate, all of them, to either side. Whether you will take the one side or the other, in any such controversy is very largely a matter of temperament. It depends on the question whether in your makeup you are the more a priest or a prophet. In the one case you will cling, as a practical man, to the *status quo,* the strengthening the bars of the old familiar gates. In the other case you will aim to be a reformer and stir up those who are at ease in Zion. It may be, however, that you are a man of the judicial type. In that case you will seek for a middle course. Remembering the formula that truth lies between the extremes of opinion, you will endeavor to abide by that golden mean. You will miss the battle. You will be bruised and beaten by both sides impartially. And you will take your chance, along with the rest, of failing of the ultimate truth of the matter. For while truth may lie between the extremes, it is rarely found half way between. It inclines either the one way or the other, and sometimes it leans pretty nearly all the way to one side or the opposite.

Take the familiar case of our Civil War. There was right on both sides; there was wrong on both sides. It would, to all appearances, have been better for all concerned if the controversy might have been settled without the horrors of civil war. Yet those who kept to a neutral course were, as we see it now, no nearer to the absolute right than those who fought on either side. The historic verdict seems to be very well settled, North and South and all over the world, that the victory of the North was in the main a victory for civilization and a victory for righteousness.

Yet, in view of the gigantic evils which that war brought forth, in view of those more recent horrors of war among the Balkan States and of civil strife in Mexico, we may well ask whether this Christian century cannot find a better way. We look for a way that shall be better than bloodshed, better than compromise, better than the finesse of mere diplomacy. We look to you, our spiritual leaders of the coming age, to lead us up to that better way. We do not doubt that it is a high and arduous way. But we have an intimation that they who have really heard the word of the Lord will have learned of that better way.

The word of the Lord? Not some mere echo of an echo, tossed back and forth on the winds of contention, but a message from the serene eternities, such as now and then has been brought back to us on some great "heart at leisure from itself," some spirit all in tune with the love of God.

Elmer Ellsworth Brown

RELIGION: A STRUGGLE FOR SELF-PRESERVATION

A SHUDDER may, on occasion, answer the purpose of evidence. Not that it sets up a necessary sequence of thought, and thereby establishes a conclusion; simply that a powerful emotion has immediately and effectually expressed the attitude of life toward some challenge that presents itself and is greatly feared. And that challenge is greatly feared because life, sensing its own values, has suddenly found itself in peril of being robbed of them. Once life has become conscious of its inestimable worth it stands in perpetual dread of the highwayman, the gunman, who, under the guise of science or philosophy or any plausibility of interpreted personal experience, is likely to demand the surrender of its all. Not that fear is always sensibly present, nor that man is constantly detecting himself in a state of agitation before the uncertainties and insecurities of the day, but that the undertone of every earnest life is affected by the feeling of jeopardy in attendance on its best treasures. "When I consider, I am afraid." Obviously the shudder of the soul is not reckoned with in our books of logic. Yet it strikingly pictures a fundamental personal attitude toward the cosmos.

Insatiable hunger, under an alias, ambition, is commonly regarded as man's chief working force in his relation to the world. And without it, unquestionably, he would have made no more worthy history than his lowly forbears have done. His appetite for knowledge and power has wrought miracles of achievement. Worlds in undreamed distances he has brought within neighborhood areas. He is harnessing in familiar fashion forces that, anciently, might have been thought too divine to touch and utilize. Pegasus has become astonishingly fleet of foot and is eagerly pulling his loads. Unity and simplicity of impulse seem to lie back of this general advance movement of life, yet there are frequently observable a twofold method and a twofold motive. One mode is that of aggressive activity, incursions into the fields from which wealth of any kind may be acquired; the other lies in the defensive program, the holding of one's possessions secure from spoliation,

the beating back of destructive forces. In front there is the lure of goods of some kind to increase life's resources and satisfactions; behind there is the threat of a privation that is humanly unendurable. Browning has noted this in his Rephan, in the soul that has come out of quietude into discontent and is startled:

> by an Infinite
> Discovered above and below me—height
> And depth alike to attract my flight,
> Repel my descent.

Thus do attraction and repulsion, desire and fear combine for progress. And nowhere is this principle of double motivation more obvious or more effectual in its working than in religion. The things to be achieved and to be avoided in the physical life, health and sickness, wealth and poverty, are faithful and emphatic parables of the possible experiences of the inner life. There, if anywhere, the infinite is above and below. Light and darkness, ecstasy and despair, life and death, beckon from opposite poles, separated by immeasurable distances. There are the white heights to attract; there are the black gulfs to repel.

It is decidedly superficial thinking that views these ends and the motives underlying them as inhering only in the Christian system. Though Christianity has been making such gains as now bring it to notable proportions, the unchristianized world has ever been and is to-day immensely larger. And that vaster area is crowded with religions, each of which represents in its own way the contrasts of possible experience, the heights and depths that attract and repel. The Christian and the non-Christian systems exhibit contrasts and resemblances. Christianity appears to have been handed to a lost race by the infinite God. In it the divine is constantly in the foreground, receiving accent and emphasis. In other religions, however, the human side is most patent, for these religions are the achievement of men according to the limitations of their environment. But, like Christianity, they are all an effort to interpret the world and life in such wise that humanity need not sink, plundered of its best, but may rise to reach some designated lasting good. All religions so function. They intermediate as a stimulus between man and his best, and as a safeguard between

man and his complete spoliation. That is religion's high and unique place in the life of man.

Now, if this brief and general statement of an essential characteristic of universal religion is true, it exhibits a point of view that ought by no means to be neglected. Christianity does well in furnishing its "evidences," historical and indisputable; they will always weigh heavily in determining final spiritual authority and the lines of religion's movement. Miracles have answered a purpose. Other events of the redemptive years have fulfilled a mission. To-day the moral personality of her Lord is accepted by the church as her richest spiritual holding and her most powerful asset toward race salvation. But the general tendency of "evidences" is to externalize Christianity, to look upon it as superposed upon life's normal activities. The day ought to be nearer in which humanity will view it as the fair and gracious contribution of God toward the victorious fulfillment of that struggle in which earnest manhood has universally enlisted under the standard of life's supreme good.

Suppose, on the other hand, an attempt is made to glean from the billions of adherents of the non-Christian religions some fact that may enlighten us upon the subject of religion itself. In most instances we shall discover beliefs and interpretations of the world at wide variance with the findings of science, a lack of moral and spiritual quality such as appeals to the enlightened, and ideals that must be rejected because of their insufficiency for life. Apparently they have nothing to offer us. And yet the search has brought to light a single fact of enormous significance. That fact is this: the earth's billions of inhabitants give historical and logical authorization to the sweeping assertion that "mankind is incurably religious." This is not a conclusion derived by psychologist, metaphysician, or theologian. It is reached by the historian, after the event.

The phrase "incurably religious," however, is not a final interpretation. The reported fact must be subjected to analysis. How did man come by the disease of which he may never be cured? Is religiousness a quality with which human nature has been endowed? Is it an age-long habit from which the race cannot free

itself? Or does it rise both incidentally and necessarily in conjunction with the elemental and universal instinct of self-preservation? He is an unwise reader of history, an ignorant observer of his own time, and a stupid witness of the movements of his inner nature who does not recognize that this instinct of self-preservation is a primal agency in preserving the integrity of both physical and psychical life. The range of its expression is from the fight in the jungle to the cry of the soul for the living God. And on the higher levels a strange dread and a growing confidence mingle in that representative inquiry, "Lord, to whom shall we go?"

Clearly, we must look more closely at that particular attitude and movement of the spirit of man which we call religion, not specialized Christianity, but religion. And in this closer scrutiny one fact looms large: that in the perceptions and emotions of the earnest man, wherever he may be, religion is concerned with values, with the very highest values, their possible increase and their sure conservation. This is as true for the darkest faith of darkest Africa as it is true for the Christian church where civilization has come to its finest fulfillment. In religion life has been ever seeking, not trinkets or even food, but a proper adjustment to the great Reality, and with that adjustment some sort of saving of itself. As indicated earlier in this analysis, the cosmos is universally interpreted as holding both that which is attractive and that which is repellent to the personal life. Somewhere there is treasure and joy for the soul; somewhere there is desolation and despair. Somewhere there is acquisition that is permanent enrichment; somewhere there is loss that is irreparable. Religion alone offers that which from the double point of view satisfies. Without religion, universally, there is only an emptiness which to the thoughtful is heart-breaking. Here is the real struggle for existence. The mortal combats of the jungle or of barbaric warfare are symbols of the spiritual struggle man has made in religion for self-preservation.

Religion as such inevitably implies an estimate, a criticism of the world in the interest of personal values, and a consequent conflict with it. Religion, therefore, is not to be condemned as

narrow and partial because of its adverse judgment upon the world. Science finds its justification in the service it performs in stripping away the false appearances the world presents to the senses, thereby discovering to us a world of unguessed marvels. Even philosophy has authority only as it supplants or interprets the seemingness of sensation and of impression with the rational order that is the product of mind. Religion but does the same. It is man's interpretation of external reality in the light of his awareness of the emphatic existence and the commanding character of the inner world of his own personal life. No fault is found with the world as it actually is. Judgment is formed against it for the seeming satisfaction it offers human life. Nor is this judgment an intellectual product of the twentieth century; it was deeply felt by our earliest forbears. One of the most interesting and attractive of the mural paintings in our Congressional Library is a portrayal of primitive man before his rude altar. It was made of earth stuff, it belonged to the earth, and even though fashioned in the form of an altar it possessed earth's dumbness, earth's fatal inability to forgive, to comfort, to save. But the flame! The flame that was always rising from the earth as though it would join again its unseen source! When this flame emerged the worshiper bowed in reverence before the unseen Power, now mysteriously symbolized and invoked. So, each in his own way, the serious Animist and the intellectual Pascal has felt a superiority to the visible world. Both alike shrink from the death it threatens. Both alike refuse its proffered solaces. Both alike seek a good that it veils. Not many, forcing their way through phenomena, have carried in their progress such bright torches as were grasped by Plato and Kant and our own Bowne, but with flickering tapers the hosts of humanity have penetrated the earthy and have felt that they have reached the Reality that is good enough and great enough to dominate their lives.

Again, religion brings the whole cosmos to bar for its aspect of absolute indifference to human welfare. Man's fancy has not been deceived by the sum total of its attractiveness, nor have his intellect and will been outwitted by the vast pretentiousness of the physical order which has loomed threateningly over personality

like the beclouding geni that emerged from the vase the fisherman drew from the sea. It has bulked so enormously in human perception that individual man has appeared as an entirely negligible quantity. Over against its immensity and fixedness the task of a proper self-estimation has not been easy. He is on one of the smallest of worlds. He may be blighted under the play of the least of its forces. Yet at the present stage of his intellectual and spiritual struggle it is evident that he has actually made of this colossal cosmos a pedestal on which human personality may stand erect. Man has partially accomplished this result in philosophy. Under thought realities have arisen which are not of sense. Sense does not disappear; it is listed under and serves the conceptual. Under the sublime dictates of conscience, with its moral ideal, the physical, with all its vastness, has neither authority nor power. An inwardness of life has won an independence of nature. Men refuse to surrender their thoughts and convictions. They refuse to lose them, to allow them to become pale and dim and discredited in the interest of lower values. Under one mode and form or under another man is religious in order to save the best of himself. It was so anciently; it is so to-day. Jesus so phrased the fact. Religion is, in part, man's declaration of war against a world that threatens personality.

The fact, then, that man is "incurably religious" does not necessarily involve on his part the possession of a formal religious faculty. The disease is deeper, more vital than that. He has found himself in the meshes of the sensuous world, but with capacities for developing a deep and rich non-sensuous life. Could man live by bread alone he would be incurably earthly. But man cannot drop back and take his place as an atom in the physical system. He even assumes to transfer the center of gravity from the physical to the ethical, the spiritual system. So does he esteem spiritual values. The marvel of marvels in the history of our world is not in the strangeness of wireless telegraphy or in the mystery of radium; it is in the fact of man turning his back upon the increasingly vast physical system and under meager or full ideas, calling "Father"! The same result transpires if we seek to relate him to his diversified and far-reaching tasks, to his multi-

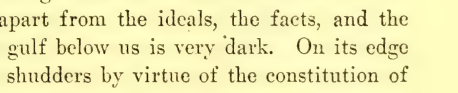
tudinous interests and loves; for we will find that there also he is unable to satisfy himself save as these express the ideals of religion, with its protest against emptiness and death and with its assurance of life enduring. Höffding, psychologist, ethicist, and philosopher, reached that conclusion in his Philosophy of Religion, whose main thesis is that religion persists because it saves values. Winston Churchill, novelist and public-spirited citizen, delivered the same judgment in another form, that of personal experience. He wrote recently: "Were it not for the loathing brought about by sheer materialism, by the making of money and by thinking in terms of money, by the mad pursuit of material pleasures alone, how should we be able to arrive at length at the lasting worth of the spiritual?" That loathing provides against the descent of life, and it redirects life toward its goal. In the last chapter of one of his profound little volumes John Fiske wrote on "The Everlasting Reality of Religion," and the basis of his long prognostication lay in the human soul that required and demanded for itself a durable ethical world not visible to the senses.

It is, therefore, the character of the inner life that holds the key to the fact of religion. It is the deep of the soul calling to the unseen of the world. Men can never successfully attack religion save as they theoretically deny the moral uplook they practically reverence. Obliterating that as delusion, Nietzsche has an easy path to brutalism, Schopenhauer to pessimism, and Haeckel to either or both. The larger and more accurate—because more vital—definitions of man that obtain to-day furnish the highest degree of rationality to his struggle for religion. His sense of righteousness, his moral loves, his feeling for the Infinite are luminous prophecies of Immanuel, "God with us," by the side of which the few prophetic verses of the Old Testament are vague and dim. He might be mistaken who has suddenly turned upon the mountain peak he has gained, to look in awe upon an indescribable panoramic landscape that stretches to far horizons—sister summits, silver streams, hamlets set in the midst of vastness—it is conceivable that he might be mistaken who concluded that the only adequate word for such a moment was "God." But he cannot err who, sitting with his own soul, acquaints himself

with its depths and its heights, its weaknesses and its strengths, its selfishness and its love, its despair and its faith, its apathy and its spiritual longing, and then breathes the ineffable name.

The father in that simple biblical narrative came to Jesus with the anguished appeal, "Come down ere my child die." That was more than a fact, an incident of human experience; it was a parable of the whole race, perfectly representative. "Come down ere manhood dies. Give it air to breathe, its native air. Give it truth to feed upon. Hold its conscience above the taint of expediency. Keep its sense of righteousness true to timeless standards. Save its love from the blight of the sensuous." Man's first task is the determined quest of God; and the supreme task of the church is to so interpret life and the world that issues shall not be blurred or values confused.

That is a fine story of the Selkirks and of man that Ralph Connor gave to the world long ago. The sermon was over and Craig was in his cutter starting for home. But "old man Nelson" had heard the message and was waiting for the minister at the turn of the road. He asked a soul-deep question about hope for himself. Craig replied in some familiar promises of the Bible repeated in a calm and kindly voice. The old sinner weighed them on one side of the scales, put himself on the other, and answered, "If they are not true it's all up with me." To this the preacher agreed. And he was wise enough to cast himself and the race into the same scale-pan with Nelson, adding with deliberation and with much feeling, "And if it isn't true, it's all up with all of us." And the best of human life goes down into dust and oblivion. It cannot maintain itself apart from the ideals, the facts, and the truths of religion. The gulf below us is very dark. On its edge man shudders. And he shudders by virtue of the constitution of his life which was built for white heights fairer than his dreams. In the realities of religion man meets the only facts that are great enough for his life and destiny.



THE PREACHER—HIS THEME AND HIS TIMES

Some one has said that it is a good thing for the preacher, these days, to remind himself again and again that he is not an ambassador of civilization, but of the gospel. That is very true. The preacher is, indeed, the ambassador for Christ, God speaking through him to the people, in Christ's stead pleading with them: "Be ye reconciled to God." Dr. J. H. Jowett, in his fresh and invigorating volume on The Preacher, His Life and Work, has a suggestive and delightful chapter on "The Preacher's Themes," in which he says, "We are not appointed merely to give good advice, but to proclaim good news." Which is excellent advice! The preacher cannot remind himself too frequently that he has a gospel to proclaim and that he must proclaim it in such a way that it may be understood by the people and acted upon. And just in this triple consideration arise the real problems of the preacher. First, he must grasp firmly the gospel message—must be possessed by it. Second, he must adapt it to the times in which he lives and to the people among whom he labors. Third, he must be persuasive, for the ultimate aim of all Christian preaching is the reinstatement of the sinner in the divine favor, the bringing of the human will into alignment with the will of God. This latter point of persuasiveness Dr. Gunsaulus brings out in his Yale Lectures in speaking of the preaching of Andrew. Andrew does not stand in the company of great preachers, at least in popular opinion. Yet if the end of all preaching is not the intellect but the will, if its aim is the movement of the soul lightward and Godward, then, as Dr. Gunsaulus says, Andrew stands among the effective preachers. And in Andrew's preaching there were three elements: First, finding. "He first findeth his own brother Simon." The finding *may* involve some physical activity on the part of the preacher. It will certainly involve mental effort and adaptation. Second, saying. "And saith unto him, We have found Messias." Without debate, the saying of the sermon, including under that expression all that goes into the conception of the theme—the illustration, the phrasing, etc.—is exceedingly important. Third,

bringing. "And he brought him to Jesus." After all, it is the bringing of the soul that is of most importance and all-determinative of Christian preaching. Preaching that fails to bring folks—not preaching that fails to please or attract but preaching that fails to bring folks—fails utterly, whatever may be said in extenuation of it.

That whimsical book with so many streaks of greatness in it, Crowds, written by one who was once in the company of the regular ambassadors, has many excellent suggestions bearing upon religious activities and upon preaching, and that book divides preachers into three classes: those who show us charts of goodness, those who tease us to be good, and those who make us want to be good. The latter are the real preachers, the persuasive spirits. It is not possible to over-emphasize the need of solving this side of our problem. An effective preacher, speaking to his brethren some years ago, asked this question: "Is there not in our preaching too much that savors of the judgment-seat and too little that breathes the winsomeness of the fireside?" Yet the pith of what I wish to say is that to-day our problem of problems is to deliver our message effectively in its relation to the conditions of our modern life. The preacher must be a man with "an understanding of the times." Dr. Jowett has stated one side of the case very admirably:

> I have personally nothing to say in disparagement of these momentous ministries [referring to what is often called preaching to the times] and I deeply honor the men who are engaged in them. I very gratefully recognize the peculiarly special gifts and vision in which some men find their equipment and calling to this particular form of service. With equal readiness and gratitude I recognize the part which some men have played in the illumination of social ideals, in the disentanglement of social complexities, and in the inspiration of social service. But with all this you will permit me to express my own conviction as to the perils which beset a preacher in themes and ministries like these. I am in no doubt of my position as a citizen, and of my duties and privileges in the life of the nation. I must not be an alien to the commonwealth, living remote and aloof from its travails and throes. My strength must be enlisted in the vital, actual forces which, through tremendous obstacles, are seeking the enthronement of justice and truth. I can also conceive it probable that critical occasions may arise when it will be the duty of the pulpit to speak with clarion dis-

tinctness on the policy of the State. But even with these admissions I can clearly see this danger, that the broadening conception of the preacher's mission may lead to the emphasis of the Old Testament message of reform rather than to the New Testament message of redemption. Men may become so absorbed in social wrongs as to miss the deeper malady of personal sin. (Yale Lectures, page 80.)

This statement is by a prince among preachers, who has never fallen into the peril of which he warns the young men of this generation. And this statement shows a very marked sympathy with the broader conception of the ministry of preaching that is gradually coming back into the thinking of the preachers of to-day and its admissions are of the utmost importance. In fact, if we give them due weight they provide for the range of the themes of the preacher that many circumstances in our modern situation make necessary. It is true, as has been urged above, that the aim of all preaching is to win the soul to allegiance to God, to bring the soul back into the divine favor from which sin has driven it forth; but just as soon as the preacher in any vital way, as an ambassador of Christ, seeks to make his gospel message of the divine compassion and forgiveness real to men circumstanced in particular personal and social ways he comes plump up against a whole nexus of social embarrassments and problems. As, for instance, when Paul sought to make clear the Christian view of life to the Athenians, pleading the cause of eternity with their hearts under the form of "Jesus and the resurrection," those Athenians, living in a society one of whose convictions was that this fragment of life is all of life, a philosophy which found expression in the proverb, "Let us eat and drink to-day, for to-morrow we die," he at once encountered a deep-seated prejudice, which was stubborn and ugly because more than personal, because embedded in custom and racial feeling.

My position, the position which ministers are taking more and more firmly these days, the position of John Wesley, that we can interpret the eternal message only as we take cognizance of current events, will be clearer by noting the contrast Dr. Jowett makes between the Old and the New Testament messages. Let it be said at once that I am not thinking that the preacher is to be a kind of vocal editor, or an oral Review of Reviews, or an ex-

temporaneous Literary Digest, or yet again an interpreter of the World's Work, Current Opinion, or Current Events. I say that the preacher must remind himself again and again that he is not an ambassador of civilization. Only he must also keep in mind that he is an ambassador in a particular civilization, for, whatever our wishes, we never give our message in a social vacuum. Dr. Jowett surely leans back a little in his desire not to fall into the peril of becoming a mere social agitator, I think, though I do not wish even to seem unappreciative of one whom I so greatly admire personally, and from whom I have profited so often. Yet, is it not unfair—is it not creating a contrast that does not actually exist—to speak of the Old Testament message as being a message of social reform as distinguished from the New Testament message of redemption? Surely, the message of the two Testaments is one, as the eloquent preacher of the first century points out in the Epistle to the Hebrews; a message that grows fuller and richer until at last it comes to complete fullness in the incarnate Son. Surely those prophets of the eighth century spoke for God and against the alienation of men's hearts from him and his law. The Scarlet Thread is clearly discernible in Isa. 53; but if we look closely it runs throughout the Old Testament, and Dr. Jowett again and again discovers it to his hearers and readers for their edification and comfort. A little later on in the lecture from which I have quoted at some length he urges his younger brethren to abide in John's Gospel, in Ephesians, and in Colossians, though it will be well to visit Amos, Isaiah, and Jeremiah. I do not wish to take issue with that advice more than to say it would be good for all of us to fathom the secret of those prophets more than we have, and to abide with them longer at a time, so as to get their point of view and to imbibe their spirit. For what they did, as did the first generation of Christian preachers, was to keep in mind the civilization in which they lived and to interpret their message in the light of all the facts, personal and social, with a cognizance of current events. It is true that the preacher's concern is not primarily to correct certain social dislocations. His objective is the soul alienated from God. The deepest of all sicknesses, and the deadliest, is sin. But the preacher must not

forget that the social dislocations are both social expressions of sin and breeding places of sin; and his preaching, if it is to be vital at all, if it is to "bring" folks, if it is to build the Kingdom, cannot pass in glittering or in sober generalities around these running sores and crippling conditions.

For example, take the social situation to-day called Europe, war-crazy Europe. How has it come about that, nineteen hundred years after Calvary, the air is full of bomb-laden ships, the seas churned to foam with beetling prows of dreadnaughts, or tossed about by belching submarines, the earth meanwhile trembling under the brutal feet of marching armies, with their machine guns and irresistible projectiles? Have all these things for killing men, which have been a-making for several generations, come into existence because of the preaching of the Gospel of Peace? Is this insane raging of the passions of millions of men and women due to Christian counsel? Not at all. Statesmen have said, very stupidly as the event makes manifest, the way to preserve peace is to prepare for war. That is a foolish counsel and it certainly is not Christian. It ought to be clear to us that it is no wiser and no more decent for nations to settle their disputes by a resort to force than it is for individual men to settle their differences by a use of their fists. War is as barbarous as duels. Nay, war is immeasurably more barbarous than the duel and equally as childish. No, Christian preachers did not advise this war. We are informed that one Christian minister's death was hastened by his sadness over the spectacle of millions of so-called Christians hacking each other to pieces—for what? Who knows? Not very many, if anyone living to-day. But have the preachers of Europe been interpreting the gospel message in view of this growing menace? That is the pertinent question, and only a negative answer can be given.

The Peace Societies, the Tolstoys, the Jordans, the Von Suttners have cried out in the strength of the Lord, "Lay down your arms." But the pulpit as a world-wide institution, the preachers as a great order of prophets, have prophesied of other things. Meantime statesmen, almost unchallenged, have gone on urging the people to see that Christianity is an impracticable

system as between nations and for policies of state, for only as we prepare for war can we be sure of peace. One feels like printing the second psalm as a tract for European distribution, reserving some copies for use among the jingo patriots of America who go strutting about with chips on their shoulders, but also with such belligerent mien that they feel sure no one will venture to try to knock off the chips. The truth is that never a boy went forth with a chip upon his shoulder that there was not somewhere lurking around the corner, some corner, some other boy who was willing to make the venture; who in fact for months on end had been grooming his muscle for that very undertaking. The pulpits of the world should have been thundering forth against the false prophecies of Kings, Czars, Kaisers, and Presidents as Amos thundered against Bethel, interpreting Christianity in the light of this false opinion, or, rather, over against this hateful darkness of the world's philosophy of selfishness. We ask the preacher to keep things running smoothly, which is just our modern ecclesiastical version of the old kingly request that God's prophet prophesy smooth things. But God's prophet must not prophesy smooth things so long as this old world lies even partly in the wicked one. This war shows at least three things: first, the world is not as Christian as we thought it was; second, humanity as such, folks, the rank and file of the citizens of Christendom, are sick of war; third, we preachers have not done our whole duty in the preaching business; we have not taken sufficient cognizance of current events in interpreting our message to our generation.

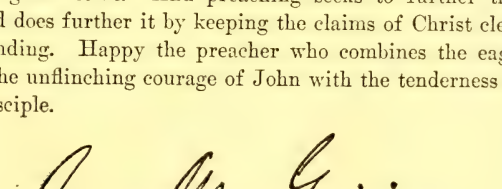
I have spoken of Paul's emphasis at Athens. Let me now speak, not of Isaiah, Amos, or Jonah, but of John. The Book of Revelation is a great homiletical asset of the Christian preacher, not simply because there you will find far-ranging texts giving wide outlooks, not because there you may see, if you look steadily, an interesting, a startling world-situation reflected, nor even because there a classical Christian experience is reflected; but because there you will hear what a remarkable Christian leader had to say to the Christian community of his time hard pressed by the world. John saw the civilization of his day as a sprawling, brutal materialism, utterly beastlike. He saw that Christianity

must be made to live in spite of this materialistic and lascivious environment. So he pleaded with the church not to give back, not to yield, not to compromise. He denounced the imperial cult, on the one hand, and the Nicolaitan spirit of compromise on the other, until at last he was exiled for his fidelity. He did not advise the Christians to resort to force. That was not the patience of the saints. He urged them, however, to die rather than yield. He commended the martyr-spirit of Antipas, who could die, who was ready to die, but who would not crown Cæsar as Lord. John did not advise anyone to call down fire from heaven. He had learned that the Kingdom does not come that way. Nor did he advise anyone to cast incense upon Cæsar's altar with a mental reservation. If they did not have the mark of the beast they would suffer in a business way and in social ways. Very well. Suffer! For if they had the mark of the beast on their foreheads they could not have the new name written there. We read his great exhortation to his people "to be faithful until death," as if it meant they were to hold out to the end. I think John put a different content into those words. He was saying to them to be so faithful that they would be put to death. What the world then needed was a witness so faithful that he would be willing to go to Patmos for his testimony. We do not get the real spiritual value of the Book of Revelation until we read it as an interpretation of the Christian message over against the brutal, bloody, beastly materialism of the Cæsars. It is a preaching that took cognizance of current events and so proclaimed the gospel as to make it prosper in an unfavorable spiritual climate.

Look at our modern situation. I have referred to the modern feeling about war. Think of the latent skepticism about applying the teachings of Jesus to everyday life. To be sure, we have that trumpet-toned book by Rauschenbusch, The Christianization of the Social Order. We have that suggestive popular book by Mr. Sheldon, Jesus is Here. We have that incisive little book by Charles Morice, The Re-Appearing—A Vision of Christ in Paris, which holds the lamp of Christ up to the life of to-day, showing how we seek the lower levels, lack the great enthusiasms, want to make life easy instead of holy, a book that ought to be read care-

fully, a book on whose title page are the words from Luke, words that lay bare the secret of many a disciple's failure: "I will follow thee: but—" We have our Social Creed, which records an ideal and indicates advance. We have what may be called a social awakening. But all of these things, while they admit of hope and should be interpreted optimistically, do also reveal a limping, halting kind of discipleship on the part of the church as a whole. We have yet to grasp fully and surely this great truth: Jesus lays down for us in his teaching the fundamental principles, not simply for individual life, but for the organized life of society. We need to hear him saying: If society builds upon these sayings of mine society is building upon sure foundations. Industrialism to-day is organized selfishness and an outright repudiation of the spirit of Christianity. It should be denounced and destroyed, not that society may lie waste but that this beastlike thing may be displaced by the City of God. Our preaching to-day moves away from this ugly and multitudinous fact, swings above it, adroitly avoids it at the price of the Kingdom. Any such preaching may be given soft names by those who will; in the light of the Old Testament and in the light of the New, judging by Amos or Isaiah, Paul or John, it is preaching that betrays the cause of Christ.

Let us state the case for preaching in very general terms: the church is a company of men and women who have been redeemed by the blood of Christ, or who are in process of being redeemed by the sacrificial love of Christ into the sacrificial love of Christ, and they are banded together to make the gospel flourish and the Kingdom come. And preaching seeks to further this purpose, and does further it by keeping the claims of Christ clear and commanding. Happy the preacher who combines the eagle vision and the unflinching courage of John with the tenderness of the loved disciple.



IDEALISM AND THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

In the religious consciousness of the race there is no problem which has laid hold of human thought with greater force than the problem of evil. It has proved the most invincible of all the specters at "the banquet of human thought" and the hardest to exorcise. The question it presents is so pressing, the mystery it involves is so profound, it belongs so universally to human experience, that none who wish to rationalize life can escape it. Especially in recent years have our thinkers seemed to feel that the cruelty of natural law, the apparent indifference of physical nature to human happiness, the lack of equity in the conditions of men, the triumph in many cases of the bad over the good, indicate moral indifference in the Power back of all, or at least constitute a problem to which theism must give some rational explanation if it is to continue the accepted philosophy of the vast majority of men. There are two great world views which relate themselves to this problem and on the basis of which we may seek its solution. One, Naturalism, holds that the world principle is absolutely indifferent to distinctions of value; that it is a blind force or energy working under a system of laws and producing of necessity the phenomena of nature, animate and inanimate, having absolutely nothing to do with good or evil, and developing feelings of pleasure and pain only as "particularly modified processes of motion." The second view is that of Idealism, so called from Plato, who based the world on the idea of the good; that reality exists through the good and for the sake of the good. The world principle is not force, but will, and all the activities of nature are but the energizing of a universal and unchanging Reason whose activity both develops the phenomenal world and grounds the moral order, for the completely rational cannot be conceived as ethically indifferent. Idealism is, therefore, properly defined as "a belief in the world-governing power of the good"; the rational and the good being indissolubly joined together. It admits the presence of evil in the world, but declares it has a rational and adequate explanation and must in some way be help-

ing toward the final goal of the world's moral order. Accepting the world view of idealism, the problem is how we can reconcile the existence of evil with our theory of an ideal world-order; how we can retain our belief in the ethical perfection of a rational Power which reveals itself in a world in which suffering and other forms of evil are vital and apparently essential experiences. How can we hold that the ground of the world is perfect when there is an apparent lack of perfection in what has been made, when there emanates from it a system which, though carried on for centuries, has not yet brought the good to triumph? The materialist accepts these facts as he finds them and makes the best of them; but the idealist, to save his belief that the good is the ground and goal of the world, must attempt their explanation. To the problem of evil our modern idealistic thinkers offer a variety of solutions: A theory which has had considerable support among thinkers in one form or another is that evil is non-existent, that it has no reality, is error, illusion. This view has recently been presented by a class of optimistic thinkers of whom Mr. Frederick Henry Hedge is a good representative. In his book entitled "Ways of the Spirit and other Essays" he argues that there really is no such thing as evil, and that our belief to the contrary is but an aberration of vision incident to our mistaken point of view. Having raised the question "How reconcile the existence of evil with the being and rule of a good God, almighty to effect what love proposes and wisdom plans?" Dr. Hedge replies: "There is but one answer to this question. What love proposes and wisdom plans must needs be good. . . . What we call evil, therefore, the evil of our experience, when referred to its source, has precisely the same character with that which we call good. If God is good, and if all that is proceeds from him, there is no evil." Idealistic pantheism has a similar solution. Denying any independent existence to the finite, it cuts off all inquiry into the origin of evil by denying its positive reality and making it an illusion of the finite. Mr. Bradley, in his great book Appearance and Reality, tells us that moral distinctions disappear in the abyss of the Absolute. "Ugliness, error, evil, are all owned by and all contribute to the wealth of the Absolute."

"Heaven's design, if we may so speak, can realize itself as effectively in Catiline or Borgia as in the scrupulous or innocent." Another member of this school states the question thus: "The supposed reality of evil is due to the limited point of view of our ordinary consciousness, which gives an apparent independence. . . . When we rise above the partial and deceptive point of view of the imagination, and contemplate all things from the point of view of the whole . . . we see that evil has no real existence." An interesting development of this denial of the reality of evil is found in our newest religion, Christian Science. Doubtless moved by the thought which lies back of the views of Plotinus and some of the church fathers, namely, that God is perfectly wise and good and therefore all that comes from him must be perfect, it finds no way of accounting for evil save by denying its reality. In Science and Health we read: "All reality is in God and his Creation, harmonious, eternal. That which he creates is good and he makes all that is made. Therefore the only reality of sin, sickness, or death is the awful fact that unrealities seem real to human, erring belief until God strips off their disguise." The fundamental principle in this view of evil is that the spheres of morality and religion are distinct, the former being a purely human matter, and that with God, who has not the limitations of human nature, all is harmonious and perfect. "Acts and principles of action which seem to us immoral are in God perfectly good." The following criticisms may be made to this view: If our idea of good and evil does not have universal validity and our moral distinctions are inapplicable to God, then to speak of him as good, as these writers do, is meaningless. We contradict ourselves when we apply our thought of good to him and deny to him our thought of evil. Again, if what pertains to universal experience about sin and suffering is illusory, then God's goodness is sacrificed in creating a temporal system and endowing men with faculties whereby they are put under a deception which destroys the joy and gladness of life. The minds which develop these distressing illusions are of his making and he is responsible for them. Moreover, the view really leads to skepticism; for a belief in the integrity of universal human experience is fundamental to any

such thing whatsoever as truth; and if men's consciousness of evil is error and illusion, how can we be certain of the reality of the good itself? But, worse than this, if the word evil has no reality to God, and if there is with him no distinction between good and bad, then why should we worship him; and why should we deceive ourselves with the idea of a moral end or goal to be achieved in human life? As Dr. Clark has put it, unless the word "good" means the same to God as to us, it "means nothing to us." Again, the theory destroys the foundation of moral values and leads straight to pessimism. If evil is illusion, is the unreal, there is no obligation to it, and our energy of purpose and strength of will to combat and overcome it is weakened, if not annihilated. And, finally, the theory fails as a solution of our problem, for, as Dr. Royce has said, "If one said, 'The source and seat of evil are only the error of mortal mind,' one would but have changed the name of one's problem. If the evil were but the error the error would still be the evil, and altering the name would not have diminished the horror of the evil of this finite world."

Another idealistic theory is that evil exists only for the sake of good, having no end or value in itself, but only that the good may act and realize itself." Dr. Paulson thus explains it: "The poet cannot paint without shadows; he needs the ugly, the vulgar, and the base. It is not his purpose, however, to portray these, but the beautiful, the good, and the grand; and in order to bring them out more clearly he places the base by the side of the good, to confound the evil and exalt the good. So, too, the good exists in history and in life for its own sake, and evil for the sake of the good, as stimulus, as an obstacle, as a foil. It is a negative quality, valueless as such: it receives a kind of power and reality only through its opposite, the good." Goethe has a similar conception, making evil "the principle of negation and destruction, the nothing which constantly opposes the something, reality." This view, either in the form that evil is a purely negative or privative conception, or in the form that evil is the condition of knowing or doing the good, has been held by many thinkers from the days of Marcus Aurelius down to the present day. This view has attractive features which may be parts of a true conception, but

is unsatisfactory as a solution of the problem of evil, as it does not give it a sufficiently positive character to make it harmonize with our experience. Evil is not simply negative: it is an aggressive, disharmonizing force. It is not the mere want of something which makes a Mephistopheles or an Iago; there is a constructive force which constitutes the deviltry of such personalities. Evil is a thing which has ends the same as good, and is not a simple defect of insight, but an aggressive assertion of false self-will. As sickness does not consist always of mere want of vitality, but the aggressive activity of a bad microbe, so evil is not merely the want of right willing, but the actual work of bad willing. Physical evil, the order of suffering and death in the natural world, likewise does not seem to yield to the privative or negative theory. We cannot see, on the basis that evil is the privation of good, why tornadoes should sweep over the earth, why parasites should be equipped with claws and fangs and venom, why our meadows should be shamble houses, why volcanic fires should shake the world, and why destruction should walk forth at night and pestilence at noonday. Nor is it true that we know that good *is* only through its opposite. While we need contrast to effect changed states of consciousness, it need not be absolute, but variations and diversities of degree are sufficient. As Dr. Davidson has told us, "We should be conscious of good without experience of positive sin or evil, if there were within good itself change from one degree to another, or if there were varieties of good." The theory would also seem to imply that evil is necessary to God, which is repugnant to our belief in the perfection of the Infinite; for if evil is to the good what the shadow is to the light, if it is necessary that the good may be appreciated, how can we infer otherwise than that it must pertain to God as it does to us? The necessary cannot be really counted evil. Moreover, the theory perpetuates the existence of evil in all domains and in all eternities; for as the shadow of good it must abide forever, which is contrary to our feeling that evil is finally to be conquered and disappear in perfection of life.

Another explanation of evil much relied on is that it is necessary for race education. It has a pedagogical interest. The

moral system we are under has been arranged not for our pleasure, but our development, as a process of soul training, of spiritual evolution. The real world of work and thought and fighting, of storm and heat and pestilence, the real world of evil and conflict and suffering, create all the fine and strong forces of human life, foresight, courage, sympathy, self-restraint, faith. Now, this sounds plausible and at first may seem an adequate explanation, but when we stop to look more deeply at the question it becomes apparent that it is woefully superficial. It is a good description of the actual historic process, but it does not explain *why* the world is constituted as it is, *why* we have to toil and suffer to grow strong and good, *why* there is any law of evolution at all, and, if there need be, *why* it entails the awful waste and grind and harvest of pain and death which it does. It may be that pain is a useful warning of danger, but why constitute the world so that dangers abound? If we did not struggle with obstacles our muscles would grow flabby and indigestion take the joy out of life, but why are muscles and stomachs made that way? Why is sentient life being torn by the pinchers and fangs and talons of other kinds of life? And why are men so constituted that they need the rasp and inquisition of evil to run eagerly toward the good? Even if the theory accounts for physical evil, it certainly is a strange vindication of an ideal moral order to affirm that the highest and best in life can be attained only by its contradiction; that is, through sin. Certainly moral evil must be quite different than we have thought it, and the sense of guilt and condemnation we have attached to it must be quite erroneous, if it is only a necessary condition of moral education and attainment.

The most common way of solving the problem of evil is to locate its ground in the human will. Man, we are told, is a moral agent. But if he is this he must have the prerogative of freedom. He can thus determine his own ends and choices, which means he can select for himself false ends, break with the divine order, and bring on himself the penalty of violated law. We are told to look about us and note how largely the evil of the world and the sufferings which men experience are due to false and irrational assertions of will. We recognize that this theory provides a

partial explanation for our problems, that much evil and suffering come by bad choices, by assertions of the human will against the divine order. But with all we may say about free will, it remains true that the will is the self acting, and the self is largely a product of hereditary and environing influences. We cannot see that man might not have been placed in such an environment and constituted with such moral insight, with desires so normal and perfect and instincts so true, with reason so clear and strong, that the wreckage of human life and destiny which now piles up on the shores of existence would have been largely avoided. But however this may be, there are vast amounts of pain and suffering in the world which are not because of wrong choices or evil willing and which, on the basis of consequences, are undeserved. From Job's ash heap still sounds forth the challenge to God himself to show that he deserved the calamities that had fallen upon him. It is true that the father's sin and the children's teeth are set on edge; but is it just that it should be so? It is true that sin means suffering, and that the innocent suffer with and for the guilty; but can we understand it? Does it not seem to imply that the scales of justice weigh wrong and that the moral universe is itself out of poise? Indeed, do we not practically abandon the whole attempt to justify the moral government of the world when we admit that men suffer what they have not earned? Is there not much truth in the following words of Professor Royce? "The measured ills are not justly due to the free will that indeed partly caused them, but to God, who declines to protect the innocent. God owes the Turk and the rebel their due. He also owes to his innocent creatures, the babes and the women, his shelter. He owes to the sinning father his penalty; but to the son, born in our visible world a lost soul from the womb, God owes the shelter of his almighty wing and no penalty." Moreover, this theory of free will, like some others we have discussed, does not touch the problem of physical evil in the world, the pestilence, the earthquake, the destructive storm, and, above all, the pain and suffering of thousands of forms of sentient life which have not been endowed with the royal prerogative of freedom and whose suffering and woe are not due to any choice or bad willing of their own.

Another solution of our problem which is interesting is that of philosophical idealism as it has been developed by Dr. Royce, of Harvard. It is best to let the professor state his own case. He says:

> God is not in ultimate essence another being than yourself. He is the Absolute Being. You truly are one with God, part of his life. He is the very soul of your soul. And so here is the first truth:
>
> When you suffer, your sufferings are God's sufferings, not his external penalty: not the fruits of his neglect, but identically his own personal woe. In you God himself suffers, precisely as you do, and has all your concern in overcoming the grief. The true question, then, is, Why does God thus suffer? The sole possible necessary and sufficient answer is, Because without suffering, without ill, without woe, God's life could not be perfected. It is a logically necessary and eternal constituent of the divine life. It is logically necessary that the Captain of your salvation should be made perfect through suffering.

Our objection to this theory is first that it does not clearly set forth the integrity of human personality. We are told in philosophical idealism that "we exist as fragments of the absolute life," or better "as partial functions in the unity of the absolute and conscious process of the world"; but what can we make out of this? The expression seems to necessitate either the interpretation of pantheism that we have no independent personality, that we are phases of the divine consciousness, or it implies the mathematical fallacy that God is the sum total of infinite "fragments," or "finites," which make up the world. The first interpretation destroys the integrity of finite consciousness, which is, first of all, certain of the reality of self; and the second interpretation destroys the unity of the Absolute by making him the sum of the "fragments" which constitute his life. Both interpretations are logically fatal, the one making our personality illusory and the other making the divine personality imaginary and mystical.

Another serious objection to the theory in question is that it does not comport with the ideals of life. We can but think of the Absolute as the perfect. The very word Absolute implies this. Herbert Spencer and others have carried the thought so far as to feel that even personality must be eliminated from the concept of the Absolute as implying limitation and hence imperfection. But

this theory of Royce involves the Absolute in all the tragedies of the human spirit and all the pains of sentient existence the ages through. Note his words: "When you suffer, your sufferings are God's sufferings . . . identically his own personal woe." While it is difficult to see how the world can be made and sustained by One who does not know all its experiences, and how God can be Absolute and not comprehend every experience of finite as well as infinite existence, still there seems a contradiction between the Absolute being perfect and having to participate directly in every phase of the world's imperfection and, especially, its suffering and woe. But this is not the entire case, for there is one point Royce seems to have overlooked, and this is that evil is not simply suffering; it may also be sin. It consists partly in voluntary acts of opposition to the ideal order. There is in it that which is often vicious and malicious, bringing with it suffering, condemnation, and remorse. Are we to believe that our sufferings here are God's sufferings, and that the Absolute, to become perfect, goes through the tragedy of sinning and suffering the consequences of sinning? We feel we must preserve our ideals even if we cannot solve our problems, and hence we refuse to include the Absolute in the life of struggle and fear and pain and sin and remorse and death which enters so largely into the historic phase of the existence of sentient beings. And another criticism which we have of Royce's theory is that it makes the good consist in the experience of subordination of evil. He says: "If moral evil were simply destroyed and wiped away from the external world, the knowledge of moral goodness would be destroyed. For the love of moral good is the thwarting of lower loves for the sake of higher organization." We do not believe this expresses the philosophy which underlies our appreciation of the good, nor do we think it can be proved that we must pass through the carnage of the world's woe that we may appreciate the good. Our valuation of the good arises from what we conceive the good to be as related to the goal or end of life. It is not the subordination of evil to good which makes its worth, but its content as related to the ideals of existence, to our welfare, and to the common weal. It is not the struggle to reach the good, but the purpose which the good serves, which gives it its significance

to us. A much truer explanation, in our judgment, is the view that evil arises out of our finite implications. As finite we are limited, are influenced by partial representations, do not see the truth comprehensively, have experiences of limited area, our judgment often limps and loses its way; we are tied down to nature and conditioned by our social environment, we are subject to development in time and therefore to successive and changing states, and hence we must experience the bad as well as the good, do the wrong as well as the right.

While there is much truth in this position, it is open to the following objections: It is a reasonable account of the fact of evil, but not so satisfactory of the *why* of the fact. It does not indicate why we are as limited as we are, why our rational insight is not clearer, our moral instincts stronger, the force of appetite and passion less, and especially why our environment is not more favorable to virtue. Says Dr. Rogers: "It surely is in the abstract supposable that the physical world might have been built with special reference to safeguarding the physical well-being of man at every point. It is conceivable, as Mr. Ingersoll put it, that health, instead of disease, should have been catching; and taken solely in itself, such an arrangement would appeal to us as an improvement. . . . Suppose we had been born with achieved self-knowledge, with perfect poise of character, with developed love of mankind, and a tempered unselfishness of action. Would not a social order composed of such beings appeal to us naturally as a more desirable world than the one in which we live? If not, why are we all the time working to bring such a world about?" The theory is especially unsatisfactory in accounting for physical evil; for the finiteness of the world does not necessitate that it should be so abundant in natural catastrophes and in the suffering of sentient life. Nor does the doctrine of finiteness explain what is perhaps the darkest phase of the problem of evil, namely, the absence of justice in the distribution of human suffering. To preserve the belief that the world manifests an ideal moral order, it would seem as if there should be some relation between desert and suffering, but often those who are the best suffer the most and those who are the worst suffer the least. In other words, it is

hard on any theory to justify an administration of affairs which does not seem to regard the merit or needs of those involved.

Having seen the futility of the principal idealistic explanations of the problem of evil, the questions arise, Is there a better theory? How can the difficulty be solved? In reply we say frankly we do not believe it can be solved to the satisfaction of the thoughtful mind. It is the great, dark shadow which rests continuously on the intellectual horizon of life. The origin of moral evil can be given a fairly satisfactory explanation, the nature of it can at least in a measure be understood; but why the infinite intelligence constituted a system in which the ends of his own moral government are perpetually being thwarted, in which nature is crowded full of sentient suffering, in which justice so often miscarries, this we do not believe, in the present development of philosophy, can be explained. Referring to such matters, Dr. B. P. Bowne says: "They are things we should not have expected in the world of a good God. And men have made very great effort to explain them, but with very little success." Eucken is even more positive, affirming: "To us evil is an insoluble riddle: no formula can make it intelligible why a powerful and clear reason is implanted in our world and that at the same time the lower most obstinately asserts itself in opposition." This judgment is one we must all accept. It is not difficult, reasoning from the *a priori* standpoint of the wisdom and goodness of God, to declare the world as it is must be a right world and the best that can be made, but when men have undertaken by argument to substantiate this faith, it is not too much to say they have both failed to satisfy themselves and still less to satisfy their readers.

But if we cannot offer a solution to the problem of evil, are we to be content to let the question pass as something beyond our ken? This might be an easy way out were it possible, but the fact that men have always been prying at the door of the enigma shows that it is not. What we are after in our philosophy is, after all, not to untie all the knots, but to find mental relief; and while we may not solve the question before us, we can attain certain approximations, make certain guesses, give explanations and arguments which will enable us to save, first, our faith in the moral character

of God and, second, our belief in the desirability of existence; or, in other words, save our theism from atheism and our optimism from pessimism. First, then, to repeat the problem, how are we to retain the hypothesis of idealism that there is a morally perfect Being on the throne of the universe when we see him originating and sustaining a system which has evil in its warp and woof, and which, though carried on for ages, has not yet in its processes of development brought the good to supremacy? Our reply is: First, we are forced to choose between theories. Supposing we surrender our theistic belief, where are we and where is our problem? An empirical philosophy cannot explain our question about evil, for it can only reason on the basis of experience which does not justify the inference of Absolute wisdom and goodness in the world-ground. It does not help us where we are in the dark and it forces on us a whole body of beliefs and consequences which we think a rational will. But what results from exchanging God for material force, or a blind world principle, and how does the order and rationality we perceive in nature square up with the theories? How are we to explain the world as we know it with its order, its system, its adaptations, its principles determinable by nationality, its moral progress, on such a basis? It will not take much consideration to see that by exchanging faiths we are no better off on our problem of evil, while on many other problems of our intelligence we would be in a hundred times worse predicament than we are. We have, therefore, notwithstanding the enigma of evil, every reason to cling to idealism. Second: We may say, reasoning on the practical basis of what life requires to make it tolerable, idealism is the only ground of hope. We are saved from the universal wreck of existence only by noting what would follow if we deny to the world-ground, or God, a moral quality and his system a moral purpose. Nothing is more noticeable in thought than the tendency of men to lapse into pessimism and despair when they cease to believe that a wise and righteous hand controls the helm of the world. What can life mean to us if we are caught in the iron cage of the material universe, if the laws of nature go straight on regardless of whom they crush, and there are no higher facts to ameliorate the situation? Such conceptions may do to

theorize over, but not to live by. If we are not to adopt the principle of race suicide as the best means of relief, we must fall back on the position that the demands of life require a belief in God and the soundness of his moral government, and it is incumbent on us to trust where we cannot see. Third: We may rationally say that while there are many fundamental questions in the problem of evil which are beyond our interpretation, our limited experience does not set forth the whole data of the universe; and certainly does not furnish the rational ground for so great an inference, so fatal a theory, as that God is not good, or that he is morally indifferent, or that evil has no solution on the earth below or in the heaven above. The small place we occupy in an infinite world, the small day we live in the eternal continuance of nature, the limitations of both sense and reason in a universe whose "center seems everywhere and whose circumference nowhere," make the smallness of our rational insight into both mental and moral problems little less than dumfounding. It is hardly to be expected that such transient and weak creatures as men, with such handicaps of reason and insight, with the great God and his vast purposes towering so far above them, should be able to behold the end from the beginning, size up the underlying purposes of things, and render judgment on all the vast processes and deep purposes of an essentially infinite universe. When we remember that the meaning of life and the world reaches up into the abysses of the Infinite, who does not submit himself to the limits of finite conceptions, and who remains the final mystery—when we remember this, why should it be strange that we find it difficult to understand why God has put evil in the world, or should not have made a universe without it? Fourth: Notwithstanding the mystery of evil, and the many things which seem to contradict the fact of moral government in the world, there is much more to show that the world establishes a moral order, that the nature of things works in the interests of goodness and truth, and that while darkness and clouds are round about him righteousness is the habitation of his throne. As men have more fully discovered the laws of nature and of social welfare, and have applied them to life, good has come in ever-increasing measure, and we have reason to believe

as the laws of God get worked out in the organization of things, and the daily conduct of life, many of the evils from which we suffer most will forever pass away. When we study the facts of the physical, the intellectual, and the moral world we are convinced that evil is everywhere in process of extermination and good is steadily, although slowly, making its way. But if in all domains we can thus catch glimpses that things are working toward justice and truth, if in the limited area of our experience we note that the trend of things is such as to support our convictions and ideals, why should our faith in the moral soundness of the universe be disturbed because we cannot make everything that crosses our path yield to the elucidation of our logic? As in nature we reason from the known to the unknown, and make our limited fields of observation stand as suggestive of what is true in wider realms, so from what we behold of moral order in the world we may reason that if we could see deep and wide and high enough we should behold all the apparent contradictions of the divine goodness falling into larger and richer harmonies. Fifth: This confidence in moral order from tendencies we see in nature and life is much strengthened by certain arguments which go to prove that God, the Creator and Director of all, is an ethical personality. We are parts of nature, important factors in the world. We are able to form ethical conceptions, which means that our acts of will are largely controlled by reason. But if we are rational beings, the world principle that has grounded our life, and of which our wills are a weak and limited effluence, cannot be without reason. There cannot be in an effect what is not in the cause, and our free human personality calls for personality and rationality in the world-ground. But if God is a rational personality and the world is, therefore, the product of a rational will, it cannot be essentially evil, but must be a means for attaining a rational ideal, which is the same as saying a moral ideal, for the rational is the good and the irrational is the evil. The ethical personality of God, deduced from the fact of our own, assures us that the world process and the world end are good. Sixth: Our faith in this direction receives assistance from the scientific doctrine of evolution. Romanes tells us, "Whenever we tap organic

nature it seems to flow with purpose," and the purpose is a climb upward from darkness into light. The actual world is a teleological process of development through which the better takes the place of the worse and the ideal enters into even larger expression. We are not fastened down to the real, but present reality is a way-station to the good which transcends it; it is the foregleam of the triumphant day. Nature's present struggles and sacrifices are for the progress of life, and the issue is in part at least compensation for the apparent evil. We cannot understand the law, but its universality suggests its necessity and its outcome becomes its vindication. While this does not solve the problem of evil, it does sustain us in enduring it, and it does strengthen our faith that in it is some larger wisdom than we have yet been able to grasp. Seventh: While we maintain the solution of the problem of evil has so far eluded our best thinking, we believe much can be said which is very suggestive and which so far relieves the darkness of the problem that in our practical life we need not be seriously disturbed. The development of this thought, for want of space, we can give only in outline, but it may be sufficient for the purpose in hand.

Taking up the question of physical evil, we may roughly classify it under imperfections of nature, sufferings of animal life, and the physical sufferings of men. Concerning the imperfections of nature it is not necessary to say more than that they are evils only in relation to sentient life, that they are occasional as compared with the beneficence of nature, that the sum total of injuries received from them sink into insignificance when considered in the light of the multitudes involved, and that they occur under natural laws whose action is such that they produce a vast excess of blessing. Concerning the suffering of animal life we may find partial relief in the following: The suffering of animals is easily exaggerated and is probably not nearly what we ordinarily imagine it to be. Consciousness is not significant in organic and instinctive life. Sensation can have little effect where the mind is in eclipse. The provisions for pleasure on the part of animals are vastly in excess of those which produce pain. Pain performs a helpful service in protecting animal life, leading unreasoning creatures

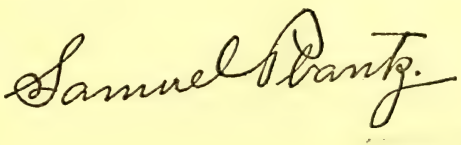
to avoid destructive forces and to seek shelter and food. "They work the organism." Disease and death produce temporary suffering, but some system of animal depopulation must pertain, and for sentient beings it is not easy to formulate a better one. When we consider the physical sufferings of human beings, the following palliations come forward for our comfort: Life accommodates itself to conditions, and men do not feel the pain in certain circumstances which we, judging from our standpoint, imagine. The mass of evils men suffer at the hands of nature are due to their own neglect, improvidence, carelessness, and folly, to causes which change things beneficent into things injurious. Pain performs a helpful ministry in life. Says La Conte, "Painful sensations are only watchful vedettes upon the outposts of our organism to warn us of approaching danger. Without these the citadel of our life would be quickly surprised and taken." Pain performs a moral and spiritual function. Says an unknown author, "The most remarkable thing about suffering is not its extent or duration, but its regeneration and propulsive force, its power to make man conscious of enormous responsibilities, and to awaken in him the desire to fulfill them." So conceived, physical evil may be described as a divine energy for moralizing man and nature. Pain helps us to enjoy pleasure. If our life were a continuous stream of pleasant associations and desirable experiences, if there were no deflections in the current, if we knew nothing of suffering of any kind, it is a question whether existence would not become wearisome and monotonous, fatal to a full appreciation of happiness. The element of risk in the undertaking, the chance of defeat in the game, give color and interest and heighten the enjoyment of victory. As in animal, so in human life, pain is the occasional, the unusual, and is so far outweighed by life's enjoyments and delights that it sinks into comparative unimportance.

Having considered some matters which, if they do not explain, relieve somewhat the problem of physical evil, we turn to certain thoughts which may help to render less perplexing and distressing the more serious question of moral evil. The first thing which sheds light on this problem is a consideration of how evil arises in man. The psychological genesis is about as follows:

Man is born with a variety of physical impulses and soon develops mental impulses, the satisfaction of which is necessary to his existence. They all appeal to his will and become stimuli to self-assertion. At first they occur in the undeveloped mental and moral life of the individual and are not accompanied by any moral judgment. The natural desires simply rule without conscious limitation of law or duty. But as the individual matures he comes to realize that he is in an environment which sets limitations and makes demands upon him. Parents, custom, law, social ideals, the laws of nature, all assert their requirements. Thus there arises an external obligation which opposes his inclinations and desires, and he comes to see his impulses are not his law. It becomes necessary that they become rationalized and controlled in harmony with an ideal. Thus the struggle begins between duty and inclination. As reason develops, slowly, it is clear that self-will, the impulsive desires of the soul, will often have their way and duty be disregarded. Evil will thus necessarily arise in the development of every conscious being and will rule to the extent that the higher reasonableness of human nature is not obeyed. As men do not think deeply on the moral order of the world, the plan and purpose of the Infinite, the bearing and consequences of actions, the value of moral ends, and the obligations of duty, but for the most part are engaged with their own struggles and ends, held captive to the more apparent and selfish interests, pressed by life's more immediate selfish demands, human action is ever conflicting with the divine purpose and will until man becomes so fully rationalized that he will constantly be moved by the high ideals of universal reason. Moral evil is, therefore, a result of the way we develop in moral insight and experience, and God is implicated in it to the extent that he has made us as we are, and knows that every person in the development of life and character will pass through the struggle of self-will and reason, of inclination and duty, of "the would over the should." Evil is thus a part of the world-plan of God, not an unexpected event in the unfolding of it, but a necessary condition to the realization of a moral being. If we are asked, Why did God make man on this plan? the only answer we know is, He wanted to make a man, and not something

else. He could have made an automaton and avoided the risk of moral evil, but is an automaton a better and higher product than a free being who can play the tragic parts in the world's history and become an actor in the mighty drama which is being played on the world's stage? We believe not. Evil is an awful thing, but there is insight and glory in man; and even his sin indicates the loftiness of his endowments and the greatness of his dignity. If he could not have fallen so low, he could not have risen so high. God in making man made evil as a factor which arises in the developing process, but it is not the end of the plan, nor the goal of the being he has made, but something to be overcome.

The problem of moral evil seems, therefore, to reduce practically to this question, so far as anything but a theoretical interest in it is concerned, Was God justified in creating man, involving, as it did, the possibility, yes, certainty, of evil? That he was we believe two considerations will show: First: Men quite universally agree that life is a good, and not an evil; that it is worth while, that the game is worth the candle. While men suffer in many ways, they still look at evil as an episode and do not regard it as the substance of life itself. The way out of life is always open, but few voluntarily take it, voting death the king of terrors. Second: The stronger argument, however, for justifying God in creating man, involving, as it did, the fact of evil, is the truth that evil can be transcended. The world viewed in its totality, life looked at from the standpoint of the larger reality, is the story of the process by which we come to a fuller consciousness of the Absolute. We do this through the stress and conflict of antagonisms in which gradually the meaning of existence becomes apparent, and God becomes our goal and our all. Thus evil, which is a stage of experience in our progress, becomes subordinated to good and will pass away entirely when we eventually realize the ultimate end of our nature.



AN EARLIER BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME

"College makes complete fools of young fellows, in my opinion, because they hear and see nothing practical there." With remarks such as this, which might be quoted from many a contemporary essay upon our own higher education, or from many a self-made merchant's letters to his son, begins, for us, a novel written nearly two thousand years ago, the Satyricon of Titus Petronius Arbiter, whom myriads of modern readers (and "movie" lovers) know, from Quo Vadis, if not from Tacitus's Annals, as the sauntering, debonair, imperturbable courtier of Nero. There are few things in all the lost Latin literature which I should rather have than the several hundred pages of this same Satyricon containing the further adventures of Encolpius and his associates. The hundred pages we do have are from the sixteenth and seventeenth books of the novel, and are themselves but excerpts. Among these excerpts, however, is preserved, almost intact, one episode of the novel which alone would have made Petronius more than welcome in the company of Smollett and Sterne and Fielding.

Encolpius, the unheroic but very sophisticated hero of the romance, together with his friends—Ascyltus, Agamemnon, and Giton—is invited to dine with Trimalchio, an immorally wealthy freedman, who, they are told, has a clock and a liveried trumpeter in his dining-room to keep reminding him how much of his life is lost and gone. They visit the city baths, preparatory to the dinner, and there behold their prospective host—a bald-headed old man—in a reddish tunic playing ball with some long-haired boy slaves. The balls, be it noted, are green. Trimalchio never condescends to pick one up; if it has touched the ground, a slave stands by with a bagful and supplies fresh ones. He finishes his game, calls for a basin from his attendants, washes his hands, and nonchalantly wipes them on a boy's head. Then he has his bath, and is rubbed down with blankets of the softest wool while he indulgently observes several masseurs drinking, quarreling over and spilling his Falernian wine; his toilet completed, he is rolled up in a scarlet cloak and put in a litter preceded by four liveried runners and ac-

companied by a musician, who plays a tiny pair of pipes in his very ear. The guests follow him home as best they can, and at the entrance of his house find a porter in green clothes with a cherry-colored girdle shelling peas in a silver dish. Trimalchio's color schemes are always interesting, and with him no uses are too base for the precious metals. After Encolpius's misadventure with a painted dog the party enter through a vestibule decorated with pictures illustrating their host's divinely directed progress from the slave-market to the official throne of his honorary Augustan priesthood—a slightly more important post than that of the groom of the back stairs. The porter informs them that the hall is adorned with scenes from the Iliad and Odyssey and from the gladiatorial show given by Laenas; a tasteful combination. Other matters of interest receive their amused attention, but at last they reach the dining-room to find all the slaves singing at their tasks, "even as they kneel at the guests' feet and proceed with extraordinary skill to pare their hangnails."

Trimalchio has not yet appeared, though all his guests are placed, including a number of his freedman friends. Most recherché appetizers are brought in upon elaborate silver service—with Trimalchio's name and the weight of the silver engraved upon the edges—and while the guests are partaking of these delicacies their host, propped on miniature pillows, is conducted in, to the sound of music. His shaven head peers out of a scarlet cloak, and around his well-padded neck he has put a napkin with a broad stripe and fringes dangling from it everywhere. After affording his guests an opportunity to admire the jewelry decking his person he tactfully observes, as he picks his teeth with a silver quill, that it was not convenient for him to come to dinner yet, but, not to stay away any longer and keep them waiting, he has denied himself all his own pleasure. However, they will permit him to finish his game. Assuming that they will, he continues to play checkers—with gold and silver coins—while his guests continue eating. A setting hen (wooden) in a basket of straw is brought in: servants—music crescendo—ransack the straw, discovering and distributing peahens' eggs. Trimalchio, busy playing, casually expresses his fear that the eggs may be rather oldish, but recommends that his guests

try whether they are still fresh enough to suck. Encolpius loses his taste for eggs and is about to throw his away, but the seeming chick inside proves to be a dainty figpecker rolled up in the spiced yolk. The appetizers are whisked away—to music—and a slave happens to drop a silver dish. He picks it up. Trimalchio orders his ears to be boxed and has the dish thrown down again, to be swept away with the rest of the rubbish. Then two long-haired Ethiopians with little wine skins, like the men who scatter sand in the amphitheater, enter, and give the guests wine to wash their hands in, water being too common.

The wine for drinking purposes that is next brought in is commended by Trimalchio, who assures the company it is superior to that he served the day before, no matter if he did have a much finer set of people to dinner then. Varied dishes and discussion follow, the host applauding the former and monopolizing the latter. Encolpius notices a woman who keeps running about everywhere, and asks Hermeros, a guest beside him, who she is. Hermeros states that she is Fortunata, Trimalchio's wife, and goes on to favor Encolpius with hints of her lurid past and comments upon her glorious present, now that she is all in all to Trimalchio. "She is sober, steady, and prudent, but she's a shrew—henpecks him on his own sofa. Whom she likes she likes; whom she dislikes she dislikes. Trimalchio has estates wherever a kite can fly—and such heaps and heaps of money! There is more plate lying in his steward's room than other folks have in their whole fortune. And his slaves! Goodness gracious! Upon my soul, I don't believe one in ten of them knows his master by sight!" Hermeros's respect for property almost amounts to reverence. After continuing his account of Trimalchio's possessions, he warns Encolpius not to look down on the other guests, Trimalchio's freedman friends. They are "mighty juicy people." This one here has his eight hundred thousand—used to be a wood-peddler. And that one there was worth a million once—he was an undertaker—and used to dine like a prince, but he's in reduced circumstances now, owing to the "cursed freedmen [Hermeros's own status] having cleaned him out of everything." Trimalchio interrupts this conversation by announcing that one must not forget one's culture even

at dinner; he thereupon displays his own in a ridiculous disquisition upon astronomy. More bizarre dishes are brought in, giving rise to more of the host's feeble but roundly applauded witticisms. Later he leaves the room for a moment, and his guests have a chance really to let themselves out. Dama talks about the weather, in choppy, inconsequential fashion, and concludes his remarks with the entirely unnecessary admission that the wine has gone to his head. Seleucus volunteers the Shavian-Bulgarian statement that he doesn't wash every day, it's dangerous, and anyhow he was at a funeral to-day, so he couldn't. He feels moved to comment upon the funeral and his own relations with the deceased and the imminence of death, anyway, and then declares: "The doctors killed him—no, it was his evil star; the only use of a doctor is to comfort you. Still, he was carried out in fine style on a bier covered with a good pall. The mourning was tiptop, too; he had freed a number of slaves—even though his own wife was rather stingy with her tears. What sort of funeral would he have had, if he hadn't treated her like a queen? But then, women are all alike—a set of vultures. It's no use doing anyone a kindness; why, it's all the same as throwing your kindness in a well. But an old love grips you like a crab." Phileros gets bored, and breaks in roughly with less than faint praise of the deceased, who, he says, got as much out of life as he deserved. He made money. Started in with tuppence and was always ready to pick a ha'penny out of a muck-heap with his teeth. Ganymede loses patience with talk on such matters and begins to curse the high cost of living, which he attributes to the merchants and magistrates being in a combination. Public officials these days aren't like old Safinius: "He was a regular pepper, not a man; used to scorch the ground wherever he trod. . . . Dear, dear, things are worse every day! This town grows backward, like a calf's tail."

"For the love of heaven," finally interrupts Echion, the old clothes dealer, "don't be so gloomy. There's ups and there's downs, as the farmer said when he lost his spotted pig." In justification of this Sam Wellerism, Echion proceeds to point out the merits of the town. "If you were anywhere else you would say that roast pork walked on the streets here." And then the

promised gladiatorial shows—something real—no running away—butchery done right in the middle for all to see—none of Norbanus's decrepit, tuppeny-ha'penny fighters that would have fallen flat if you breathed on 'em—mounted infantry that might have come off a lamp—dunghill cocks, one a dummy, the other bandy-legged, the bye as good as dead already, completely hamstrung. On and on he rambles—politics, personalities, scandal, property—and at last comes to his two boys, one studious (has "kicked a hole in his Greek already"), the other no scholar, but very inquiring, and can "teach you more than he knows himself." Echion wants him to have a smack of law in order to manage the property. "Law has bread and butter in it. He has dabbled enough in literature already."

Trimalchio now reappears and gives the company detailed information regarding his digestive apparatus. After offering his guests further ocular demonstration of his wealth, he descants upon his material and mental treasures. He desires to add all Sicily (Horace's troublesome corner lot) to properties of his, so that if he takes a fancy to go to Africa he can travel through his own land. He has learned literature for domestic purposes, he assures them, and does not despise learning, as his possession of two libraries, one Greek and one Latin, conclusively proves. His allusions to Homer's story of "the twelve sorrows of Hercules" and to Ulysses "being changed into a pig and having his thumb twisted off by the Cyclops" further establish his pretensions as "a literary man"—with two legs.

An enormous hog, roasted whole, is brought in. Trimalchio suspects it is not gutted. The frightened cook admits that he did forget this little detail. Trimalchio is about to have the rascal whipped when the guests beg him off, and his master bids him clean the animal then and there. He does so, and to the guests' surprise—and to Trimalchio's consequent satisfaction—sausages and black puddings tumble out. After this pleasant entertainment Trimalchio informs them that he alone possesses genuine Corinthian ware: it develops that his dealer is named Corinthus. Wild applause. He tells of the origin of Corinthian ware, and, during the process, connects Hannibal with the siege of Troy. Next he

narrates the story of an unfortunate inventor of unbreakable glass. It is silver, however, for which he avows a grand passion. "I own a hundred four-gallon goblets engraved with Cassandra killing her children, and they lying there dead in the most lifelike way. I have a thousand bowls that Mummius left my patron, and they're engraved with Dædalus shutting Niobe up in the Trojan horse. Yes, and I have got the fights between Hermeros and Petraites on my cups, and every cup is a heavy one; for I don't sell my connoisseurship for any money."

After mutilating mythology he gets warm with wine and wants Fortunata to do a rope dance, while he and the slaves begin a tarantella. Fortunata reproves him with acerbity. A clerk comes in and reads a most impressive report upon one of Trimalchio's estates. Then acrobats appear and perform various feats to musical accompaniment. Trimalchio is vastly interested, exclaiming that there are only two things in the world that he can watch with real pleasure, acrobats and (like M. Jourdain) trumpeters; all other shows are silly nonsense. An acrobat falls upon him. Great consternation. It is decreased, however, when Trimalchio beats a slave for wrapping the bruise with white, instead of purple, wool, and frees the acrobat for fear people might say that he, he, had been wounded by a slave. He then composes a vapid epigram upon the event, and this prompts a literary discussion—carried on chiefly by himself. After disposing of writers, he delivers himself of random remarks anent doctors and money changers, oxen, sheep, and bees. Some purportedly amusing souvenirs of the dinner are presented to the guests. They are so absurd as to arouse Ascyltus's open derision. The freedman Hermeros is incensed at such behavior and tells Ascyltus in forceful terms just what he thinks of him. The burden of his tirade is that a freedman with money is just as good a man as you are, thank God, and blast your fancied superiority, anyhow. Giton is amused at the freedman, and bursts into an unseemly guffaw, which turns the torrent of Hermeros's abuse upon himself, "curly-headed onion," "gallows-bird," "crows'-meat," "rat," and "mushroom" that he is. Hermeros announces that he is not naturally hot-tempered, but once he begins he doesn't care twopence for his own mother. "No, I never learned geome-

try and criticism and suchlike nonsense. But I know my capital letters, and I can do any sum into pounds, shillings, and pence. . . . Yes, I thank heaven for my education; it's made me what I am."

Trimalchio, though pleased with Hermeros's prowess, finally stills the storm, and a troop of reciters of Homer enter. The host obligingly tells his guests about the story to be enacted. "Diomede and Ganymede were two brothers. Helen was their sister. Agamemnon carried her off and palmed off a deer upon Diana instead. So Homer is now telling the tale of the war between Troy and Parentium. He won, of course, and married his daughter Iphigenia to Achilles. That drove Ajax insane, and he will show you the story immediately." A boiled calf with a helmet on is straightway brought in, and Ajax madly attacks it with drawn sword—then divides the slices among the astonished company. Next the ceiling parts asunder and costly favors for the guests are let down. Then cakes and fruits are brought in, each one, at a touch, spurting forth saffron juice. Niceros is persuaded to tell his werwolf adventure, and Trimalchio tells another tale of horror. Encolpius admits that by this time the lamps were multiplying before his eyes, and the whole room altering, but still the fun—including a dog fight—grows wilder and wilder. Trimalchio insists that the servants be wined—"if anyone objects to taking it, pour it over his head: business in the daytime, pleasure at night."

Another guest, very much the worse for liquor, enters with his wife and a grand retinue. He proves to be not the chief magistrate of the city, but merely Habinnas, the rich monument maker. He is just coming from a funeral—"a delightful occasion, no matter if we did have to pour half our drinks over the dead man's confounded bones." He particularizes regarding the funeral baked meats—incidentally referring to the fact that Scintilla, his wife, tasted a bit of bear, and nearly brought up her own inwards. Since he insists on seeing Fortunata, who, according to Trimalchio, is attending to the silver, thrifty soul, all the slaves together, at a given signal, shout "Fortunata!" several times. She appears, in rainbow attire, and compares jewelry with Scintilla, to the accompaniment of caustic comments from their husbands, who paid the bills. Trimalchio, however, says that he has a gold bracelet himself

that weighs a full ten pounds, and orders it to be carried round—along with scales to prove his veracity.

While the tipsy ladies are gossiping Habinnas merrily upsets Fortunata. She screams and hides her blushes in Scintilla's lap, but later, with the coming of more courses and more hilarity, she recovers from her embarrassment and feels inclined to dance. She receives no encouragement, however. Trimalchio, quite disregarding Mr. Boffin's policy of "scrunching 'em," has the servants take places at the table, bets with them, and moralizes upon the injustice of slavery. He is going to set all *his* slaves free in his will, and lets them know it, so that they will love him now as if he was dead. He calls for the will, and reads it aloud from end to end while everyone moans and groans. He then gives full instructions to Habinnas about his tomb, specifies the decorations, which are to include a statue of Fortunata, and a sun-dial in the middle so that "anyone who looks at the time will read my name, whether he likes it or not." As he goes on with the details, the horrid thoughts are too much for him; he bursts into floods of tears. All join in. Suddenly he bethinks him of the fact he's still alive, and proposes a hot bath. Encolpius and his friends feel that this would be suicidal for them in their present state, and try to escape; but the house is too much of a labyrinth, and, after falling into a fish pond, they make their way to the bathrooms where they find Trimalchio occupying the pool alone and singing industriously, while his guests cavort about the edge.

The dinner begins anew with the ministrations of new brigades of slaves. Fortunata, having just cause for offense, berates Trimalchio, who promptly throws a cup in her face, following it up with unflattering allusions to her ante-nuptial estate and to her failure to appreciate her present bliss. "Tu l'as voulu, Trimalchio"—but he'll show her, he'll make her want to dig him out of his grave with her finger-nails; Habinnas is instructed *not* to put that statue of her on his tomb, yes, and she's not to be allowed to kiss his remains when he is laid out, either. Various guests implore him to withhold this fulmination and moderate his wrath. Gradually he calms down, and vouchsafes a pleased description of his own infamous but profitable career, prefacing it

with the assurance, "Friends, I was once merely what you are, but by my own merits I have come to this," and concluding: "Take my word for it, if you have a penny you're worth a penny; money makes the man. So it is that your friend who was once a frog is now a king. Meanwhile, Stichus, bring me the grave-clothes in which I mean to be carried out. And bring some ointment, and a nip from that jar of wine I want my bones to be washed in." The grave-clothes are passed around for approval, and some of the wine is poured into a bowl. "Now just imagine you have been asked to my funeral," says Trimalchio. He has some trumpeters brought in and stretches himself out on his death-bed. "Imagine I'm dead. Play something pretty." The trumpeters blow such mighty blasts that the neighborhood is aroused and the fire department rush in with water and axes, while Encolpius and his friends escape in the confusion.

So ends Trimalchio's dinner. The *nouveaux riches* are a very ancient, very common—and very necessary—product in life. One hears even old Theognis grumbling about them; but in literature good specimens are rare. We see them budding forth as a modern literary type in Shakespeare's *Osrick,* and we see them full-blown in Molière's *M. Jourdain* and *George Dandin,* in Dickens's Boffins, in Thackeray's Joseph Sedley, and in Daudet's Nabob; but none of them attain such gaudy and rotund perfection as does Petronius's Trimalchio.

Paul Elmer

FITNESS FIRST

I BELONG to a rather old-fashioned church, and live in a rather old-fashioned university town. At least they were rather old-fashioned up to the time of which I write.

I had been out of the country for a year or more, and had heard a great deal of the stately and beautiful ecclesiastical music of the Old World. This fact, with my having for the moment forgotten my own country's well-known pride in progress and her tendency toward the identification of progress with speed, will account for the depth of my surprise at church the first Sunday after my return.

"We have a new director and choir since you went away," whispered an old friend on my left. I realize now that he wanted to prepare me.

After some minutes of musical reverie, which I thought at the time was not exactly true to its name, the organist quite suddenly leaped—musically I mean—into the doxology; the director, the choir, and the congregation sprang to their feet, and all three swung off at a rate that in no time at all left me hopelessly behind. I didn't realize at first what was happening—for I am inclined toward independence in my singing. I was still on the phrase "here below," and thinking with emotion of the solemn dignity of Dutch and English hymns in ancient abodes of worship, when I suddenly became conscious that the rest were already beginning on "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." I had barely time to skip what lay between before the organist brought up at the last note with a snap that recalled the crack-the-whip of school days gone by. The leader of the choir stood a moment with fists upraised and clenched and face suffused with a great light, and then with sudden gesture dropped both choir and congregation instantaneously into their seats, with me and my right-hand neighbor a good two seconds behind and attracting universal attention.

The right-hand neighbor of whom I speak was an old acquaintance and a traveling man. Apparently he, too, had not been to church in his own community for some time. As we sat

down he leaned in my direction and whispered: "Safety first! That sure was going some."

After the usual readings the hymn was announced. It was an old favorite of mine, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." One stanza only was read by the minister, and that hurriedly and apprehensively, as if he was aware of some approaching danger, and was thinking of cover. He was not without reason. There was a danger. He might easily have been overtaken and trampled down. The "Onward" was a charge. The organ crashed, the director brought congregation and choir again leaping to their feet, and this time led them forward with a plunging speed that made the Old Hundred of ten minutes before a funeral dirge.

I was expecting march time. My art sense, my music sense, and my common sense, too, had always told me that this was the appropriate and natural thing, in view of the martial imagery of the grand old hymn—the steady, sweeping, majestic, irresistible onward movement of the confident, invincible, immutable squadrons of Eternal and Almighty God.

But march time would not do. It was at least quadrille time. It was not the advance of the unconquerable hosts of righteousness. It was the rush of a troop of Mexican guerrillas on snorting ponies, soon to be out of both breath and purpose, and a prey to the first charge of the returning enemy.

In the middle of the second stanza, my neighbor looked me in the eye and closed his book. During the last, the Sunday school children, according to custom, left the room to go home. At the first note they pounced upon hats and coats and scrambled for the door, but the last pair of heels was still visible when the organ crashed out the final note, and choir and congregation went down once more.

"Say," again whispered my friend the traveling man, who had been to the game of the day before, "who is the cheer-leader up there, anyway? Do you know?"

But all this, and the spectacular precision of the anthem—a pretty little autumn poem—I managed to let pass. Perhaps I was getting old! perhaps I was too particular. The hymn that followed, however, I could not make a part of my worship.

The music of the hymn that followed was written in 1564, and its words in 1707. We had often sung it in our church. It had, as few others, the odor of solemnity and sanctity. Its very essence was solemnity:

Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to thee!

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

Eternity with all its years,
Stands present in thy view.
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God, there's nothing new.

Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

The eternal and unchangeable might and majesty of God, the boundlessness of his universe, and the immensity of everlasting time, were here the magnificent and awful theme. Yet choir and congregation were made to trip through this sacred and somber avenue of song as precisely, as thoughtlessly, and as emotionlessly as if words and music were the accompaniment to a calisthenic exercise—as indeed they were, in a measure—if you considered the director.

When we—or they, for voice and heart alike failed me—when they had sung the final stanza and we were swiftly into our seats again, my traveling friend leaned once more, pointed out to me the last line of the third stanza, "Great God, there's nothing new," and whispered: "That came pretty near being profanity, eh?" I agreed with him. It surely was taking the name of the Lord our God in vain.

My friend intended this as a joke, but for me it was something deeper. I was pained and indignant. It was really sacrilege

we had been listening to, unintentional sacrilege, perhaps, the sacrilege of carelessness and ignorance, but still sacrilege; sacrilege against religion and sacrilege against art. The tapeline and the yardstick, the weight and the measure, had brazenly intruded into the abode of the eternal and the infinite. The worldly spirit of doing things had invaded the realm of feeling things. It was not fit.

There are eternal verities. The experience of the race has demonstrated them. There is also eternal fitness. That, too, has been demonstrated by the ages—in the music which is our best means of expressing the deep things of God, if nowhere else. A hymn that makes you think of cogs and levers and speed and mathematics and efficiency is not religion, not art, not music. It is mechanics. Religion and art are alike in essence, and their essence is emotion. They are true and effective only as they are of the spirit. Music is an art, and religious service is an art, and no art is good that violates the law of fitness. There is no place in the church service either for music not distinctly religious, or for religious music not fitly rendered. As a certain one also of our own poets hath said: "Nothing out of its place is good, nothing in its place is bad."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

We earnestly advise all persons sending articles to this Review to retain copies, in order to guard against loss.

TWO CASES OF CHURCH UNIFICATION

Church unity and church unification are rightly occupying a prominent place in the religious thought of our time. But if in this direction real progress is to be achieved something more than glittering generalities will be requisite. Concrete cases must be studied, and studied with an open mind. Rules which will "work both ways" must be sought. Mutually considerate discussions of such cases will further a good understanding of the fundamental problem and suggest the best methods of procedure in looking for a solution.

Two such concrete cases have occurred to the present writer as historically pertinent and intrinsically interesting. The first may be formulated in the following question: In case every member of the Methodist Episcopal Church should join the Protestant Episcopal Church, and every Methodist Episcopal minister, by re-ordination or otherwise, should be given equal rank with others in the thus-enlarged communion, what results, so far as we can judge, would be in the interest of the kingdom of God at large?

In answer to this question five advantages can be enumerated which seem immediately obvious. First, there would at once be an end of all unfriendly and wasteful competitions between the two bodies at home and abroad. Second, since the one constituent body is relatively strong in large cities, the other relatively strong in the rural communities of the nation, their union would furnish each its needed complement. Third, assuming that the government of the church so enlarged remained unchanged in statutes and forms of administration, and that all properties belonging to the abandoned communion were legally transferred to the other, one complete and coherent set of ecclesiastical machinery would take the place of the

two now existent; an enormous saving, not only in funds but also in personal service of highest quality and importance. Fourth, in the new moral and spiritual possibilities of the one new communion, as compared with those found in either or both of the old, there would be a gain quite beyond computation, and these possibilities would lie not only in the field of distinctively Christian service, but also in countless other fields of moral endeavor. Fifth, the successful unification of the two bodies in question would impress other churches the world over with the beauty and strength of the modern movement toward unity, and would inspire fresh prayers and efforts for a final and universal triumph of the movement.

The second concrete case above referred to may be expressed in the following question: In case every member of the Protestant Episcopal Church were to join the Methodist Episcopal Church, and every Protestant Episcopal minister, by re-ordination or otherwise, should be given equal rank with others in the thus-enlarged communion, what results, so far as we can judge, would be in the interest of the kingdom of God at large?

Here again a fivefold answer can be given. And indeed the five advantages would be precisely the same. Nor does any new or sixth advantage at all comparable to the five occur to the present writer.

Such being the case, it is only natural to raise a new question; to inquire, What, if any, disadvantages or losses to the kingdom of God would result from the suggested unification of the two churches in one or the other method?

For greater brevity and clearness, and to avoid repetitions of cumbrous names, let us employ for the time symbols for the four communions involved in the discussion. As the larger and earlier organized of the two now exisiting, the Methodist Episcopal Church may be represented by the letter A. Let B represent the Protestant Episcopal Church as now existing. Next let X represent A when enlarged by the addition of B; and finally, Y represent B when enlarged by the addition of A. Expressed in these equivalents, our new inquiry, in its two forms, present itself as follows: First, What (if any) losses to the kingdom of God would result from the creation of X? Second, What (if any) losses to the kingdom of God would result from the creation of Y?

Here, of course we are at the parting of the ways. What one man counts as "loss" is often in another man's eyes an important gain. Far be it from the present writer to attempt to adjudicate be-

tween the two claimants. He will only bring to notice certain results of the unification which to one class of readers will appear to be a gain to the Kingdom, but to another class a loss. Even of these results only a single specimen under each case will be presented.

First, then, let us inspect more critically the natural effect of the creation of X. Assuming that the teaching and government of A remained substantially unchanged in X, the most considerable change (apart from the merely numerical) resulting from the unification of A and B would certainly be the falling into desuetude of the doctrine of so-called apostolic succession, together with all administrative action based upon said doctrine. It is not here stated whether this would be loss or gain to the Kingdom; it is only stated that the class of Christians who would count it a loss would doubtless give it the first and foremost place in any inventory of the losses involved in the creation of X.

Passing to a consideration of the results of the creation of Y, it is evident that the immediate and enduring effect of the unification upon the status and prospects of Christian women would be of signal importance. Assuming that the teaching and government of B remained substantially unchanged in Y, between two and three millions of Christian women now enjoying in A all rights and privileges of other laymen would be at once disfranchised and placed under the ecclesiastical guardianship and control of males. Furthermore, the successors to these millions for a future of unknown duration would have no prospect of ever gaining the status once held by their predecessors. No judgment is here expressed as to whether this disfranchisement would be a loss or a gain to the Kingdom; it is only stated that the class of Christians who would count it a loss would doubtless give it a high place, if not the foremost place, in any inventory of the losses involved in the creation of Y.

To many persons, of course, the one or the other of the just-named results of the suggested unifications will appear eminently desirable, an important gain to the kingdom of God; but to few, if any, are *both* likely so to appear. Believers in so-called apostolic succession, and in an ecclesiastical administration based thereon, are not usually believers in a polity which in church, or state, gives impartial recognition to men and women; and the converse of this proposition is equally true. Would not each party do well to study sympathetically the standpoint of the other, and especially to inquire how it is that one questioned "loss" can offset five unquestioned gains? Also,

finally, to remember that for the creation of Y three or four times as many Christian believers would have to sacrifice precious traditional views and customs as would for the creation of X.

DR. FORSYTH ON EVANGELICAL EXPERIENCE[1]

A DOUBLE-MINDED man is unstable throughout. But if the eye be single, the whole body is full of light. These words are mostly applied in a pulpit way, applied to conduct, as if they chiefly referred to consistency of character and behavior. But they have a wider and deeper application than that. They mean that a right start, a right foundation, unites the soul by giving a man a spiritual world all of one piece. We are not distracted by a religious pluralism, a variety of powers that we have to keep in good humor. The right principle gives the perspective of the details by placing us at a center above them free of storm and full of command. A true theology, from a real genetic center, affects every other interest in the long run. "Theological error," says Lord Acton, "affects men's ideas on all other subjects, and we cannot accept in politics (for instance) the consequences of a system which is hateful to us in its religious aspect."

It is a church that chiefly feels this need and enjoys this benefit—a church, I mean, rather than the individual. A coherent mental world, a system of developing doctrine which is being organically created from a final and evangelical center, is an ideal which is *for the church* as necessary and inevitable as an organized system of beneficence. Only it must be doctrine which coheres by a moral rather than a rational logic, which adjusts not the intellect chiefly, but the will of man, and passes, by a necessity of its nature, and not mere choice, into an ample and public practice. How stale and fruitless grow our pulpit efforts to flog up Christian service, and to shame professing Christians into consistent ethic or Christian work. How redolent they become of some great unreality lying beyond the reach of such appeal, whether sarcastic or bombastic, in our type of

[1] By Dr. P. T. Forsyth, President of Handley College, London, England.

faith and matter of belief. To put that faith right is to provide for the church and the soul a power which wields its own irony, a motive that does its own high compulsion, and a root which bears its own fruit. To urge people to follow Christ may lead to the merest flabbiest pulpit rhetoric; the effective gospel is to preach a Christ who leaves men unable to do anything else. While it is a system, more or less, it must be one cohering not so much in systematic symmetry as in moral volume of congruity, one whose unity is vital rather than rational, and which exists in psychological truth rather than in immanent reason. Its unity is that of holiness, that is, of a moral personality rather than an institutional machine. It is based on practical experience of the Christian kind, working in the saved conscience, and tending to unite our heart to fear the holy name. It must be based on the experience which makes the church Christian, and marks it off from the world—on the evangelical experience, the experience of Christ as the world's one Saviour, and not as its supreme saint. It is the faith that we are saved not by the excellency of Christ but by His mercy; not by the love we feel, but by the grace we trust; not by sacrifice we make, but by the Cross we adore. The world is one in its Redemption more than by its constitution; in grace, and not by nature.

Our religious confusion, our bewilderment of belief, arises from a dual control—by the Word and by the world. We are divided, even within each soul, into two camps, each with a different religious basis. They are historic revelation and immanent nature. And each is unwilling to recognize how different and divisive its base is. Their union is often superficial. It is imposed from without rather than created from within. But no practical exigencies nor comprehensive sympathies can hold it together forever. The old rent widens and tears the new skin. Two streams meet in our contemporary Christianity, and however they may keep the same bed in the current reach of history's stream, they do not blend. Two surfaces grind each the other's face. They are, as I say, the world and the Word, the natural experience and the supernatural, mere spirituality and true justification, the mysticism of nature and that of faith, the soul and

salvation, the rational experience and the evangelical, evolution and revelation, culture and the Cross, civilization and sanctification, progress and ethic. In the present war in Europe, the culture of Christendom has denied and shamed the cross of Christ, and Christian profession scorned Christian life. Civilization and Christianity are revealed in their fundamental collision.

When the back of Europe was broken at the Reformation it was declared by the crisis that the human future could be insured only by a new life from the dead, and that a life of the conscience. Ethic, especially, which Catholicism had failed to make Christian by all its emphasis on effort, could be saved only by faith—by faith in the regeneration of the conscience through the supreme ethical act of God in Christ, that is, an act under the conditions of his own holiness. The whole genius and destiny of Protestantism lay there, in its claim to be the organ, the prophet, of this justification of the conscience in a new creation. It lay in God's offering of himself by Christ in an eternal moral act, "by the spirit of holiness," and not in any offering of him that could be repeated by the priest in the mass. It sprang from the tremendous regenerate and creative experience which was so classic in Luther, and, in time, so revolutionary of the thought and ethic even of the reformers themselves. Their evangelical experience of grace to guilt in the cross was at once the rediscovery of the New Testament gospel and a new foothold on the last reality, on the conscience, which is the "nature of things." It was the foundation and principle of reformed Christianity; firmly but flexibly applied, it was the note of the new true church. It broke with a sacramentarian and hierarchic religion, on the one hand, and with a rationalist and scholastic religion, on the other. It parted from papal Rome, and it parted from the humanist Renaissance; from the authority of the church, on the one hand, and of the natural, reasonable, æsthetic mind, on the other. And it set the soul afresh on the very central reality of the universe.

But in due course, as the first fine rapture of the Reformation abated, Rome surged back upon the reclaimed land; while the Renaissance, acting on both sides, had upon Protestantism a peculiarly flattering effect. The Jesuits, appropriating the best cul-

ture of the time, gained upon Protestantism on the right hand, while the philosophy of Hobbes, Descartes, and Leibnitz deeply affected it on the left. A sensible, rational, and "healthy-minded" experience of education took the place of the old evangelical experience of rescue. Good sense replaced Christian faith, and good will Christian love. And it was all greatly aided by the growing power of the political state and its liberalism. Personal religion passed into democratic individualism. The old glow of subjective, but supernatural, religion became the zeal of a subjectivism merely natural. The soul was no more than the self. Political liberty had necessarily become a demand of evangelical freedom, but also it gradually tended to replace it. So independency and its piety became whiggery and its stalwart sense. Democracy kept a Christian color, but it began to find another than a Christian base in natural rights—in the rights of man rather than his duties. Calvin was replaced by Rousseau. Free thought and speech became more a development or indulgence of the natural man, and less an obligation on the spiritual. The *lex naturæ* went back from its Bible charter to its stoic context in a cosmic philosophy; while all in the Bible that offended this *lex naturæ* tended to be put aside as due to the crudity of Bible times. Locke's doctrine of the state and Adam Smith's of economics grew upon this individualism, and coated the old Puritan independency in a political mail somewhat alien to its spiritual genius, and heavy on its limbs. The two tendencies are at war in the free nations to this day. This movement was further promoted by the growth of seventeenth-century orthodoxy and the undue predominance of theology, as the flush of the Reformers' inspiration faded away and the passion of saving faith became the zeal for pure doctrine. Orthodoxy was simply the rationalism of the right. The soul became the victim of an extravagant intellectualism, which was applied by orthodoxy to the Christian facts of the Bible, and by the illumination to the facts of an experience more general, more natural, and less positive. In either case the truly evangelical and regenerate experience was often submerged. Everything became doctrinaire, both belief and its challenge. Intellectualism and moralism held the time, qualified only by pietism, which gave to orthodoxy an Indian summer.

As is always the case with intellectualism, the ethic sank. It is so with German intellectualism to-day, which succumbs to materialism, militarism, and Machiavellism—all fostered by an abject form of state churchism which gags the church as a public power, and robs Christianity of its prophetic note and moral voice to a nation. And such is the state of things in the popular levels of religion to-day. These rise and fall between pietism and rationalism. They are about a century behind sound theological culture and the insight of faith. The letter-writers and combatants of the press, for instance, are that much in the main behind the real advance of theological thought.

Kant, for his time, changed all this among the thinkers of the van. He destroyed rationalism (even his own) by ethic, and dethroned the intellectual by the moral. He thus led to a new epoch in the relation between the evangelical experience and the rational, between the Christian conceived as a new creature and the Christian viewed as the old creature refurbished. In the region of pure religion it was Schleiermacher, however, who gave religious experience its autonomous and commanding place. And it is not wonderful that the nineteenth century saw a fresh development of ethical religion on the spiritual plane, and especially of the positive Christian consciousness.

In the young thinker, it is often to be noted, an early conversion may become submerged in the issues of the mere critical understanding or in the lucidity of culture, while personal religion is shaken and dim. Then, in due course, the balance returns. After a time of cloud, or even night, his soul gradually reasserts itself, his conscience is humbled under a new revelation of the Holy, while the duty of ministering to souls diseased and hearts broken may force him to a source of strength deeper than rational or sentimental piety, and may cast him on a gospel steadier than all his perceptions of mere truth or his mere sensibility to impressions. There, in practical contact with the grimmest realities of life and righteousness, he rediscovers his Bible, and regains more than his first confidence in the gospel of a new creation. In like manner, on the larger scale of the church's experience during the last century, new resources broke out upon her need from the old

gospel. In a theologian like Ritschl the specific Christian experience of grace acquired a fresh confidence in itself against critical thought, and a fresh conviction of its own autonomy against the world. It asserted itself as an ultimate of the universe in the face of critical or philosophical analysis—as indeed all religion must. Religion can live by license from no other power in life. Orthodox theology, based on mechanical inspiration, gave place to a more free, but equally positive, theology, based on a historic experience present, ultimate, and decisive, on an absolutely new departure in life through real faith, on the new creation involved in what I am calling the evangelical experience. Schleiermacher, with an early pietist nurture, took command of theology and went forward, with a more ethical and historical note, in Ritschl and Frank. There was a return to the Bible; but it was to its supernatural content rather than to a miraculous origin or form; it was to the Bible as sacramental rather than prescriptive; it was on lines which continued the experimental way of Luther instead of the doctrinaire way of the theological schools. Moreover, the influence of the Romantic movement, which was so great for Catholicism, was also felt in Protestantism. There was a new hospitality for the nonrational, the superrational, the alogical, the mysterious, the supercosmic, the superhistoric. A new pietism arose, less extravagant in its emotion than the old, and less orthodox in its theology, but no less sure and final. But alongside this revival there was another. There took place also a revival of the intellectualism which Kant had struck down. The Hegelian philosophy produced on the right a new orthodoxy, on the left a new rationalism. Both were idealist, even poetic and sublime. But neither could do justice either to pessimism or to the gospel. They are broken upon the rock of the new moralism rising out of the sea of sorrow and the sense of sin. Idealist optimism was more than balanced by a pessimism organized for the first time into a world-system. And the reality of sin and guilt is never faced by any rationalism, even one so great as Hegel's. But it is the strength of the evangelical principle that it does at least face the problem, and does not put it by; and that it divines the solution of the world there or nowhere. Reality is moral, and therefore at

the end it must be redemption in such a world as this. It finds the solution of the soul not in the collision and adjustment of the infinite and the finite, nor even of the spiritual and the worldly (as in Eucken), but of the holy and the guilty. *The root of all religion is an experience of the holy;* and of all Christian faith the root is in our experience of the Holy One's grace to guilt. We do not construe the world on idealist lines and then return to square and integrate somehow that obstinate experience of sin. The present war proclaims from Belgian soil that idealism gives no foundation or power for morality, and no protection from national wickedness. We feel that the central and fontal solution of the world must be found in the one region of which the philosophers are either ignorant or shy, in the moral soul before the Holy God—by a new man, and not a new method. The crux of that moral world is sin; and therefore any real revelation for the world can be only on the side of sin, in the realm of the guilty conscience, and in the nature of its Redemption. That is the real and universal genius of the evangelical experience. It is not sectarian, not low church. It is very high in so far as it makes the revelation of the church to be the foundation and principle of the world. It is a reconstruction of the whole world from an organic moral center and the actual moral facts. It finds the essence of Christianity and the solution of the soul to be historic. It lies in the creative, regenerating forgiveness of guilt, on the scale of a world and an eternity, through Jesus Christ crucified and risen—with all that this absolutely new life and action involves for the universe. This redeeming Christ has not humanity for his true life, yet he is the true life of humanity. The ideal man, the man who lives in Christ, does not live: he is lived. Christ lives in him; but not Christ as a mere spiritual process. To be lived by such a Christ would be to be submerged. But he is lived by Christ as a spiritual person who is our life indeed, and in whose communion alone we rise to our destined selves. It is the retirement of this moral and evangelical experience behind the rational, the sympathetic, or the æsthetic as the solution of life—it is this that is at the root of all our confusion and timidity. We start from some philosophy of a universe, or some personal affection or intuition, instead of from

faith in a historic person and his creative deed. The doctrine of evolution, the growth of comfort and kindness, young optimism, the spread of education, and the sudden unveiling of a new natural world—all this has produced, with its half-culture, a certain moral atrophy, which is powerless to realize the guilt that Christianity reveals, and which has but faint response for its deep, decisive, and damnatory salvation. The kingdom of God is not among us, and the sense of judgment has gone. Knowing God, we know him not as God, as the Holy. The doctrine of the Fatherhood has lost in sentiment the idea both of kingship and of judgment. Our Father in heaven is but our All-Father, neither exalted nor enthroned; and it is not a fearful thing to fall into his hands. "Hallowed be thy name" connotes mere reverence. And we fail to note that Christ's first concern here and always was the holiness of God. The kingdom is not really begged to come, but only the home. And when God overturns nations that his will may be on earth as in heaven, we lose our faith, and say a living, loving God could never permit such wars and debacles. Whereas he would be no Holy God if he did not bring to crisis and judgment such a society as we see. The idea of judgment, falling out of the cross of Christ, falls also from the course of history. Its preachers are despised. Till God take up his own parable in the greatest war of time. "When thy judgments are in the earth, then shall its inhabitants learn righteousness." In other quarters conversion is ceasing to be either experienced or desired. Or it comes to mean no more than passing from one subjectivity to another, from a lower to a higher frame of soul, from the subliminal to the conscious, perhaps, and not from death to life, not from being wrong to being right with a holy God.[1]

It is upon Christ, as this redeeming and creative fact of the cross with its saving judgment, that the Christianity of the Reformed succession stands. Essential Christianity is at once evangelical and cosmic. The elect are the human race. Liberal Chris-

[1] "You have grown dull of hearing. Though by this time you should be teaching other people, you still need some one to teach you *the rudimentary principles of the divine revelation*. You are in need of milk, not of solid food. For anyone who is fed on milk is unskilled in *moral truth*; he is a mere babe. Whereas solid food is for the mature, for those who have their faculties exercised *to distinguish good and evil*."—Heb. 5. 12–14 (Moffatt).

tianity, on the other hand, takes stand, not upon facts, but upon consciousness. It stands on the best of the natural man, on the revelation contained in the soul of all historic humanity, a revelation contained in it and not emerging in it. And it pursues the line, not of the evangelical new birth, but of the rational and mystic renaissance. Its freedom is not so much a gift of grace as the noblest realization of the natural man. At most its Christ is the incarnation of the idea of the God-man. It accepts the whole academic range of biblical criticism without the church's limits on it for a saved experience. Its object is the identification of revelation and speculation, Christianity and culture, salvation and civilization. The world is not its inn, but its home. It is an excellent citizen of the best society and the world of ideas. For what is everything but some explication of the idea? And into ideas it would resolve the whole doctrine of the church. Revelation is for it only a section of a more general culture, and a more cosmopolitan civilization. It is not fontal, but concomitant. Righteousness is treason to culture. Dogma is only a mythologizing of ideas. The "liberal" Christ is construed on the lines of Western sanity, modern idealism, and luminous progress. He is the kind of Christ that a healthy-minded and well-moralized western world would like to see, or that an accomplished scholar would wish to construct out of the Bible record with the aid of a Nicomachean ethic and a catholic culture. All that conflicts with this liberal, active, and spiritual idea must be struck out. Christ is above all ethical and in no wise apocalyptic, with nothing of the revolutionary catastrophic love called grace. The eschatological parts of the Gospels must be ejected. They betray the heated fantasy of the local, spiritual imagination. Jesus is on the lines of a grave, kind, wise, and powerful modernity, not at all on the lines of a Paul, a Joan of Arc, or a George Fox, rising in the midst of an old society near its debacle at God's hand. The preaching of his gospel is not foolishness. He is a sane Englishman, or a wise German, or a kind, sanguine American, a grave, but genial, broad churchman, born out of due time in the first century, who must often have been astonished at the alogical extravagances of most of his chief saints, and obliged to overbear

them with the calm action of his personal sanity and his humane idealism.

The two streams may now be apparent. The two roots may be clear. They are idealism and redemption. One of them must be chosen as the main limb, and it is impossible to have other than religious disquiet and distraction till the moral choice is made between them, and our world construed accordingly as at last either saved or developed. We must decide whether our faith rests on a new creation or an immanent evolution; whether the Christian experience is a thing entirely *per se* (and autonomous accordingly, though not unrelated to the rest of experience), or whether it is a sectional product of spiritual humanity and cosmic evolution at an ideal height; whether it be produced by the direct, mystic, alogical, and miraculous action of an invasive God on our soul, or only indirectly by the ordered immanence of an emerging God which is shared by the whole world-process as the area of his high causation.

It is a difference which extends to every phase of spiritual action in the long run, and it affects every part of our construction of the world, our attitude to it, and our carriage in it. It will certainly affect fundamentally the existence of the church. For upon a rational and non-miraculous experience no church can live, and a nation must sin to die. Nor, on the other hand, can the soul live on mere miracle, on the merely unintelligible. The church can exist neither on a classicism nor on a romanticism, but on a new creation. It can live only upon what created it—upon the moral miracle of grace, upon the evangelical experience of men new created by God's word and gift, on the conversion which, as Goodwin says, is the standing miracle in the church. And its idea can bear only such freedom as is produced by that vastest and most creative of all experiences, or is compatible with it. The church must choose its foundation principle from these two and regulate the nature of its comprehension accordingly—idealism with moral atony or redemption with conscience in command of the social life.

Troeltsch, who is one of the most fine and fertile students of religious philosophy or history, has given great plausibility to a

view which removes the center of gravity to a point far from where we have been seeking to place it. For him the Middle Ages did not really end at the Reformation, but much later, in the Illumination. The Reformation was no more than a crisis in the penitential tradition which formed but one line of the church; it was not a great Armageddon of the whole church and human life. The main stream was much larger and wider. The Reformation did not bring a new conception of religion, whereas the Renaissance, culminating in the eighteenth-century Illumination *plus* Anabaptist spiritualism, did. It was then that the modern view of man and the world arose, which must be the determining power in the religion of to-day. It is modern culture and its construction of things that is the real influence on a world scale (and Germany, of course, as the prime trustee of such culture). The Reformation was not a movement of such dimensions, it was comparatively provincial; just as Catholicism is apt to regard "Dissent," or any religion to-day whose source is conversion or confession of an explicit kind. The Reformation, he says, belongs in principle to that mediæval Catholicism which only Modernism in principle outgrows.

Now in such a view there is so much sound as this: it is more true theoretically than religiously, for thought than for experience. The theology of the Reformation was in form mediæval until the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It was not a Reformation of belief, but of religion, that took place; and the new religious principle took a long time to break out through the crust of mediæval system. In doing so, it was greatly aided by the blows that fell on that system from without, from critical philosophy and a scientific construction of the world. But it cannot be allowed that Troeltsch's view is true in respect of the religion of the matter, in respect of the experience of the moral soul, with which he is not so sympathetic as with other phases of religion. The Reformation did break new ground there, and put the world in principle on a new tack. It protested against the externalism of the Roman Church, the abstract transcendentalism of its God, and the remoteness of the soul from its own Saviour through the long and elaborate institu-

tions of the church. It carried the issue within; and, through this moral interning of the world crisis, there dawned at least the thought of an immanent God who is inseparable from his creation. On the other hand it protested against an immanence which is really as abstract and noetic as the old transcendentalism was. Religion as faith was not simply the culmination of the spiritual element inseparable from human nature. It was a real intervention by a God more searching even than immanent, more judging than pervasive, an intervention crucial for the whole final destiny of a moral world and not merely for the existence of a church. It was not human nature that was so wrong; it was the human will. As nature, it was still sound; as will, it was lost; it could not realize its own nature and destiny. And it was the matter of the will, and not of the nature, that made the central issue of history. It was the matter of the conscience, and not of the culture. The world's destiny turned on its will and conscience. And these were not so much corrupt as impotent—potent indeed for much civilization, only not for the one thing needful, man's replacement in the purpose and communion of God and his kingdom. What matters at last for man, for history, for destiny, is his guilt. And that was the question where the Reformation was epoch-making for the world, and not merely stirring for a group or an age.

Theologically, then, the Middle Ages did linger on till the Illumination age; their old scholasticism took new life in orthodoxy, and they fell before the Illumination's critical attack. But religiously, in the region of experience, the point of departure for the new world was given in the Reformation movement, with the evangelical experience, the consciousness of passing from death to life, and from guilt to grace in an experient regeneration, and not one magical and unconscious. And this change is the organic center of all history. We must also allow much (under Troeltsch's guidance) to the Anabaptist influence acting alongside of the classic Reformation, and coming to its own in English Dissent. As a matter of fact, it could be shown that the Illumination and its train of modernism really fell back on the mediæval way of putting the question. It only gave the old question a new answer. It did not, like the Reformation, put a new question. In a like

way, the theological liberalism of Germany is not a development of Protestantism, but a retrograde movement, being but a rehabilitation up to date of a genial Judaism.

A difficulty arises from the large number of very Christian people who have themselves not gone through this evangelical experience, whose note is love rather than faith, and who do not hail Christ as their Saviour from guilt, but only as their dearest Master, mystic King, moral hero, social sage, and paragon of love. This is especially the case with the young; it may be said to be the religion of clean, cultured, and Christian youth; and indeed of all whose idealism has never been shocked out of its optimism into pessimism by a sense of the moral tragedy of the world.

Here we can only say, first, that the entire absence of this evangelical experience (amid whatever spirituality) leaves these souls very open to plausible neologies of a shallow kind, and furnishes many amiable recruits for a mystic rationalism draped in Christian phrase.

Second, this type leaves little room for the classic saints and representative apostles who utter the historic marrow of the church's divinity. We are not considering individual cases or groups; we are dealing with the church, with its message in trust, and with the principle which makes its nature and genius in its great classics from the apostles downward.

Thirdly, in the great act of faith which covers the whole of life certain fundamental things are often but subconsciously present to particular phases of it. They are taken for granted, and all the subsequent after-acts of faith are put forth in the strength of them. So the principles of knowledge underlie all our knowing, and the spread of science rests on the depths of psychology, as piety stands on a fundamental theology. The evangelical faith really and secretly works beneath much that shows itself but as sympathetic religion. The great grace underlies the many mercies. Our easy piety lives on a traditional faith, old, vast, and deep. The past means more than the present can gauge. In our very prayer we do not always rehearse, even in thought, the great principles that under-

lie such a phrase as "for Christ's sake"; but they are there, whether in our old and settled experience, or in the older and more fundamental experience of the church whose ages are members one of another. The belief that there is a God (which is a long, slow attainment of mankind) works mightily in our spiritual life, though not discerned as a formal proposition, nor put as an explicit thought. It does not follow that, when we "act true faith," we recall to our thought a detailed review of the theology of grace in the cross of Christ; which yet is at the root of the whole consciousness of the church. The religion of the young or the simple rests on the theology of the old and wise. Christian faith is thus a great and solidary thing, as the faith of a historic community whose ages and members complement one another.

Hence, fourthly, it is not among the young that we are to seek the principle which makes the church the church. Promising young men went away from Christ's demands sorrowful. And it was not youths that he made his apostles. Our simplicities gleam and play on an ocean of immense depth. Our young are living on legacies, and their earnestness is but working out to *completion* a salvation already worked out in its *perfection*. They are brought up as the heirs of men and women who made the spiritual fortune of the family, and made it upon the hard and glorious lines of the great experience of the gift of God which translates us from death to life. Either that, or they have come into the warm pale of the evangelical church from a region of cold religion whose chill it takes a long time to get out of the bones. Apart from a crucial and even violent experience, it takes some men half a lifetime to get rid of the rationalism in which their plastic years were made. It is not simply a case of better light, it is a case of an entirely new life, which dates all its letters from the experience of the new creation in the cross of our redemption, and not merely from our altruistic illumination.

Of course, no one with any pastoral wisdom or sympathy would insist on each member of the church at every stage testifying to this formative experience. That strong faith has its catechumens. It has many in the fold who are only ripening for it. The sequence of individual experience varies. The *ordo salutis* is not for the

history of each single soul necessarily what it is for the order of the divine economy. The order of time is not the order of importance or of eternity. The corporate church rests on a full gospel which many of its members are but coming to—so long as they do not break loose, deny, and assail. Then they put themselves outside the pale. They are free then, not in Christ, but from Christ—from the Christ of the church's God and salvation at least. They may hold that they have a gospel, but they should be clear and frank that it is another gospel at the great pinch and the long last. The church is nothing if it be not evangelical. That is the Protestant principle, which recalled the church to its New Testament foundation. No other is possible in a church which remains Protestant or scriptural. And the rationality in the church is not its foundation, but only its culture at best. It is not its foundation in heaven, but only part of its carriage in the world.

On the evangelical foundation there is room and cheer for much modification of the old theology, and especially of the traditional treatment of the Bible. Were this article not already too long, it would be interesting to indicate how the reality and rule of the evangelical experience may not only permit, but compel, some revision more or less considerable of certain theological positions—especially, perhaps, in connection with the work and person of Christ, and with the place and treatment of the Bible, in view of the modern criticism of both matters of belief.

THE ARENA

PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY IN THE GOSPELS

THE Gospels give us an unusually fruitful field for the study of psychology. In the replies that Jesus made to his questioners he illustrated and enforced the higher laws of mind. He was true to the pro-

foundest psychology. He opened up the deeper channels of the human life on one hand and on the other hand he revealed the mind of God. We do not use the term mind in a purely intellectual sense, but rather as expressive of the entire inner life. The difficulty that Jesus encountered with both friends and enemies was not primarily intellectual, it was moral or spiritual. It was not the Jewish law but the Jewish consciousness that made the trouble. In this connection we note the relationship between consciousness and conduct.

"The immediate fact," says Professor James, "which psychology has to study is also the most general fact. It is the fact that in each of us when awake some kind of consciousness is always going on. There is a stream, a succession of states, or waves, or fields of knowledge, of feeling, of desire, of deliberation that constantly pass and repass and that constitute our inner life." This same distinguished psychologist teaches also that there is no "reception without reaction; no impression without corresponding expression."

With these two principles in mind we turn to those portions of the Gospels which record the antipathy of the Jews, that led to the arrest, trial, and death of Jesus. What was the consciousness of the Jew that led to the crucifixion? Briefly it was this: His self-consciousness of superiority, growing out of his idea of "the chosen people"; his race consciousness growing out of the same fact, interpreted to him in song and prophecy; and his material consciousness, associating material prosperity with the favor of Jehovah. With this state of mind the conflict between Jesus and the Jews was inevitable. When he said, "I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel," and "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of heaven before you," he was in absolute opposition to the individual and race consciousness of the Jew. When he was born in a manger, of humble parentage, and when he said, "The Son of man hath not where to lay his head," he equally put himself on record in opposition to the material consciousness of the Jews. Their consciousness led to his crucifixion, while his consciousness led to the sacrifice of himself as an act of atonement. If we trace the consciousness of the Jews to its source I think we will find that it grew, not so much out of his law, his songs, and his prophets—for there is much in these to lead to an entirely different view—as in the fact of a corrupt heart, a perverted nature. The point that we wish to emphasize here is that the consciousness of the Jews, whatever its source, led to conduct, and that the same principle applied to the life of Jesus. Their consciousness led to antipathy, rejection, and death. His consciousness led to the surrender of himself, to the laying down of his life in sacrificial love. For bane and for blessing, consciousness led to conduct.

The Limited or Limitless Field

The Jews had a limited field of consciousness, with self or race as "focal object," around which all their life revolved. In contrast with this Jesus had a limitless field of consciousness, with the Father's will as "focal object," whose will he came into the world to perform. The Jewish con-

ception of life was exclusive with the ideas of destruction all around its "margin." "The nations were made for destruction"; the Jew alone was to survive and reign. In marked contrast is the inclusive consciousness of Jesus, and around its "margin" is his redemptive purpose. "For the Son of man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

When the focal object absorbs all of consciousness then follow melancholia and mania. Out of this state come suicide and murder. The focal object of the enemies of Jesus was his death. This he brought home to them with the burning question, "Why go ye about to kill me?" On the other hand Jesus did not brood. While the Father's will was his focal object it was inclusive of all righteous action, and not only saved him from melancholia but also led him to say to his disciples in the very face of treason and unspeakable suffering, the consciousness of which was ever present with him, "Now is the Son of man glorified." The fanatic has a false or a limited focal object. There is also a false liberalism that has no abiding focal object. It changes with every passing fancy or with any new demand of self-interest. The Pharisee represented the first class and the Sadducee the latter. Before Jesus both stood condemned. His focal consciousness of the Father's will so related itself to all that he said and did that he stands out before the world as the one universal man, humanity linked to Deity, Incarnate God.

The Clash of Ownership

Again, a clash was inevitable between Jesus and the Jews over the sense of ownership. This sense begins early. "My" and "mine" are among the earliest words that fall from infant lips. This sense of ownership was in a positive way developed in the Jewish mind. The Jew not only held that the land was his and that the Roman had no right there, but also that the law was his, with the traditions of the elders, and that anyone who presumed to set these aside was an enemy to God. This sense of ownership made him supreme in his land, and supreme in the moral interpretation of his history. Tradition expressed the very life of Israel. It was the sacred possession of the Jew. The clash came early in the ministry of Jesus, when he claimed superiority, not to tradition only, but to the law also. "It hath been said unto you of old: . . . but I say unto you," sounded a note of authority and laid claim to ownership in a way that astounded Jewish ears. The cleansing of the temple, and the declaration, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth," together with his commission to make all nations his disciples, in a clear and positive way set forth his sense of ownership. Nothing could satisfy the enemies of Jesus but the utter crushing of one who made such a claim.

Not only did this sense of ownership blind the eyes of the Jews who were the enemies of Jesus, but it also blinded the eyes of his disciples. "What shall we have therefore?" and "Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" reveal the longing for material ownership and the pomp and power that go with them. While the disciples recognized the sovereignty of their Lord, still their longing for the material kingdom was in direct conflict with the Master's ideal for them of a spiritual king-

dom. They were asked to surrender the pebble for the diamond; to surrender the material kingdom for joint-heirship with him in the kingdom of God. The struggle was a severe one. The sense of ownership, of authority, of self-assertiveness persisted. "Be it far from thee, Lord. This shall not be unto thee," and "Thou shalt never wash my feet" on the lips of Peter reveal the temper of the disciples, and show how hard it is to recognize without clash the ownership of Christ.

Blending the Ideal With the Practical

The Gospels furnish us an exceedingly rich study of the practical in its relation to the ideal. "It is impossible to disguise the fact that in the psychology of our day, the emphasis is transferred from the mind's purely rational function, where Plato and Aristotle had placed it, to the long neglected practical side. Man, whatever else he may be, is primarily a practical being, whose mind is given him to aid in adapting him to the world's life." When the philosopher thus speaks of the practical, well may we pause and consider. Is not philosophy the most unpractical thing in the world? It may be, but not of necessity. The superficial man will say so, but also will add, "Talk less about heaven and more about feeding the poor!" In reply we add that Christ ministered to the poor and taught much of heaven also. He who fed the hungry and healed the sick said, "Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven," and, "I go to prepare a place for you. . . . In my Father's house are many mansions." He tied up the practical to the ideal and made the latter the minister to the former. If the Pharisees and rulers thought that they were doing a practical thing by putting Jesus to death, the destruction of Jerusalem, following the banishment of Pilate, proved the contrary. In the light of the centuries, that one life by its teaching and practice stands out as supremely practical. He came not to be ministered unto but to minister. In his ministry there was no waste, no theory for theory's sake. Everything that he said and did had its relation to his redemptive task, and helped to relate the lives of men to their best good for this life and the life to come. When Peter began to theorize about the future of John, Jesus turned his mind into practical channels by saying, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me." When the disciples ask him, "Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" he replies: "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons that the Father hath put in his own power, but ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." Thus did the Master tie up his philosophy to practical ends, a method that it has taken the thinkers of the world a long time to discover.

Fixedness and Constructiveness

It is a well recognized psychological law that if the mind rests upon one idea the tendency is fixedness. This may be suddenly changed, however, by an explosion of the nerve centers, as occurs when a hardened sinner is suddenly shocked into the consciousness of his wretched con-

dition, and in that state turns away from his past life with loathing. When, however, as in the case of the Pharisees there is a sense of respectability; a feeling of self-righteousness, then the cherishing of one idea leads to fixedness of character. Over against the settled unchangeable attitude of the Pharisee stands the constructiveness of Jesus. There was little that he touched that he did not change. He came not to destroy the law but to fulfill it, but the fulfilling required change. The changes made by the Master were never destructive, as touching the law, but always constructive. The Jewish nation went, but the principles of true government, set forth in the law, abide. The ceremonies of the law went, but the law remains. The temple went, but the Church of God endures. Jerusalem went, but the New Jerusalem arises in every land. Jesus broke the shell of religion and the germ contained therein has grown into the tree of life, with spreading branches covering the earth.

The mind of Jesus as well as that of the Jew revolved around one idea. For him it was the Father's will. "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." In the crushing agony of the garden he prayed, "Not my will but thine be done." In this idea is the true breadth, the true liberalism. It is all inclusive in the realm of righteousness and all exclusive in the realm of sin. This fixed the character and determined the conduct of Jesus. To know the Father's will is to have the deepest philosophy of life, and to do it is to bring practical Christianity to perfection.

C. E. Scudder.

West New Brighton, N. Y.

MOFFATT'S NEW TESTAMENT

It makes one think well of Methodism to learn that in several of our book depositories Moffatt's translation of the New Testament recently ranked among the "best sellers." It is the work of the Yates professor of New Testament Greek and Exegesis in Mansfield College, Oxford. Professor Moffatt, thoroughly versed in the studies of his chair, worthily bears the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and as master of the English language that of Doctor of Literature—a rare combination in one who attempts a new translation of the sacred volume.

In his preface he tells us that he approaches "with sharp misgivings" the task of producing "a version which will to some degree represent the gains of recent lexical research, and also prove readable." The intelligent reader will be glad to admit that he has accomplished this twofold task with a good degree of success.

Heretofore the usual test applied to a new translation has been, Is it true to the original? Meaning by "the original" the copy of the Greek Testament the reader happens to possess. If the text should happen to be that known as the Textus Receptus, the test would seem to show that Dr. Moffatt has wandered far afield.

This is so, first of all, because he bases his work upon the Greek text of Von Soden, of Berlin, which seems to be far more liberal in ac-

cepting proposed emendations than Alford's or Westcott and Hort's Greek Testament. Then Dr. Moffatt often accepts a happy turn from some less known manuscript, not always accepting that canon of interpretation—which in our judgment has often served to obscure the thought of the inspired writer—that in case of two texts of about equal manuscript authority, the more difficult is to be chosen. Moreover Dr. Moffatt makes no small use of the ancient versions, especially the old Syriac, and does not by any means despise an ingenious conjectural amendment of the text even if unsupported by any manuscript evidence whatever. Thus in rendering Acts 5. 17 he accepts "Blass's brilliant conjecture," and instead of "Then the high priest rose up and all that were with him," gives, "This filled the high priest Annas and his allies with bitter jealousy."

It is a bit disconcerting to find the familiar statement concerning Saint Andrew—from which some of us have deduced such captivating conjectures—"He first findeth his own brother Simon," simply rendered, "In the morning he met his brother Simon," a rendering supported, so far as we know, by no manuscript authority, but derived from the old Syriac.

A few selections will illustrate at once Dr. Moffatt's freedom from lexical tradition, and his mastery of superb English. "O, ye of little faith" (Matt. 6. 30) appears as, "O men, how little you trust Him!" "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee" (Matt. 9. 2) is, "Courage, my son! your sins are forgiven." "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" (Mark 4. 38) is, "Teacher, are we to drown for all you care?" Our Saviour's tender words to the daughter of Jairus (Mark 5. 41) are rendered, "Little girl, I am telling you to arise," reminding us of Bishop Warren's even more touching rendering, "Lassie, I am telling you to get up."

A striking transposition is that of the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Saint John's Gospel, which Dr. Moffatt has "restored to their original position in the midddle of verse 31" of chapter 13. By this change our Lord's address to the eleven is thus introduced: "So Judas went out immediately after taking the bread. And it was night. And when he had gone out, Jesus said, 'I am the true vine and my Father is the vine-dresser.'" This arrangement brings the words, "Rise, let us be going," at the close of our Lord's address, and immediately before his high-priestly prayer.

In his preface Dr. Moffatt expresses regret that in his translation so many old and sacred associations must be broken, and says: "But intelligibility is more than association, and to atone in part for the loss of association, I have endeavored to make the New Testament, especially Saint Paul's Epistles, as intelligible to a modern English reader as any version that is not a paraphrase can be."

He certainly has succeeded admirably in making Paul's Epistles readable and intelligible. You can read the toughest parts of Romans as understandingly as if it were a story. It is surely a worthy achievement to enable us to read our Paul "with our feet on the fender."

Any spots on the sun? Yes, a few. Nearly every maker of a new version seems bewitched to render some well-understood word or phrase in a new way. Thus Dr. James Strong, in his Harmony, constantly paraphrases "The kingdom of heaven" as "The reign of the divine Messiah"; the version adopted by the Baptist denomination some years ago substitutes for the words "baptize" and "baptism," "immerse" and "immersion"; the Twentieth Century New Testament weakens "eternal life" to "enduring life"; in Dr. Weymouth's noble version, The Modern Speech New Testament, the same phrase is rendered, "the life of the ages"; even the American Revised substitutes the word "Jehovah" for the familiar term "the Lord." In like manner, for some reason that we cannot fathom, Dr. Moffatt changes "the kingdom of heaven" into "the realm of heaven."

It may appear ungracious to criticize Dr. Moffatt's fine English, but there is one phrase, recurring over and over in his book, which to an American ear seems incorrectly used. It is the phrase *in case* which is used as equivalent to *lest*. Thus Luke 21. 34 is rendered, "Take heed to yourselves *in case* your hearts get overpowered by dissipation and drunkenness," as if in some other *case* it would not be necessary to take heed. This may seem a small matter; but the repetition of the phrase more than a score of times in the book is a blemish.

We will leave the reader of Dr. Moffatt's book to pass judgment on the startling rendering of Gal. 5. 12, only remarking that it is not out of keeping with the apostle's stern indignation against the Judaizers who were troubling his converts. He was "angry" and "sinned not."

But, as we have said, these are "spots on the sun." The book as a whole is a noble contribution to a better understanding of the sacred volume.

DAVID KEPPEL.

Phœnix, N. Y.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

AN ESSENTIAL STUDY FOR THE MINISTER—PAUL'S COUNSEL TO TIMOTHY

THE Epistles of Paul to Timothy may well be regarded as a handbook for pastoral administration. The questions with which they deal have to do with the things constantly arising in the work of the pastor. His deep interest in Timothy is surpassed only by his profound interest in Christ and his work. In 2 Tim. 2. 15 he gives a counsel which all ministers of the gospel might well heed. We need not discuss the critical problems which a minute study of this pastoral epistle would demand. His purpose in these letters is to give practical advices to his own son in the gospel.

Timothy was pastor of the church at Ephesus and seems to have asked for, or at least needed the counsel of his father in the gospel, the apostle Paul. Timothy was exceedingly dear to him, and Paul frequently expressed his deep interest in his welfare and work, and the apostle is

writing from his prison in Rome the last letter which he was permitted to give to the world. It is a personal letter, full of valuable counsel, not only to Timothy, but of lasting value to all ministers in all ages. The preacher of to-day who will commit to memory these Epistles to Timothy and use them in the administration of his church will find himself well equipped for his task.

In this particular passage the apostle states principles rather than discusses minute points of administration. The passage in the King James Version reads, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." The Revised Version renders it, "Give diligence to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, handling aright the word of truth." His first counsel, then, is to study to show thyself approved unto God. The passage means to be zealous, to be in earnest for the approval of God. This is the most important thing for the Christian minister. The minister who has received the divine call certainly desires to have in his whole ministry the divine approval. The approval of no other will meet the case. It is pleasant for the minister to have the approval of the church over which he presides, of the community in which he works, of the world who know his labors, but that is not sufficient. Paul does not discourage nor disapprove that the minister's conduct shall win the favor of men; in one of his letters he exhorts to "walk in wisdom towards them that are without," by which he means the world outside of his particular congregation. But this is not essential. If he have the approval of all men it is not enough. The approval of God is vital. Without this a minister can neither be happy nor successful. It is as if one had a commission from a king who had absolute right to command, and should not win his approval. His business is to obey the orders of his chief. Paul says in another place, "It is required of a steward that a man be found faithful." Fidelity to his Lord is the only way by which the minister can win his approval. That is essential. Whoever may disapprove, there is One whose approval he must have though all the world be arrayed against him.

Paul proceeds to give the ideal which the minister is to keep before him in his work, "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed." He is a workman commissioned to do God's work in the world. Paul elsewhere says, "We are ambassadors of God." As ambassador he bears the commission of his Lord. In this capacity he must not be ashamed of his work or ashamed of his performance of it. This word "ashamed" is used by Paul in other places. In his letter to the Romans, a city and a people who would be likely to disparage the gospel of Christ, he boldly says, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." In 2 Tim. 1-8: "Be not ashamed therefore of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me his prisoner." And again in the twelfth verse: "For the which cause I suffer also these things: yet I am not ashamed, for I know whom I have believed." And here again he exhorts Timothy to show himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

There was much in the Christian religion which seemed to the culture of that time to be a matter for shame. Its Founder and Leader, its divine Lord, was crucified on Calvary. This was a cause of astonishment, and led to unbelief and ridicule. Its first expounders were illiterate men in part; they were called from the lowly walks of life. Paul himself was a tent maker as well as Aquila and Prisca. When the Christians first met for worship in the catacombs and in the secluded places of Rome they were believed by the pagans to be a degraded and polluted class, and the vilest crimes were attributed to them. It was something for Paul as he closes his earthly career to say, "For this cause I am not ashamed." Why was he not ashamed? Because he had received the divine call and had lived the life that the Lord commanded him to live, and had done the work faithfully which had been committed to his charge.

So in this passage he exhorts Timothy not to be ashamed. He wants him to do his work, at all times, in such a manner that he can look the whole world squarely in the face, so that when he ceases his work he can say, with the great apostle, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

The minister need not be ashamed if he is conscious of the unselfishness of his acts; that his motives are pure. He need not be ashamed if he has not attracted large congregations to his ministry; the success of a man's labors cannot always be determined by the size of his congregation. He may be leavening the community far beyond the limits of his voice and his personal presence; he may be sowing seeds which shall ripen into abundant harvests; nor need he be ashamed even if the visible membership has not swelled with rapidity; nor if he has not commanded large salaries. But he needs to be ashamed if he has wrought unfaithfully. He needs to be ashamed if he has sought popular applause more than the favor of God. He needs to be ashamed if the hidden parts of his work are neglected. In some of the great cathedrals it has been noted that the architect and the workman have wrought equally well in the parts that are unseen as well as the places that are seen. In other words, he need not be ashamed if every part of his ministry, his preaching, his pastoral visitations, his own personal life, and his relation to all others with whom he comes in contact have the stamp of absolute truth and the approval of his God.

The minister should study to divide rightly the word of truth, or, as the Revised Version puts it, "handling aright the word of truth." The word of truth in the apostle's conception is the gospel as revealed in the Holy Scriptures, the Old and New Testaments. It is his custom to enforce his precepts and his doctrines from the Old Testament, and he finds the completion of the divine revelation in the New Testament. The sacred oracles of God are to him the truth. He should present the truth accurately; he must be careful not to misinterpret it; he will not add to it nor subtract from it. An inaccurate interpretation can be avoided only by a careful study of the Sacred Word. When the minister has done his best, and used all the resources which are open to scholars, he may find difficulty in deciding on the exact interpretation, but he should strive to

reach some conclusion which justifies itself to his intellect and heart and then proclaim it as he understands it. He will find, however, in the Sacred Word a clearness of statement on all the great fundamental teachings of the Scriptures which will enable him to speak with the authority of the Word itself. The world will not be saved by negations—it is the positive expression of honest convictions growing out of prayerful study and meditation which will bring the certitudes on which he must rest for an effective ministry. He must present the truth clearly; this has been anticipated in the previous remark, but needs fuller consideration. A truth which is clear to the speaker and the form which he understands will not always be clear to the average hearer. Many of his hearers are plain, illiterate people, without the training of the schools, and to such he should speak in the language with which they are familiar. This does not mean that he will degrade his language, for the forms of writing which are the most perfect are often the simplest; simple language and plain statement are the marks of an excellent style. Lord Macaulay, that brilliant and fascinating writer, is reported to have said that if every copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress were lost he could restore it from memory, so fascinated had this great writer been by its homely English, which was really founded on the English of the Scriptures. It was Spurgeon, the great English preacher, who held the multitudes that rushed to his church by his simple, vigorous English, which appealed alike to the scholar and to the unschooled. The business of the minister is to make his message clear, so that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." Speak so that children can understand. He should present the gospel fully. There is nothing unimportant in the gospel. There are parts of the gospel which do not form topics of sermonic interest, but in every part it bears a relation to the great system of thought and life; it abounds in history, in doctrine, in ethical principles; in biography; it is so vital in its relation to human life that it may be called "the biography of humanity."

He who preaches the gospel fully will never lack a subject on which to address his congregation; if a subject comes to his mind for which he cannot find any text in the Scriptures he may well pause and ask himself whether it ought to be preached at all. It is the divineness of the book combined with its humanness that makes its teachings so acceptable to the world. A minister cannot hope to hold the people with interest unless in some way he relates his message to the word of truth: in its doctrines, its morals, its social life; in other words, the source of our sermonal teachings must be in the word of truth, which Paul, in our text, exhorts Timothy to divide rightly.

The minister must present the truth courageously. The time-serving minister who withholds the truth for fear of man or for popular applause and worldly position is no preacher of the gospel; he belongs on a lower plane. His courage should not show itself in violent attack or bitter invective, but in a calm and earnest presentation of the commands of his Master, without fear and without favor. It is such men who are the true representatives of the ministry of our Lord; such a man is the apostle

Paul, and such a ministry he urges upon Timothy. Paul was an example of his own teachings; Christ was his Master. His command was, "Follow me as I follow Christ." He gloried only in Jesus Christ. Such have been the ministers who have been winning men through all the Christian centuries; Paul and Peter and James and John and the great founders of the church under Christ, and the multitude of those who have been associated with them in persecution and in triumph, are the representatives of the ministry; such as Paul commands Timothy in the text to be. Augustine and Luther and Knox and Wesley and the numberless host of God's chosen ministers are exemplars of the teaching of the text which we have been considering. The supreme importance of the study which Paul urges upon his beloved Timothy will be apparent to all who have been called to this holy office.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND MODERNISM

THE Church of England is passing through one of the most serious crises in her history, the outcome of which no one, at the present writing, can safely predict. Rumblings of the gathering storm have been heard for several years. As the English people in Church and State are proverbially diplomatic, and possess a rare spirit for compromising, those most interested have hoped that the breezy war of pamphlets, review articles, and "open letters" would spend itself and die a natural death.

It must be remembered that the Church of England is a state church, subject not only to ecclesiastical, but also to civil law. Thus the adjustment of theological disputes and church practices is by no means a simple thing. Its membership comprises all ranks and classes from the most ignorant costermonger and peasant to the most learned Oxford professor and the monarch on the throne. Its ministry, likewise, is a complex mass made up of the greatest diversity. No fewer than eighty-five hundred benefices or livings are independent of bishop or any spiritual agency, since the right of presentation is in the hands of private persons—often men of no religious convictions. Such conditions render uniformity of doctrine and practice next to impossible. It is, therefore, not strange that we find in the Church of England "a most startling diversity of doctrine and ritual practice, varying from what closely resembles that of the Church of Rome to the broadest Liberalism and the extremest evangelical Protestantism." But where there is so much liberty there is sure to be more or less license as well as controversy. The general policy of those in authority is to permit the clergy the largest possible toleration in thought and speech, consistent with the natural propriety of things in churches made up of such varied elements of the population. A prudent priest finds no great difficulty in filling a pulpit and performing his ministry without offense. For, as one has said, a clergyman in the Church of England is permitted to think just as he pleases, provided he does not

inflict his idiosyncrasies and heretical views upon an innocent congregation.

And yet there have appeared at times sporadic cases, which have caused the bishops no little concern, for, notwithstanding the "glorious comprehensiveness" and almost unlimited latitude in matters of creeds and religious beliefs, the great majority of Anglican communicants, including the common priests and higher clergy, belong to those commonly called orthodox, and though the bishops may regard ultra views with apparent equanimity, the majority of them have from time to time reminded those intrusted to their oversight of pledges and vows taken at their ordination.

Within the past decade there have appeared several books from the pens of ordained ministers in the English Church which have caused great uneasiness on account of the new ideas advanced. The authors of these books may be called, for the lack of a better term, "Modernists." As we showed in our last number, the term is quite elastic. The opinions expressed in these volumes seem to undermine the very foundations of the Christian religion. And, therefore, very naturally, remonstrances in great numbers and petitions with tens of thousands of names—one of them with forty-five hundred signers, headed by the Dean of Canterbury and other very prominent clergy, and another from a group of well-known statesmen in the British Parliament—came from various dioceses to their respective bishops. The natural result of such remonstrances was to cause some kind of concerted action by the bishops, who did no longer care to appear indifferent. Thus the matter came before the Upper House of the Canterbury Convocation last May.

Of the pamphlets and books which have contributed to the unrest among the great mass of the clergy, none has seemed more obnoxious than a volume from the pen of a Mr. J. M. Thompson, entitled The Miracles of the New Testament. The author, though prominent in the English Church, is a Modernist of the advanced type. He does not mince words, but asserts boldly that the so-called "nature miracles," that is, turning water into wine, feeding of the five thousand, and the like, cannot be regarded as genuine history. So, too, the doctrines of the virgin birth and the bodily resurrection of Jesus Christ must be relegated to the symbolical, since they are in no sense historical. It may be added that the publication of such views cost Mr. Thompson his position as lecturer on theology in Magdalene College, Oxford.

Very naturally the inhibition of Mr. Thompson aroused his friends—especially those cherishing the same opinions—to action and to a formal demand (by petition) that greater freedom should be granted clergymen and professed theologians in the Church of England in questions of faith and interpretation. One of the immediate results of the silencing of the Oxford lecturer was the publication of a volume of essays, entitled "Foundations," by seven men, more or less known in theological circles. The aim of these essayists is praiseworthy, namely, to insist upon the fact that there is need of a restatement of doctrines. They argue with great force and satisfaction to themselves and their followers that the

teachings and creeds of the Church of England should be rewritten, restated in the language of the twentieth century. They contend with apparent reason that creeds written sixteen centuries ago are not suitable for our age with its advance in science and learning. One of the essayists, Mr. Streeter, went too far in his contentions to suit his bishop, for he was forced to resign his office of examining chaplain to the bishop of Saint Albans. Though Thompson and Streeter have both been deprived of their offices, and though the stamp of disapproval has been put upon their teachings, the fire kindled by them has not been quenched. Indeed, their immediate friends have become the more vociferous. For in England as in America it is always much easier for a "heretic," be he preacher or professor, to get into public print than for his more conservative brother, though the latter may be infinitely his superior in position, efficiency, and intellect.

These books and essays might have passed into oblivion in a few months, were it not that a comparatively unknown prelate, of an all but unknown diocese, contributed—quite accidentally—his mite to the discussion, and thus brought things into an acute stage. This was Dr. Weston, bishop of Zanzibar. He protested in a letter to the bishop of Saint Albans against a missionary conference held at Kikuya, East Africa, in June, 1913, and especially against a proposed federation of missionaries, made up of various denominations in that part of the mission field, and complained also that the Modernists were exerting unwholesome influence in church affairs.

No doubt this letter of the bishop of Zanzibar to the bishop of Saint Albans aggravated the situation in England very much, but it was an article by Bishop Gore, of the Oxford diocese, in the March number of The Constructive Quarterly, and still more his "open letter" to the clergy under his care, published Easter, 1914, that precipitated the discussion and brought matters to a point. Things had now gone too far. Too much had been done not to do more. Some settlement of the disputed questions must be effected, for as Dr. Maurice Jones says in the July number of the Expositor: "The present year promises to be a very marked epoch in the history of the Church of England in the twentieth century, and we are threatened with a development in the affairs of that church which will call for the exercise of the most sympathetic patience, the most far-sighted prudence, and the widest tolerance on the part of the ruling authorities and of the clergymen concerned."

The chief contention of the bishop of Oxford is that the Church of England is broad enough in its doctrines to accommodate any shade of belief which is not positively destructive in its character, and that it has given the utmost scope for liberty of opinion. He affirms with equal ardor that the recent tendency of the critical movement spells danger to the church, since such "an inordinate claim for license of opinion among the clergy threatens most fundamentally the basis of faith." He further contends that an immediate declaration of some kind is an urgent necessity, for "churches and states have been known to fail in human history through an excessive yielding to their characteristic weaknesses." Dis-

integration is bound to follow any society which is not bound together by some central point of contact around which all members may gather. The creeds, the Prayer Book, the ordinals, the thirty-nine articles, and the Holy Scriptures, on which the above are supposed to be based, should furnish a solid foundation on which all clergymen in the English Church ought to take their position. In view of the clear doctrinal statements in these, it does seem strange that any priest or bishop of the Church of England should claim the right to teach doctrines utterly at variance with the central truths of Christianity, that is, that the apostles were victims of delusions induced by contemporary ideas, and that even the Master himself need not be regarded as an infallible teacher. Dr. Sanday, if we are not mistaken, stumbles at this point. If Jesus Christ is not an infallible teacher, it matters but little what one may believe regarding the virgin birth and his bodily resurrection.

The Modernists, holding very loose views of the inerrancy of the Scriptures, easily dispose of the binding nature of the creeds. But supposing one has lost faith in the Bible and creeds—what then? Bishop Gore very pertinently asks a question, which even some Methodists in high positions may very profitably ponder: "Is it consistent with the sincerity which ought to attach to public office, and especially to public office in the Christian Church, that a man should pledge himself to the constant recitation of these creeds, as an officer of the society, which so strenuously holds them, if he personally does not believe that these miraculous events occurred, if he believes that our Lord was born as other men, or that his dead body did in fact see corruption?" What farce for a minister to stand before his congregation and sanctimoniously say, "I believe" this or that, when he knows that he does not believe the same! No one should take the vows of ordination, if he, at the time, knows that he does not believe what he publicly confesses before God and men as his own personal creed. And further, in case any has taken such vows and made such profession, and has subsequently changed his views, does not sincerity, to say nothing of common honesty, require him to withdraw from a church to the creed of which he can no longer subscribe, as has been done by many sincere and honest men all through the ages? This is not a mere question of orthodoxy, or of personal liberty, but of morality and common honesty.

But, it may be asked, how can the bishops tolerate men in the pulpits of their dioceses, who publicly deny the central truths of Christianity without in some degree being responsible for them? The claim of this school of "critical clergymen," says Bishop Gore, "is a distinct challenge to the church—this claim of liberty to recite creeds without believing the miracles requires in some sense the assent or connivance of the bishops and the public opinion of the church. . . . This challenge has been made so emphatic, that I am bound to admit that if the church does not now formally and officially break silence and repudiate the suggested interpretation (which I affirm is denial, and not interpretation) of the creeds, it must be regarded as tactitly sanctioning the claim and allowing the challenge."

It must not be thought, because we have quoted at such length from Bishop Gore, that he stands alone in his opposition to the Modernists. Not so, for Modernism was the chief subject of deliberation and discussion before the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury last May. This assembly, consisting of twenty-seven bishops, with the Primate as chairman, discussed the subject with great thoroughness. It was generally agreed that the clergy had greater obligations upon themselves than laymen. The former after certain very specific profession of faith and pledges at their ordination are authorized by the bishops "to stand up as the church's chosen spokesmen and teachers." The layman on the other hand enters the church at confirmation and is subjected to no promises in matters of faith after that event.

The Bishop of Gloucester reminded the clergy that they are not only a band of lecturers and investigators, but also accredited of the church committed to a definite faith.

The Convocation with its twenty-seven members passed without a dissenting vote (two did not vote) the following resolution: "We express our deliberate judgment that a denial of any of the historical facts stated in the creeds goes beyond the limit of legitimate interpretation and gravely imperils the sincerity of profession, which is plainly incumbent on the ministers of the Word and sacrament."

The Primate's speech in summing up the arguments was a masterpiece of lucid logic and convincing common sense. He emphasized the fact that the people at large have deep convictions and are not indifferent to the teachings of the church. He thought, however, that the anxiety of some was greatly exaggerated, for the number of doubters and those holding extreme views is really insignificant compared with the vast army, the innumerable host of believers, stanch and true. "The bishops," said he, "have no desire to put a ban upon criticism and research, to hamper freedom of thought or curtail freedom of speech." On the other hand, they encourage investigation into all realms of truth. "Follow the truth," said the archbishop, "and let it be your guide whithersoever it may lead you." True that many declaim against creeds ancient or modern, yet it must be remembered that two hundred and forty bishops at the Lambeth Conference affirmed their conviction that the historical facts stated in the creeds are an essential part of the faith of the church. What else could they have done? for "without the historic creeds the ideas generated by the creeds would evaporate into insubstantial vagueness, and Christianity would be in danger of degenerating into a nerveless altruism."

We especially commend this last paragraph of the great speech: "For myself—I speak for no others—I will confess that I find it necessary to be rather sternly on my guard in a matter of this kind against a subtle temptation, a temptation to nurse a sort of complacent self-satisfaction with what one perhaps flatters oneself is to be rightly called liberal-mindedness. The thought may even come, Thank God I am not so bigoted as many ecclesiastics are; I am at least liberal-minded. That thought may easily, I find, become something very like a temptation of the devil, but it does come."

Doubtless it might have been pleasanter for the English bishops to remain silent, to be "liberal-minded," if you please, but there are times when honesty and sincerity are worth as much as liberal-mindedness.

No one who believes that the Bible is the Word of God, in some way infinitely different from all other books; that Jesus Christ is not only a great teacher, yea, the greatest of all teachers and men, but also God incarnate, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world, will find fault with the attitude of the bishops at the Convocation of Canterbury last May.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

Everything from the pen of Professor Paul Wernle in Basel is sure to attract a goodly number of appreciative readers. One of his latest publications, entitled Evangelisches Christentum in der Gegenwart (Evangelical Christianity in the Present) shows this interesting scholar at his best. The little book consists of three lectures: "Christianity and Evolution"; "What does the Reformation Signify for us To-day?" "The Requirements of the Sermon on the Mount and their Applicability in the Present." The first theme is treated in a more popular manner than is usual. The anti-Christian monists have boldly been declaring before the great educated public the incompatibility of Christianity with the findings of science. Wernle does well to address his answer to this large public. His position, as is well known, is thoroughly modern—with respect to the theory of revelation perhaps too "modern"—yet he has rendered a good service in showing that Christianity has nothing to fear from the doctrine of evolution rightly understood and applied. Of course Wernle makes clear that Christian thought has no vital interest in the question of evolution in the realm of nature, but only in the question of whether and how the idea of evolution is to be applied to the realm of morals and religion, and especially to the question of revelation. He accords as large a place to it as is well possible without yielding what is fundamental in Christianity.

The lecture on the significance of the Reformation for the present is one of a goodly number of discussions called forth by Troeltsch's important discussion, Protestantisches Christentum und Kirche in der Neuzeit, in Hinneberg's Kultur der Gegenwart. Troeltsch had insisted that the distinction between modern Protestantism and the Protestantism of the Reformation is as real, if not so great, as that between the Reformation and the Middle Ages. Wernle's discussion deserves a place beside the essays or addresses on the same subject by Jülicher, Kattenbusch, and Loofs. These men all dissent more or less from Troeltsch's position. Wernle, however, least of all.

The last lecture sets forth the problem in a very clear manner. Here again the solution is noteworthy and is essentially evangelical. For Wernle it is the spirit of these precepts of Jesus that is of permanent significance and authority. In general the solution reminds one of Herrmann's position in his Die sittlichen Weisungen Jesu. It is rather less "positive" than Kirn's Die sittlichen Forderungen Jesu (in Biblische Zeit- und Streitfragen, sixth series) and Lütgert's admirable lecture on the "Ethics of Jesus" in his Natur und Geist Gottes.

In connection with the first of these lectures of Wernle mention may be made of an important book by Professor Karl Beth, of Vienna, entitled Die Entwickelung des Christentum zur Universalreligion. Beth distinguishes between the idea of development as "epigenesis" and the idea of a mechanical evolution. Christianity shows a real development, which, however, involves no transmutation of its nature, and cannot be identified with the development of things natural. In proceeding then to trace the expansion of Christian life and thought and their adaptation to all stages of human culture Beth argues forcefully that such universalization is possible only on the basis of an historical revelation and the fact of redemption. The thought of producing a universal religion by a mingling of Buddhistic with Christian elements is set aside with scant respect.

According to such men as Kattenbusch and Reischle, the most significant thing in the theology of Albrecht Ritschl was his powerful insistence upon the historical revelation in the person of Jesus Christ as over against all mysticism, that is, all religiosity apart from that historical revelation. The anti-mystical tendency was for a generation in the ascendant. The most noteworthy exponent is Herrmann, in his The Communion of the Christian with God. Lately, however, the movement of religious thought seems—at least in some quarters—to have swung back toward mysticism. That Ritschl's own position was rather extreme has been the contention of many. Such a man as Kähler, for example, while utterly opposed to all subjectivism, has sought to show that there is a place for a "sound mysticism," namely, in the fellowship of the Spirit on the basis of the historical revelation. But this position is not at all what the Ritschlians mean by mysticism. The positive reaction in favor of mysticism may be evidenced in the English-speaking world by the writings of such men as W. R. Inge, William James, Ralph Waldo Trine, and the Anglo-German Baron von Hügel. In Germany the movement is as plainly felt, but it is not yet so pronounced in literary activities. But one cannot fail to notice that as such men as Troeltsch and Bousset, not to mention an extremist like Jatho, grow skeptical as to the absoluteness of Christianity, and especially as to the finality of the revelation in the historical Christ, they must naturally give place to subjectivism, unless they are prepared to abandon the thought of a vital religion altogether. One is involuntarily reminded of a word of Harnack's: "Generally speaking, mysticism is rationalism warmed up, and rationalism is mysticism cooled off." The revival of interest in mysticism in Germany is manifested in part by the publication of admirable editions of the works of classic mystics. The enterprising publisher of the series is Diederichs in

Jena. Already a goodly number of such books have been issued, among them the works of Ekkehard, Tauler, Silesius, Madame Guyon, etc., including even the Enneades of the heathen Neo-Platonist Plotinus. These all are supplied with good historical introductions and are sold at very reasonable prices. The Sermons, by John Tauler, translated and edited by Walther Lehmann (2 vols., 1913, Mk. 10) is worthy of special mention.

Without doubt the intuitionism of Bergson, as well as the kindred pragmatism of William James, affords a congenial philosophic soil for religious mysticism. For Bergson there is no other philosophical activity than the intuitive. While the exact sciences have experiences as their starting-point, philosophy takes the reverse way. "Philosophizing consists in reversing the usual direction of thinking." Applied to the question of Christian knowledge, the inference would be that not experience but intuition is the way to the goal. Evidently this is not the way of the Christian knowledge of God. This knowledge comes only through a positive revelation which is experimentally appropriated. It is therefore no wonder that a theologian like Herrmann vigorously opposes every tendency to apply such metaphysics to the problem of Christian knowledge. The absolute religion is grounded in the person of Jesus Christ, but it manifests its absoluteness in large part historically by its wonderful adaptation to all the various and changing conditions and needs of men and races. But all this is apprehended not by intuition but by an historically grounded experience.

An able representative of a sober mysticism is Söderblom, for some time professor of the general history of religions in Leipzig, but now returned to his own country, Sweden, as Archbishop of Upsala and Vice-Chancellor of the university at that place. Finally we would call attention to two valuable recent discussions of mysticism. The first is by Fresenius: Mystik und geschichtliche Religion (Mysticism and Historical Religion, Göttingen, 1912. Pp. 101. Mk. 2.50). The other is a pamphlet by Herzog, reprinted from the Christliche Welt, entitled: Die Wahrheitselemente in der Mystik (The Elements of Truth in Mysticism). Fresenius represents essentially Herrmann's standpoint, and brings a clear and forceful criticism to bear on the views of Von Hügel, Söderblom, and others. But even Fresenius recognizes that mysticism in its beginnings is a "genuine striving or longing after an own experience, that is not satisfied with others' experiences, but wants to behold God oneself." But he holds that the way chosen is a false one. Herzog, on the other hand, while freely acknowledging the many and great excesses of mysticism, seeks to establish the contention that "the fundamental impulse (or bent) of genuine mysticism is not a foreign body for a healthy and living religion, but its coefficient, which can be represented in it in stronger or weaker potency, and in so far is able and is designed to be a building-stone for the temple of the true religion, wherein God is worshiped in spirit and in truth." But here evidently we have not a self-sufficient mysticism, but one that is balanced and controlled by a positive revelation. Herzog's discussion was occasioned by a controversy in Nuremberg, between Pöhlmann, who renewed Ritschl's radical opposition to mysticism, and the gifted and

popular liberal pastors, Rittelmeyer and Geyer, who would accord to mysticism a very sure place in Christianity. Evidently the whole subject of religious subjectivism is ripe for a general reexamination.

The interest in the "Bible question" continues to manifest itself. And in these days of reconstruction this question needs to be discussed ever afresh until the parties of Protestantism arrive at a general understanding regarding the foundations of the faith. One of the best contributions to the solution of the problem of the bearing of biblical criticism upon faith has been given by Emil Weber, of Bonn. Bibelglaube und historisch-kritische Bibelerklärung (Gütersloh, 1914, second edition). With independence and real insight Weber represents the tendency—associated in our minds with the name of Kähler, who was Weber's special teacher—to accord the largest liberty to historical criticism and yet find and maintain the ground for a free and joyous confidence in the biblical testimony. Weber holds that the fundamental fault of the radical biblical criticism lies in its want of recognition of the supernatural factor. It is not the specific results of historical criticism as such that can render it radical, but only the negative dogmatic interest which involuntarily subverts criticism to its own aims. The "serious distress of the evangelical church" is not to be relieved by an attempt to go back to a naïve, uncritical view of the Bible, but only by pressing forward to the clearer determination of the positive content of the biblical revelation along with the recognition of the human limitations incidental to the record and its transmission.

When Eduard Meyer, professor of ancient history at Berlin, was in America as exchange professor, he became in some way interested in Mormonism. The fruit of his studies he has given to the public in a book of 300 pages entitled Ursprung und Geschichte der Mormonen (Origin and History of the Mormons. Halle, 1912). In a certain measure Meyer's book is a defense of Joseph Smith and the early Mormons. This great scholar's familiarity with Mohammedanism and Judaism has enabled him to find important elements of these religions in Mormonism. Special interest attaches to the psychological analogies. The psychological actuality of the visions of Mohammed is generally accepted. But the same evidences, according to Meyer, lead to the assumption that in the consciousness of Joseph Smith his fancies may have seemed to proceed from divine revelations. Not that Meyer denies in the case of Smith a certain degree of wily cunning, far more than in the case of Mohammed. Nevertheless the parallel with Mohammed is striking and very instructive. What is said of the element of visions in Old Testament prophecy is of considerable value, although one might wish to find a fuller recognition of positive revelation therein. But the excursus on the beginnings of Christianity is not convincing. It is strange that Meyer should maintain that the visions of Paul show just the same atmosphere as those of Joseph Smith. Meyer's view will seem to most critics too favorable to the Mormons, yet others before Meyer have accepted the view that Smith was in a measure the dupe of his own hallucinations.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The New Testament in the Twentieth Century. A Survey of Recent Christological and Historical Criticism of the New Testament. By the Rev. MAURICE JONES, B.D. Royal 8vo, pp. xxiv + 467. New York: Macmillan & Co., Limited. Price, cloth, $3, net.

THE excellent bibliographies which are prefixed to the several chapters of this volume show very clearly that a great deal has been written within recent years on subjects pertaining to the New Testament. It is very evident that the average preacher should know something of the rich results produced by the best scholarship, but it is no less evident that he is bewildered before this amazing wealth of learning. How encouraging, then, to have a reliable scholar report to him what has been done, so that he can have an adequate conception of the contributions made by scholarly research. This is exactly what is given in these pages. It is a clear survey of the entire field and a discriminating summary of valuable decisions. Mr. Jones carefully selects the most important investigations of criticism, presents the arguments for and against particular positions, and then draws his own conclusions, while leaving the reader liberty to judge for himself. An example of his judicious spirit will give an idea of the helpfulness of this volume. After discussing all available evidence relating to the Pastoral Epistles he thus concludes: "The Pastorals undoubtedly represent an advance upon the earlier Pauline Epistles, an advance with respect to language, church organization, Christian teaching, and the type of heresy combated. On the other hand the gap between these Epistles and the earlier Pauline literature is not so well defined as that which separates them from the literature of the second century. Again, the striking emphasis on organization, teaching, authority, and loyalty, and the very significant fact that it is Saint Paul's authority, and not his personality, that is prominent throughout the letters, make it difficult to bring them within the apostle's lifetime. On the whole, after a close study of the case against the Pauline authorship, and after carefully weighing the evidence on both sides, I am inclined to return the Scotch verdict of 'Not proven,' and am content to leave the authorship of the Pastoral Epistles as a problem that still remains unsolved." Two long chapters are given to the fascinating problem of the authorship and historical value of the fourth Gospel. He is on the side of the apostle John as its author, and states that it is impossible to conceive that the writer of a book of such spiritual sublimity could have produced it and entirely disappeared from history, as he must have done if the contention of the adverse critic is accepted. Its historical value is shown to be in many respects even greater than that of the Synoptic Gospels. "It is also worthy of notice," says Mr. Jones, "that this Gospel took captive the imagination of the greatest of modern English poets. We still look to Browning's Death in the Desert for the best spiritual exposition of the teaching of Saint John." The chapter on the Synoptic Problem deals

with the mutual relations of the three Gospels to each other. The purpose of this author has been to deal with subjects which are in the crucible of controversy and to chronicle the progress made toward definiteness. Hence in discussing the Epistles of Paul he considers the writings of doubtful authorship like second Thessalonians, Ephesians, and the Pastorals, and declares that there are no adequate grounds for hesitation with regard to the first two. We have already quoted what he has said about the third. He closes this section with the following words of reassurance: "The position of the Pauline Epistles in the critical world of to-day is one which affords the deepest gratification. It implies that the very earliest of the documents of Christianity are authentic and genuine, and that all that we read and learn in them concerning our Lord, his person, teaching, life, death, and resurrection comes to us certified and warranted by one who himself lived and wrote before the generation to which our Saviour belonged had passed away. Twentieth-century criticism has, then, restored to the Christian church an inheritance that is priceless in value." It was certainly worth wading through numberless pages of print to arrive at such an encouraging resting place. Book II, which we have been considering thus far, has a great deal to say on "the books of the New Testament in the light of recent research." It, however, does not profess to be an introduction in the accepted sense, although it is indispensable to all students, who will be saved considerable labor by using the reliable data here brought together. Dr. James Denney in his really great book on Jesus and the Gospel says: "The New Testament taken as a whole represents the most astonishing outburst of intellectual and spiritual energy in the history of our race." It was evoked by faith in the living Christ, at once Redeemer and Lord. This is the subject which Mr. Jones takes up in Book I of his volume, which is entitled "The Christ of the New Testament and the Christ of To-day." Right well does he handle his theme. It is not originality so much as discernment and insight that we look for from a constructive thinker. Our author has this qualification, and so he distinguishes between learned theories which have no foundation and actual facts which carry their own evidence with them. The Christ of the Epistles is the Jesus of the Gospels and there is a constant unity throughout the New Testament in confessing this victorious faith. Six chapters are given to "Christ in the Twentieth Century." The trend of critical inquiry is no longer toward questions of authorship, authenticity, and dates as they affect the New Testament. These matters have been practically settled. The pressing concern of the present day is with ideas, and more especially with the problem of personality. The "storm center" of modern criticism, then, is the person of Christ as portrayed in the New Testament. "In this respect the twentieth century bids fair to rival the fourth century of our era, hitherto the classic period of Christological controversy." The subjects of these six chapters are "Liberal Protestant Christology," "Jesus or Christ," "Jesus or Paul," "The Christ-Myth," and "The Christ of Eschatology." The lucid discussions therein contained show a thorough grasp of all the issues involved. The weakness of certain theological

pedants who insist on retaining the name of Christian while rejecting the essential elements of the faith is not shown by this writer. His up-to-date contribution, which is made in the interest of positive Christianity, will therefore be welcomed by those who need a word of exhortation to be strong.

The Christian Faith. A System of Dogmatics. By THEODORE HAERING, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Tübingen. Translated from the Second Revised and Enlarged German Edition, 1912, by JOHN DICKIE, M.A., Professor of Systematic Theology in Knox College, Dunedin, and GEORGE FERRIES, D.D. Large 8vo, pp. xi+952. Two volumes. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $6, net.

THE president of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference put in a strong plea the other day for revival of theology in the pulpit, and he clearly proved his case that the strongest preaching has always been doctrinal. Principal Forsyth in his characteristic way declared in a recent volume that undogmatic Christianity is superficial Christianity, which is decidedly incapable of building up Christian character. But theology must be set forth in terms of present-day thought, in the language of our own day, and with an understanding of the nature and needs of the modern consciousness. The truth of the eternal gospel is the same in every age, but it must be interpreted to each generation in view of its peculiar necessities. The great systems of theological thought associated with the names of Dorner and Martensen have fed the mind and heart of generations of preachers, but we have been in need of a more modern presentation which will take note of the important contributions made to religious thought during the last twenty-five years. This service is splendidly performed by Professor Haering in his two stately volumes. The modern note is sounded throughout his comprehensive discussions of the revelation of God in Jesus Christ our Lord. What is of even greater significance is that the voice of experience is repeatedly heard, for the heart makes the theologian. And because of this fact Haering is of the utmost value to the preacher. He will aid considerably in the revival of doctrinal preaching and will give the pulpit a position of commanding influence in these days of religious bewilderment and discontentment. The introductory section deals with the mission of dogmatics, which is to exhibit faith in God as Christianity regards it in its character as real faith, which is real trust in a real living God. This is possible only where there is a genuine appreciation of the eternal gospel. The roots of convincing apologetics are to be found, as Luther so well emphasized, "In a right estimate of the supreme value which the gospel offers us, and of the supreme reality which it possesses in Christ, which together constitute an indissoluble unity." The first large division of Haering's thesis is a clear-sighted discussion of "The Christian Faith and Its Antagonists," in which the author shows a discerning knowledge of the problems of our day and how they must be approached. He declares that the nature of religion cannot be gathered from investigations of the word "religion." Definitions are often indefinite. It is not etymology, but experience which must furnish the final test. The content of religion is

thus treated of under its four characteristics of the idea of God, a sense of vital need, the obligation of worship and trust, and the assurance of revelation which is confirmed in experience. Religion is a fellowship between man and God, and Christianity offers this fellowship *par excellence*. A personal faith is always alive, and it only can hold its own against opposition. This is clearly impossible for an imitative faith, because it receives its support from tradition and not from the living God. Haering makes a fine distinction between "judgments of faith," which depend on conviction and are inspired by experience, and "value judgments," which Ritschl made so much of, but which depend on logic and are exposed to the criticism and challenge of syllogistic acumen. "We Protestants are firmly persuaded that in the inner sanctuary of his religious assurance, no one must be dependent upon the learned; every one must be capable of personal assurance upon the final and decisive grounds. But at the same time on account of its spiritual character and universal claim, our religion cannot refuse to come to an understanding on a scientific basis with all the powers of our mental life." The second section deals with "The Christian Faith" as a coherent system. It takes a comprehensive survey of the threefold faith in God the Father, in Jesus Christ the Son of God, and in the Holy Spirit of God and Christ. These are familiar topics, but the eternal gospel needs to be interpreted again and again to each succeeding generation; and Haering is the leading Christian expositor of today. The Christian conception of God as Holy Love is at once inexhaustible and simple. It conserves the truth as to his personality and it explains his gift of redemption in Christ. The Christian faith is faith in a sin-forgiving love. The essence of sin, therefore, is the refusal to trust God and surrender oneself to him; it is so serious because it cuts the communion between God and man, which is so profoundly personal and ethical in Christianity. We are given a clear analysis of the attributes of God where love is the central virtue. We can thus understand the meaning of faith in Providence, which provides for miracles in the working out of the gracious purposes of God. The danger of scholasticism was that it elaborated its ideas without the healthy check that is furnished by experience. It was given to the reformers, however, to conceive of salvation, not as a participation in the sacraments, nor merely as an identification with the church, but rather as a vital fellowship of the sinner with the personal God of Holy Love revealed through Christ. The significance which the Saviour has for the believer is well put in the expressive phrase, "God in him for us, and we in him for God." The prophetic and the priestly work of Jesus in kingly form is thus concisely distinguished. Pages 578-711, which deal with "Faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God," contain one of the most luminous discussions in the field of Christology. The central place is given to Jesus on the basis of a vivid and thrilling experience of his redemptive grace. Indeed, throughout the discussion, which is consistently maintained on a high level, the sublime character of Christ is given adoring recognition. The last section is on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, which Haering well says is one of the neglected truths. The best discussion

on this subject is found in a volume of essays by Principal W. T. Davison, entitled The Indwelling Spirit, which was noticed in the METHODIST REVIEW for May, 1912. Professor Haering deals with this subject so refreshingly because here again he makes the appeal to Christian experience. Valuable light is thrown on the doctrine of the church. It is not an object of faith, but rather "an association of believers as the product and the instrument of the Holy Spirit." The significance of the sacraments is also considered, while the closing section is on the Christian hope. This is without doubt the finest exposition of evangelical truth based on biblical theology. The author has the perspective and proportion of the New Testament. He realizes that, unless Christianity is systematized, it will share the fate of ancient paganism. It is the business of the preacher to proclaim faith in its intellectual, ethical, and spiritual bearings on the life of our own day. He will be setting up a strong fortification for the faith if he devotes himself to the study of this monumental treatise.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Philip, the King, and Other Poems. By JOHN MASEFIELD. 12mo, pp. 141. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

ONLY five poems: one dramatic, "Philip, the King"; two narrative, "The Wanderer" and "The River"; one meditative, "August, 1914"; and one a mood, "Watching By a Sick-Bed." "Philip, the King," a one-act drama, has a striking, perhaps an intentional, timeliness just now in the war-situation in Europe. The theme is Philip the Second of Spain, his towering ambition for world-dominion, his mighty Armada sent against England, the Armada's fate, the overwhelming defeat of his fierce intentions, and the downfall of his pride. The drama opens in 1588 with King Philip on his knees engaging the omnipotent God to be his ally. See how devout he is. Hear him pray: "Lord, I am Philip whom thou hast made king of half the world. Thou knowest, Lord, how great a fleet I have fitted out to destroy the English. Lord, I beseech thee, keep that great Armada, now in battle, I trust, upon the English coast. Protect my ships, O Lord, from tempest and shipwreck and in the day of battle. Of thy mercy, Lord, let some word come to me from my fleet, that I may know thy will concerning it. Amen. Amen." Up gets he from his knees. In comes his daughter, who says: "How my heart sickens for the want of news. What if we lose?" "Why should we lose?" asks Philip. "Because of too much pride, planning for glory, not as Scripture bade. In my dreams last night, I heard a horn blowing forlorn. It seemed to come from far away, from men of Spain at bay, blowing for help. And now I fear that we have angered Him who humbles the pride of kings." Says Philip: "What we have done cannot be hateful to God. My heart flushed and glowed as my fleet sailed away, my fleet that darkens the spray." "But," answers the Princess, "in my ears ring these ill-omened words about the pride of kings: *'Pride is the evil that destroys a land.'*" Then Philip speaks of the un-

conquerable greatness of his fleet, and the Princess describes its putting out from harbor:

"Yes, I saw it sail.
All a long summer day those ships defiled.
I never saw so many nor so grand;
They wandered down the tide and cleared the land,
And ranked themselves like pikemen, clump to clump.
Then in the silence came the Admiral's trump,
And from those hundreds of expectant ships,
From bells and cannonade and sailors' lips,
And from the drums and trumpets of the foot
Burst such a roaring thunder of salute
As filled my heart with wonder like a cup.
They cheered Saint James's banner going up—
Golden Saint James, whose figure blew out fair,
High on the flagship's mast in the blue air,
Rippling the gold. Then all the city bells,
Fired like the singing spheres some spirit impels,
Rang in the rocking belfries, the guns roared,
Each human soul there shook like tautened cord.
And to that Christian march the singing priests
Bore up the blessed banners. Even the beasts
Ramped at the challenge of that shouting crowd.
Then, as the wind came fair, the Armada bowed.
Those hundreds of great vessels, ranked in line,
Buried their bows and heaped the bubbled brine
In gleams before them. So they marched; the van,
Led by De Leyva, like slipped greyhounds, ran
To spy the English. On the right and left
By Valdes and his friend the seas were cleft;
Moncada's gallies weltered like a weir,
Flanking Recalde, bringing up the rear,
While in the midst Saint James's banner marched,
Blowing toward England till the flagpole arched.
Onward they swept the sea, the flagship's side
Smoked from her cannon's hail; she took her stride,
Leaned and stretched forward.
I was conscious then
That I beheld the greatest fleet that men
Ever sent seaward. And now, who knows
What has befallen them or where they are?"

Once more Philip the Second prays the Lord to guard his ships and bring them safely home, and then solemnly exclaims before the Lord: "How splendidly my nations hold their way, marching with banners through the fields of Time. I am Earth's greatest man." But on this self-gratulation breaks the tidings of defeat, first announced by spirit-voices from the air, crying: "Brought to a byword is the Spaniard's brag and ruined is his grand inheritance. Aha, you beaten King, you blinded fool! Scream, for your empire tumbles from your rule. Philip, your navy is beneath the waves. Drake and the English and the fierce storms of Heaven have made

way with them." Then Philip the Second wants to quit fighting, wants his war to end. He has enough and prays:

> "O God, beloved God, in pity send
> That blessed rose among the thorns—an end:
> Give a bruised spirit peace."

Now all this belongs to "far-off unhappy things and battles far away." It happened in the bad old sixteenth century. What has it to do with this sweet, peaceful, happy twentieth century, far from those old scenes? John Masefield is most at home in the fields and on the sea and he is at his best in narrative poetry, at least his special, unique, and proprietary gift seems to us to lie there. One narrative poem in this volume is of the Wanderer, a mystery-ship, half spectral, wholly real at last, whose weird story of strange disappearance, ill fortunes, given up for lost, is told in twenty pages, which bring her at last to lie at anchor in the peaceful bay with Christmas hymns floating around her, a kind of parable perhaps of human life, long storm-tossed, ending in a quiet harbor. Here is the end, told with Masefield's peculiar elation and charm. After a night of storm, with a great gale roaring through the sky, the wind veered and blew the clouds away and sank to rest:

> "And then men looked upon a glittering earth,
> Intensely sparkling like a world new-born:
> Only to look was spiritual birth.
> All of the valley was aloud with brooks:
> I walked the morning, breasting up the fells,
> Taking again lost childhood from the rooks,
> Whose cawing came above the Christmas bells.
> I had not walked that glittering world before,
> But up the hill a prompting came to me,
> 'This line of upland runs along the shore:
> Beyond the hedgerow I shall see the sea.'
> And on the instant from beyond away
> That long familiar sound, a ship's bell, broke
> The hush below me in the unseen bay.
> Old memories came: that inner prompting spoke.
> And bright above the hedge a seagull's wings
> Flashed and were steady upon empty air.
> 'A Power unseen,' I cried, 'prepares these things;
> Those are her bells, the Wanderer is there.'
> So, hurrying to the hedge and looking down,
> I saw a mighty bay's wind-crinkled blue
> Ruffling the image of a tranquil town,
> With lapsing waters glittering as they grew.
> And near me in the road the shipping swung,
> So stately and so still in such great peace
> That like to drooping crests their colors hung,
> Only their shadows trembled without cease.
> I did but glance upon those anchored ships.
> Even as my thought had told, I saw her plain;
> Tense, like a supple athlete with lean hips,
> Swiftness at pause, the Wanderer come again—

Come as of old a queen, untouched by Time,
Resting the beauty that no seas could tire,
Sparkling, as though the midnight's rain were rime,
Like a man's thought transfigured into fire.
And as I looked, one of her men began
To sing some simple tune of Christmas day;
Among her crew the song spread, man to man,
Until the singing rang across the bay;
And soon in other anchored ships the men
Joined in the singing with clear throats, until
The farm-boy heard it up the windy glen,
Above the noise of sheep-bells on the hill."

Among the poems inspired by the present awful war in Europe there is perhaps none which, judged as pure poetry, surpasses Masefield's nineteen verses entitled "August, 1914." Twenty-eight pages of this volume are occupied by a narrative poem called "The River"—telling of a ship which had come half across the world, trampling a thousand million billows under foot, now approaching port, taut and fine and proud, with all her colors trailing out like hair, only to be caught and sucked down by a whirlpool in the river's mouth and gored to death by the spars of a previous wreck sunk in the sand at the bottom: all her crew drowned in the fo'castle like rats in a trap because the door is blocked by accident and cannot be burst open. Then in the evening a tiger creeps down to the river-brink to drink, sees the ripples of the River smacking their lips over the just-swallowed prey; and seeing that the River has a devouring lust more fierce and full than his, roars and bounds back to his coverts. The last of the five poems Masefield gives us in this volume is the mood of one who is "Watching By a Sick-Bed," and who listens through the night to the wind, and the rain, and the sea, and the rocks resisting the waves.

Essays on Books. By William Lyon Phelps, Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale University. 12mo, pp. 319. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

Thirteen essays, by a brilliant and fascinating university professor and popular lecturer, on Carlyle's Love-Letters, Mark Twain, Schopenhauer and Omar, Dickens, Realism and Reality in Fiction, Schiller's Personality and Influence, and other similar topics. The essay on The Poet Herrick appeared first in our Methodist Review. The longest of the essays is on Richardson and fills 113 pages. Concerning Richardson's greatest work, Clarissa Harlowe, we may quote Thackeray, who met Macaulay in India. Thackeray says: "The ordinary amusements with which, in the more settled parts of India, our countrymen beguile the rainy season, were wanting in a settlement that had only lately been reclaimed from the desert. . . . There were no books in the place except those that Macaulay had brought with him; among which, most luckily, was Clarissa Harlowe. I spoke to him about Clarissa. 'Not read Clarissa!' he cried out. 'If you have once read Clarissa, and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India I passed one hot season in the Hills; and there were the governor-general, and the secretary of government, and the commander-

in-chief, and their wives. I had Clarissa with me; and as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe, and her misfortunes, and her scoundrelly Lovelace. The governor's wife seized the book; the secretary waited for it; the chief-justice could not read it for tears. He acted the whole scene: he paced up and down the Athenæum library. I dare say he could have spoken pages of the book: of that book, and of what countless piles of others! An old Scotch doctor, a Jacobin and a free thinker, who could hardly be got to attend church by the positive orders of the governor-general, cried over the last volume until he was too ill to appear at dinner. The chief secretary—afterward as Sir William Macnaughten, the hero and victim of the darkest episode in our Indian history—declared that reading this copy of Clarissa under the inspiration of its owner's enthusiasm was nothing less than an epoch in his life. After the lapse of years, when Ootacamund had long enjoyed the advantage of a book-club and a circulating library, the tradition of Macaulay and his novel still lingered on with a tenacity most unusual in the ever-shifting society of an Indian station. To those who have ears to hear, the narrative of Clarissa is as thrilling in its intensity and as powerful in its accumulation of tragic suffering, as it was when first uttered. An American critic declared the other day that he attempted to reread Clarissa, and simply could not; for he continually burst out crying. Mr. Birrell quote Napoleon as 'a true Richardsonian,' and says, 'Clarissa Harlowe has a place not merely among English novels, but among English women.' And as a final shot to the Philistines, he remarks, 'There is nothing to be proud of, I can assure you, in not being able to read Clarissa Harlowe, or to appreciate the genius which created Lovelace.' 'Clarissa,' said one of the best modern French critics, M. Joseph Texte, 'is a truly living creation. . . . Hers is the first complete biography of a woman in modern fiction.' Clarissa produces upon its readers various effects. Some are thrilled, and others bored. Horace Walpole remarked, 'Richardson wrote those deplorably tedious lamentations, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison, which are pictures of high life as conceived by a book-seller, and romances as they would be spiritualized by a Methodist teacher.' On the other hand, the brilliant and beautiful Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, every whit as sophisticated, *blasée*, and worldly minded as Walpole, said: 'This Richardson is a strange fellow. I heartily despise him, and eagerly read him, nay, sob over his works in a most scandalous manner.'" From one of Mark Twain's books Professor Phelps gives us a dialogue between a profane old sea-captain, Hurricane Jones, and a well-known New England clergyman, who figures in the story as "Peters." The captain did not know that Peters was a minister, so he undertook to explain the Bible miracles to his passenger. In particular the captain gave an exegesis of the discomfiture of the prophets of Baal by Elijah. We venture to print it here because it can serve as a deserved parody on some of the naturalistic explanations of miracles given by certain ridiculous biblical critics and reconstructors of Scripture. The fact that the captain called Elijah "Isaac" is merely an unimportant detail, and does not in any way vitiate the value of his interesting commentary: "Well, the prophets of Baal prayed along

the best they knew how all the afternoon, and never raised a spark. At last, about sundown, they were all tuckered out, and they owned up and quit. What does Isaac do, now? He steps up and says to some friends of his, there, 'Pour four barrels of water on the altar!' Everybody was astonished, for the other side had prayed at it dry, you know, and got whitewashed. They poured it on. Says he, 'Heave on four more barrels.' Then he says, 'Heave on four more.' Twelve barrels, you see, altogether. The water ran all over the altar, and all down the sides, and filled up a trench around it that would hold a couple of hogsheads—'measures,' it says; I reckon it means about a hogshead. Some of the people were going to put on their things and go, for they allowed he was crazy. They didn't know Isaac. Isaac knelt down and began to pray; he strung along, and strung along, about the heathen in distant lands, and about the sister churches, and about the state and the country at large, and about those that's in authority in the government, and all the usual program, you know, till everybody had got tired and gone to thinking about something else, and then all of a sudden when nobody was noticing, he outs with a match and rakes it on the under side of his leg, and pff! up the whole thing blazes like a house afire! Twelve barrels of *water? Petroleum*, sir. PETROLEUM! That's what it was!" "Petroleum, captain?" "Yes, sir; the country was full of it. Isaac knew all about that. You read the Bible. Don't you worry about the tough places. They ain't tough when you come to think them out and throw light on them. There ain't a thing in the Bible but what is true; all you want is to go prayerfully to work and cipher out how't was done." Of Nietzsche, Professor Phelps says: "His influence is already on the wane; for he is not only no god, he knows less of the meaning of life than does a little child." On pessimism we have this: "The peculiar mark of Schopenhauer is that he is a pessimist in cold blood. His system is indeed just the reverse of that of Carlyle, who denounced the age and the men of the age, but who believed in a beneficent order of the universe and in the divine potentiality of human nature: it is altogether different from the pessimism of the Book of Ecclesiastes, emphasizing the vanity and suffering of life, but finding one key to the mystery in fearing God and keeping his commandments. Schopenhauer's pessimism is coldly philosophical, one might almost say mathematical. Except in places where he flings mud at the professors of philosophy, his book nowhere sounds like the tone of a soured or disappointed man; the writer is in mental equipoise, in perfect possession of his wits. It took him four years—from the age of twenty-six to the age of thirty—to complete his work for the press, and he wrote only during the first three hours of the morning, when the cream of his rich mind rose to the top. We can easily imagine him seated before a warm fire, with his dressing-gown and slippers on, placidly writing off his theory that the world is a mirror of hell; that life and suffering are identical; that consciousness is the cardinal error of nature; that human existence is a tragedy, with the dignity of tragedy taken away. Both Schopenhauer and Omar are fatalists, believing in the despotism of destiny; both believe that the soul of man is ultimately lost in death's dateless night. Yet their ethical solutions of the eternal problem are

contrary. Schopenhauer says, 'You must escape from yourself by asceticism,' Omar says, 'You must escape from yourself by plunging into pleasure.'" Perhaps the extract which will be most appetizing to possible purchasers of this book is the following on our Quaker Poet, given without quotation marks: Whittier would seem to illustrate Tolstoi's definition of art; if I understand the Russian apostle, he maintains that Poetry, Fiction, and Drama should be written wholly under the impulse of the religious consciousness. For this reason he despised Shakespeare, and regarded his own tracts as greater than Anna Karenina. Whittier's poetic creed would surely have pleased him. To the sensation-seeker, Whittier's poems seem to lack many of the qualities that have brought permanent fame to other writers. The eternal and predominant theme of poetry—Love-Passion—is conspicuous by its almost complete absence; we search in vain for the salt of humor; there is very little internal struggle; for, while Whittier's religious faith was weak in dogma, it was strong in assurance; the swift march of his narrative is often delayed by didactic *impedimenta;* and his imagination seldom soars to a thrilling height. Yet he unquestionably belongs to the glorious company of true poets. In the first place, he had something which is the real foundation of Art, as it is of Character—absolute Sincerity. Both the man and the poet were simply incapable of deliberate falsehood. His best poems are transparent like a mountain lake. The pure in heart shall see God; and they see many lowly things as well, for their eyes are clairvoyant, unclouded by selfish desire. No taint of self-pity mars—as it does in Byron—Whittier's poems of Nature. He could not interpret Nature like Wordsworth, but he could *accurately portray in verse the things that he saw,* a rare gift. His pictures of the New England winter landscape are too familiar to quote; but he is something more than a snow-poet. The very Genius of Summer is in these lines:

> Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold,
> That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
> Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,
> And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers
> Hang motionless upon their upright staves.
> The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,
> Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,
> Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf
> With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,
> Confesses it. The locust by the wall
> Stabs the moon-silence with his sharp alarm.
> A single hay-cart down the dusty road
> Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep
> On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,
> Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,
> The sheep show white, as if a snow-drift still
> Defied the dog-star. Through the open door
> A drowsy smell of flowers—grey heliotrope,
> And white sweet-clover, and shy mignonette—
> Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends
> To the pervading symphony of peace.

Such passages class Whittier among our foremost American poets of nature; and they prove that in fidelity to detail he was as sincere artistically as he was morally in his attacks upon slavery. Again, if Hawthorne was, as has been happily said, the Ghost of New England, Whittier was its Soul. The rocky hillside of the North Shore had complete dominion over his heart. And (whether we like it or not) New England, though narrow geographically, has always held the intellectual and moral hegemony of America. There was a vast difference between the Yankee farmer and a European peasant. The former owned the land that he tilled, as his fathers had before him. The Yankee farmers were often poor: but they were never servile; they were kings, recognizing no superior but God. Whittier knew the Massachusetts farmer's life as well as any man who ever lived: and no one has ever expressed it better than he. His poetic realism is both external and internal. He gives us naïvely all the details of the farm, together with the spirit of the New England home. Busy men in city offices, who had been born and bred in the country, read Snow-Bound in a golden glow of reminiscence. The picture is simply final in its perfection, without and within. Not only is it perfect in outline, but perfect in its expression of the castlelike security and proud independence of the Home. The right word to describe the inner meaning of this poem is unfortunately not in the English language, and it is rather curious that we must seek it in the French. The French, as has been wearisomely pointed out, have no word for home; but we have no word that exactly expresses the significance of *foyer*. It is, however, the real basis of Whittier's greatest poem. Finally, in the wide field of Religious Poetry, Whittier achieved true greatness. Some one has said that the Puritans represented the Old Testament, and the Quakers the New. Surely, no religious sect in the world has ever had a finer history in virtues of omission and commission than the Society of Friends. Whittier is primarily a Christian poet, a child of faith. He fulfills one of the highest functions of the poet—he not only inspires us in the midst of the daily work and drudgery, but he comforts and sustains weary and sore hearts. He followed the gleam. Like that old Churchman, George Herbert, Whittier's intense piety did not restrict one iota the bounds of his immense charity. The same spirit that kept him from hating the slaveholders made him a genuine admirer of men whose religious principles he could not follow. His poem, "The Eternal Goodness," embraces a larger number of true Christians than the Apostles' Creed. On the more positive side, it is pleasant to note his manly, sturdy defense of his sect in the verses called "The Meeting." I have always believed that this particular poem was inspired by Browning's "Christmas Eve." The definite attitude toward religious worship taken by both poets is precisely similar. They both cheerfully recognize the ignorance and uncouthness of the pious band; but there each chose to abide, for there each thought he found the largest measure of sincerity. It is a splendid tribute to the essential goodness of popular taste that Whittier has triumphed and will triumph over all the modern sensational poets who delight in clever paradoxes, affected forms of speech, and in mentioning the unmentionable. The "Complete Poetical Works" of Whittier are aglow with

the divine fire of a great Personality—a personality whose influence makes for everything that is best in civilization, and which had to so high a degree the childlike simplicity of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Little Women Letters from the House of Alcott. Selected by JESSIE BONSTELLE and MARIAN DE FOREST. 12mo, pp. 195. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, cloth, illustrated, $1.25, net.

FIRST, he is a boy on a sterile New England farm, hardened to its rugged life of labor and self-denial and make-shifts. As he guides the plow he holds a book and reads. At noon he lets the team graze long while he curls up in the shade of a big elm and studies. When farm work permits he attends the country school near his father's house for brief periods. His favorite books are the Bible and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Among hills and fields and woods and rocks and streams the lad finds God, who is to him a living, present reality. The boy and God are friends. (This friendship runs all through his life in after years, through his teaching and his writing and his parenthood.) The boy has a thoughtful and reflective mind and a pure heart, as later years will show. Next, he is a young peddler-student "Way down South," tramping the Southern countryside, selling buttons, pins, and needles, tape and elastic, silk and cotton thread, and other articles suited to the wants of country house-wives; an itinerant merchant carrying his store on his back, fighting off or pacifying savage dogs, passing from plantation to plantation, receiving sometimes a rebuff and sometimes a welcome, now and then obliged to beg from the planter a night's lodging. From his peddling trips he brings back some cash and more experience to the home-farm. Part of that money is added to the scanty family funds; but part goes to buy books, such as Vicar of Wakefield and Johnson's Rasselas. Next, he is teacher of a New England country school, in which his methods are so original and successful, his personality so winsome and controlling, that the fame of his success in teaching spreads abroad. The high-minded young farmer-peddler seems to have found his proper place and is happy in his work. Then God sent a Boston girl the young school-teacher's way, and, after three years of letter-writing courtship, Bronson Alcott and Abigail May were married in King's Chapel, Boston. Their home was made, after a time, in Concord. The book before us lets us into the life of that wonderful home, with its four "Little Women"; a home where high ideals dwelt with poverty in superb independence and in a simplicity almost as bare as the gray stones of the field or the white sides of a marble-quarry; a home which had something in its severe plainness, beside which most richly adorned homes would seem cheap, tawdry, garish, and vulgar; a home whose clean poverty made luxury look coarse, fat, common, and sensual; a home which no more needed the upholsterer's or decorator's art than an elm tree needs for its grace and dignity to be festooned with ribbons or tricked out with trinkets or tagged with gewgaws; a home in which Emerson saw the height of elegance so that he wrote: "The height of elegance is to have few wants and to serve them yourself"; a home every look into which is cleansing, ennobling, unspeakably refining; a home full of the loves and purities, ideals and aspirations, virtues and graces that save the world; a home

which reduced the importance of the physical to a minimum, and raised the intellectual and spiritual to a maximum. Now, in these late after years, when that family is no more on earth, intimate treasures of that home are spread before us here; letters from parents to children and from children to parents, admitting us to the very holy-of-holies. Extraordinary moral purity and high intellectuality marked the Alcott home: these triumphed over poverty. Over the fireplace on the chimney piece was painted this epigram written by Ellery Channing:

> "The Hills are reared, the Valleys scooped in vain,
> If Learning's Altars vanish from the plain."

The Alcott house was so old that it was thrown into the bargain as fit only for firewood when the place was purchased. But Alcott braced it and fixed it so as to be inhabitable by a family inured to hardness and even to actual want, a family which ate no meat, but, as four-year-old Louisa said cheerily, "Did pitty well on a wegetable diet." The Alcott family knew how to keep austere poverty clean, how to make it the friend, and not the enemy, of dignity, how to fill it with keen and vivid interest. Parents and children were marvels of intellectual activity. Anna and her father held moral discussions when she was four. Louisa kept a journal, printing it in letters before she could write. Little Anna wrote her mother: "Was not Heraclitus, that father read about to-day, a dear good man? I wanted to kiss Heraclitus and hug him up." Was ever such enthusiasm seen in a child, aged eight, over a long-deceased classical gentleman? In the same letter the truthful little girl told her mother: "I dearly love to write to you when I feel like it. I have not been as good this week as I wish I had, but I had a beautiful time this morning walking with Louisa." Ten-year-old Louisa recorded this in her journal: "I wrote in my imagination book, and enjoyed it very much. Life is pleasanter than it used to be, and I don't care about dying any more. Had a splendid run, and got a box of pine cones to burn. Sat and heard the pines sing a long time. Had good dreams, and woke now and then to think, and watch the moon. I had a pleasant time with my mind, for it was happy." This birthday message to Anna is a sample of Bronson Alcott's letters to his children: "This is your eleventh birthday, and, my daughter, what shall I say to you? Shall I say something to please or to instruct you—to flatter or benefit you? I know you dislike being pleased unless the pleasure make you better, and you dislike all flattery. And you know too, that your father never gave you a word of flattery in his life. So there remains for you the true and purest pleasure of being instructed and benefited by words of love and the deepest regard for your improvement in all that shall make you more happy in yourself and beautiful to others. And so I shall speak plainly to you of yourself, and of my desire for your improvement in several important things. *First, Your Manners.* Try to be more gentle. You like gentle people and every one is more agreeable as he cultivates this habit. None can be agreeable who are destitute of it and how shall you become more gentle? Only by governing your passions, and cherishing your love to everyone who is near you. Love is gentle: Hate is violent.

Love is well-mannered; selfishness is rude, vulgar. Love gives sweet tone to the voice, and makes the countenance lovely. Love then, and grow fair and agreeable. *Second, Be Patient.* This is one of the most difficult things to everyone, old or young. But it is also one of the greatest things. And this comes of Love too. Love is Patient: it bears; it suffers long; it is kind; it is beautiful; it makes us like angels. Patience is, indeed, angelic; it is the Gate that opens into the House of Happiness. Open it, my daughter, and enter in and take all your sisters in with you. *Third, Be Resolute.* Shake off all Sluggishness, and follow your Confidence as fast as your feelings, your thoughts, your eye, your hand, your foot, will carry you. Hate all excuses: almost always, these are lies. Be *quick* in your obedience: delay is a laggard, who never gets up with himself, and loses the company of confidence always. Resolution is the ladder to Happiness. Resolve and be a wise and happy girl. *Fourth, Be Diligent.* Put your heart into all you do: and fix your thoughts on your doings. Halfness is almost as bad as nothing: be whole then in all you do and say. But I am saying a great deal and will stop now with the hope of meeting you on the 16th March, 1843 (the good God sparing us till then) a gentler, a meeker, more determined and obliging girl." Such a gift to an eleven-year-old girl on her birthday! One would expect not kindly counsel, but a toy, a picture book, something pretty for her body, not much for her mind. The spirituality and the wisdom of the poet-philosopher shine in this letter. Here is how Bronson Alcott's wife stood by him. On account of his ill-success in providing for his family, her relatives on more than one occasion besought the faithful wife to leave him. A letter from her brother, urging this step, drew forth from her this defense of her husband: "If I do not mistake the spirit as well as letter of your remark you would have us believe that a righteous retribution has overtaken us (or my husband, and we are one), and that the world is justly punishing him for not having conciliated it, by conforming to its wills and ways. You say that my husband was told ten years ago, that the world could not understand him. It perhaps fell dead on his ears and ever will. There is no human voice can convince him that the path he has chosen to tread, thorny, bleak, solitary, as it is, is not the right one for him. Just so did that man of Nazareth whom all the world profess to admire and adore, but few imitate; and these few are the laughing-stock of the Christian community. They are branded as visionaries and fools. But this little band when alone and disencumbered of idle observation, enjoy the recital of their privations; they have been reviled, but they revile not again; they know sorrow and are acquainted with grief; and yet there is joy in that group of sinless men, such as angels might desire to partake of. I am not writing poetry, but I have tried to place before your mind, in as brief, but clear a manner as I am able, our real condition, and Mr. Alcott's merit as a man, who, though punished and neglected by a wicked world, has much to console and encourage him in the confidence and cooperation of some of the wisest and best men living. Ten such, were they permitted in their several vocations to act as teachers, preachers, and printers, would save our wicked city from the ruin that awaits it. But they are turned, like

the Nazarene, into solitary places to lament the blindness and folly of mankind, who are following the vain and fleeting shadow for the real and abiding substance. But to return to Mr. Alcott, is he to sell his soul, or what is the same thing, his principles, for the bread that perisheth? No one will employ him in his way; he cannot work in theirs, if he thereby involve his conscience. He is so resolved in this matter that I believe he will starve and freeze before he will sacrifice principle to comfort. In this, I and my children are necessarily implicated: we make and mean to make all the sacrifices we can to sustain him, but we have less to sustain us in the spirit, and therefore, are more liable to be overcome of the flesh. He has for a long time gone without everything which he could not produce by his own labor, from his own place, that no one could in truth reproach him with wantonly eating of the fruits of another's labor. He was sent for by friends in Hingham to talk with them; which he did two evenings; his expenses were paid and twenty-three dollars put into his hands as a slight compensation for the benefit they felt he had conferred upon them by his conversations. I should like to copy the note accompanying it, but you never care to see how his fellow fanatics rave on these holy themes, life, duty, destiny of man. Thus he occasionally finds a market for his thoughts and experiences, which, though inadequate to our support, is richly prized as the honest gains of an innocent and righteous labor. You spoke of his 'poetical wardrobe,' whether in satire or in a worthier spirit, I cannot tell. However spiritual he may have become, there is still enough of the carnal to feel the chills of winter, and the chiller blasts of satire. His tatters are the rags of righteousness and keep him warmer than they would anyone whose spirit was less cheered and warmed by the fires of eternal love and truth." "Our Alcott," said Emerson, "has only just missed being a seraph." Alcott's daughter, Louisa, once described her father's appearance when he arrived on the train: "His clothing was poor and threadbare, but neat. He looked cold and thin as an icicle, but serene as God." Thoreau once said: "One of the last of the philosophers. In early life he peddled wares. In after years he peddled his brains. His words and attitude always suppose a better state of things than other men are acquainted with, and he will be the least disappointed of men when the ages revolve. Though disregarded now, when his day comes laws unsuspected by most will take effect and rulers will heed his advice." When Alcott's writings were ridiculed by "practical men," Emerson urged him thus: "Write! Whether they bear or forbear. The written word abides until, slowly and unexpectedly and in widely sundered places, it has created its own church." To W. H. Furness, Emerson wrote: "I shall always love you for loving Alcott. He is a great man, the god with the herdsman of Admetus. His conversation is sublime, yet when I see how he is underestimated I fancy none but I has heard him talk." In the late years Emerson said: "Alcott is certainly the youngest man of his years that we have seen. When I look at his gray hairs his conversation sounds pathetic; but I look again and they seem like the gray dawn of a bright morning." Which recalls Longfellow's lines on Evangeline when the first signs of age became visible:

"Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,—
Dawn of another life that broke o'er her earthly horizon
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning."

A wonderful home indeed was that of the farmer-philosopher-saint, at Concord; parents and children alike out of and superior to the ordinary. Bronson Alcott was no idler. "Dear Plato" his daughter Louisa called him on his fifty-second birthday. But thinking was not his only occupation. He counted no toil hard and no labor lowly. He was not ashamed to work for hire all day in his neighbor's field, while nightly presiding over high conversations with a company of his peers, such as Emerson, Thoreau, Theodore Parker, Channing, James Freeman Clarke, Elizabeth Cheney, Elizabeth Peabody, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and James Russell Lowell. The world, pierced with a sense of its own inferiority, must stand in awe before such a home, a home which shows how contemptible are the mere *things* which men possess in comparison with the shining treasures of the Spirit. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Pulpit, Platform, and Parliament. By the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A., M.P. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. xii+216. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

The Romance of Preaching. Yale Lectures on Preaching. By Charles Silvester Horne. With an Introduction by Charles R. Brown, D.D., and a Biographical Sketch by Howard A. Bridgman, D.D. 12mo, pp. 302. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

These two volumes by a skillful workman of the kingdom of God are supplementary and should be read together. From a flourishing suburban church in Kensington Mr. Horne went to Whitefield's Tabernacle, which was situated in a cosmopolitan area in London, and gave himself with passionate devotion to this gigantic undertaking in the interest of militant Christianity. The first volume in this notice contains reflections from his many-sided experiences of work; it is also an appeal to duty made to the entire church. Horne aimed to make Whitefield's a free church, with freedom to adapt the services and methods of work to the people who were to be won, so that the church might stand for all that is most human and most social, under whose roof all comers would receive hospitality. His ambition was to make his church a place in the atmosphere of which men would realize the advantages of religion. "I have long been of opinion," he says, "that the most powerful factor in breaking down unbelief is not even the word of a prophet—were such a man to be found in our prosaic times—but the atmosphere of faith created by men who are spiritually alive and morally at one." This volume is a thrilling record of experiment and achievement, without a dull page. The notes of a militant and evangelic Christianity are heard throughout this breezy book. Questions relating to industrial unrest, social upheaval, religious indifference, drunkenness, international peace, immigration, politics, the unchurched, are here faced and in many respects solved

by this knight-errant of modern Christianity. The chapter on "The Pax Humana" has elements of prophetic power in the light of present events in Europe. Another chapter, entitled, "Men, My Brothers," records the successful work among men in the name of the Brotherhood of Christ. Horne was severely criticized because he took such an active part in politics, but, like Hugh Price Hughes, who received similar censure, and whom he resembled in many ways, Horne was at his best as an evangelist. His friend, Dr. J. D. Jones, of Bournemouth, said that Horne was usually kept at the Tabernacle until ten o'clock on Sunday evenings, dealing with inquirers. The chapter entitled "King Alcohol" is a chronicle of struggle and victory. The chapter on "The House of Commons" will be read with interest, as it deals with Horne's political career as a member of Parliament. Here is a striking quotation: "Political passions, like all other passions, may be either noble or ignoble. The politician, to whatever party he may belong, who is honestly and genuinely inspired with zeal for a great cause need never apologize for his enthusiasm. Some churches, I know, would be ashamed to see their ministers in the thick of the fight for social betterment and political progress; but it would be well for those churches if they never had anything worse to blush for. The darkest vices of churches are bred not in the arena, but in the convent. It is not enterprise that hurts any of us, but stagnation and apathy. No church has ever yet perished of too great a zeal for the poor, or too sacrificial a love of freedom. Churches will survive the mistakes they make in trying to help their fellows; what they will not survive is the attitude of detachment when the destinies of people are in the balance." This book must be reckoned with by all who are interested in the social applications of Christianity, because it throbs with life and is passionately concerned with the actual needs and transformations of people. Those who knew Horne best say that he was preeminently a preacher. His Yale lectures on "The Romance of Preaching" have the tonic qualities of an exceptionally recuperative character. He sets forth the glory of preaching with eloquence and exaltation. It is sad to recall the fact that, three days after the delivery of these lectures, Horne died in Canada on his way to preach at the University of Toronto. We are here reminded of the greatness of the preacher's vocation and the wonderful privilege of being a servant of the Spirit, to minister to the deep needs of humanity. To this end the minister must himself be kindled in soul so that he may impart soul-vitality to his hearers. The vivid historical sketches which are found in the subsequent lectures of this volume recall one of Horne's earlier books, entitled, "A Popular History of the Free Churches," which he described as the story of an unconquerable spirit dedicated to the service of an indestructible ideal. He compares John Wesley to Moses, the first prophet: "His nearest successor in modern times was John Wesley, whose whole preaching was colored by his classical learning, who abounded in illustrations drawn from the ancients, and yet the originality of whose spiritual experience was the secret of his unique influence over his generation." The lectures on "The Passion of Evangelism," illustrated by the careers of Wesley and White-

field, will be read with great interest. "The ministry that is not an evangelistic ministry is not in the full sense a Christian ministry, for we cannot obey our Lord's command and leave his divine appeal unuttered to those who are heedless and unresponsive." We seem to hear a Methodist in these sentences: "In the true church it is always springtime. From January to December is one season of regeneration. Revival is often thought of as spasmodic and occasional; but that is our fault. It is normal. The Resurrection time is not at Easter alone. There is not a moment of any day, in any year, when we may not rise with Christ into newness of life and walk in his ways with transfigured spirits. All this goes to make up the charm, the fascination, the rapture, the romance of the ministry." The lectures on "The Royalty of the Pulpit," "The Rulers of Peoples," and "The Founders of Freedom" are illustrated by luminous studies of Athanasius, Chrysostom, Savonarola, Calvin, Knox, and John Robinson. On the subject of expository preaching he says some fine things: "It has always seemed to me that there is much force in the modern appeal for more expository preaching. I only submit that it must be *preaching*. The classroom is one place, the pulpit is another. The closest possible application is needful in the study if we are to be sound interpreters of the gospel; and the new Renaissance which some of us will live to see, when the interest of the people will be rekindled in the best and greatest of all books, may very likely come along the line of systematic and scientific exposition. But we have got to *preach* our exposition. I mean that the same passion for souls, the same constraining love of humanity, must burn and glow in our expository discourses." The most brilliant illustration of recent expository preaching is without doubt The Expositions of Alexander Maclaren, whose volumes on the entire Bible are a veritable mine of invaluable material for the preacher. The value of these two volumes is greatly enhanced by their biographical and autobiographical features. What the preacher most needs is to know how other men have done things and the secret of their exploits for Christ. Read these two books and you will receive inspiration that will increase your efficiency and service for the kingdom of God.

Twice-Born Men in America. By HARRIET EARHART MONROE. 12mo, pp. 118. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. Price, cloth, illustrated, 75 cents.

SELDOM have we found so much spiritual dynamic in the space of one hundred and eighteen pages. Nothing recently issued by the Lutherans pleases us quite so much. The subtitle of the book is "The Psychology of Conversion as Seen by a Christian Psychologist in Rescue Mission Work." The author's psychology and theology are thoroughly scientific, sound, and convincing. Her chapters are clinical studies of sinful human nature in its deepest and most decisive experiences. They furnish indubitable demonstration of what evangelical divinity schools teach, and will make good collateral reading for all theologues. If a professor should lecture upon it, he would be driving straight to the heart of the Christian business. From a chair of psychology to Rescue Mission work among drunkards, outcasts, and criminals is not transition often made. The preface says:

"When I taught psychology I was greatly impressed by the fact that the books gave no adequate analysis of the psychology of the greatest mental and moral change which can come to the human mind, namely, conversion and regeneration. A Rescue Mission gives a great opportunity to study mental and moral changes, and my observations and conclusions, made from years of study, are herein embodied. This book is sent forth with the earnest hope and prayer that it will lead many souls to Christ; also that it will show earnest laymen just how to bring about that psychological change which we call conversion. A Sunday school teacher who brings only ninety per cent of her students through the process of conversion and regeneration is ninety per cent a success and ten per cent failure. The same is true of a pastor with a class of catechumens. 'Ye must be born again,' is just as true to-day as it ever was, and if we believed it as Paul believed it, what live wires we would be. This book is to remind us that Jesus saves to the uttermost in our day, just as he did when he visibly walked this earth." For twelve years the author was among the workers of the Sunday Breakfast Association in Philadelphia, Pa. The Sunday Breakfast is one of the largest Rescue Missions of this country. Mrs. Monroe tells how God called her: "When I moved from Washington to Philadelphia, I found myself very lonely. I had been president of a Collegiate Institute at Atchison, Kan., from 1870 to 1885, when, because of failure of health, I came East, and took up literary work. At Washington, where I lived from 1885 to 1888, I soon came in contact with literary people, and belonged to both literary and scientific clubs, some of whose members are to this day strong personal friends. But in the twelve years in Philadelphia I never became much acquainted with university people, authors' clubs, Browning or Shakespeare clubs, although I knew they were all there. God had to break me loose from too great devotion to that side of life in order to use me for more spiritual work. One evening, in the summer of 1888, I came along Arch Street where, in a basement room at Broad and Arch, some women were holding a prayer service. I entered and joined with them. Three poor, ragged, soiled men were converted. I saw the women were even more inexperienced with the phenomena of sudden conversions than I was. So I stepped forward and pledged the converts to a Christian life. Then I appealed to the good men present to see that the converts had a good meal that night, and asked for work for them. Good men at once promised both. When the meeting was dismissed a gentleman came to me and said, 'We need you at the Sunday Breakfast Association to speak next Sunday night. We shall have over one thousand men present, all needing to find God. You are one of the women who can speak without any of the Little Johnny death-bed scenes, and we need you.' I replied, 'If you asked me to talk on Dickens, Shakespeare, or any literary character, I could easily do it, but to win souls to Christ, I am not at all sure I could do it.' He did not argue, he simply said, 'I give you your opportunity.' That startled me, and I said, 'I will try.' So the next Sunday evening at the Breakfast Association I made my first talk before an audience largely of the submerged tenth. The galleries and the platform were filled with well-

dressed people, and, instead of trying to save some soul, I tried to make a fine speech. My rhetoric was perfect, my periods nicely rounded, my illustrations pertinent, and I sat down pretty well satisfied with my fine self. Mr. Bean saw what I had done, so he shook a few grains out of all the chaff I had given them, made the application, and let me down as easily as he could. But while I sat there God's Spirit dealt with me. 'What if a mother of one of these lost men had had your opportunity,' said God's Spirit, 'would she have talked platitudes to the galleries and the platform? Would she? Would she?' I saw my sin. As I fled from the house I nearly cried aloud in my shamefaced grief. When I got to my room I went to my knees and I cried to God my deep shame, 'Dear Father, I have sinned. I know now that is not my work. My business is to instruct the intellect. I will leave the winning of souls to preachers and mothers. Help me to bear the testimony of a well-ordered Christian life, speaking for thee in my own social set, but I am not equal to facing those who have looked long into the eyes of sin and suffering and sorrow, and are uncomforted with a knowledge of thy grace.' So I felt I had disposed of that, and determined to keep to literature for evermore. The next day the card of a woman whom I had met in the highest social circles of Washington was sent to my room. As I came down through the hall I saw in front of the house her carriage with footman and driver and team of Kentucky-bred horses. When I entered she broke out in a sort of wail, 'I hear you spoke at the Breakfast Association last night.' 'Yes, and made a great guy of myself. I do not expect to ever go there again, except as a spectator. I fear I am more literary than religious.' I wish I could describe the next few minutes. Her face blazed. 'You, you!' she said; 'why, you had a father a minister, your mother a praying woman, and you not to go there to speak to lost men, if you have the opportunity! You have had everything which training can give, and you refuse to reach a hand to lost men.' 'Well, what does that concern you?' I said. She sat down. The agony in her face became anguish. She turned white, then red, then back to white, till I feared for her heart. 'What does it concern me! What! What! Well, I must tell you. I have a son who sits down in that awful crowd!' It was my turn now to be moved. 'You?' I said, 'why, you live in a white marble palace, and can it be that your son is a homeless, friendless man?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I live in a white marble palace and I hate it from turret to foundation stone, because my oldest son is not allowed under its roof. He is a drunkard, and will steal everything he can lay his hands on and sell it for drink, so that his father forbids me to see him or to give him money. The last time I saw him he was shoveling coal into a manhole; he looked the part.' Here she tried to give me a large roll of money, as she said, 'Take this, and please go to the Breakfast Association and find my darling boy.' 'Madam, I am not authorized to take money for the Association. Dr. Henderson is the treasurer. Do see him!' 'I will not. Will will know who you are. I told him much of meeting you in Washington. I want you to take this money and find and clothe my sorrowful son; and O, say what I would like to say if I could talk like you! Tell him when he sees a light at the top of

the house that his mother is in the attic praying for him, and will you pray for me that I shall not die under this? Will you pray for my son?' Then we two kneeled and poured into the heart of a loving Saviour that story of woe. How she wailed over her own frivolous life, and promised her God a life for him. Nearly all the persons referred to have died, so, though the parties may be recognized in Philadelphia, it cannot now harm anyone. I took the money offered. The next Sunday evening I went to the Association, and my face must have told the story, for when I said to Mr. Bean, 'I have a message,' he let me speak. I selected the words, 'Son, behold thy mother!' I told many incidents of heart-broken mothers because of the sins of their sons, and then I told of Mrs. W., nearly in the above language. Probably two hundred men requested prayer that night, and I saw God could use me for other than literary work. Mr. Bean said, 'That man will not show up till the others have gone,' so I sat down and waited. When nearly everyone had left the room a poor, blear-eyed youth came to the platform. He said, 'Mrs. Monroe, I am Will W. Do give me some money.' I said, 'Will, do you intend to break your mother's heart? Do you intend to keep on drinking?' 'Now, see here, Mrs. Monroe, I have honestly tried to quit.' Then, pushing up his sleeve, he showed me scars. 'There I have signed the pledge with my own blood, and I cannot quit.' Howard McMaster, one of the Breakfast Association workers, pointed the way to Christ far better than I could. Then he gave him tickets where he could get lodging. I met him the next day at a Turkish bath house. At first they refused to take him, and only by paying a high price could I secure him a bath and proper barbering. I gave him a complete outfit of clothes, and he looked very respectable. Mr. McMasters put a good man on the case to talk with him, to read the New Testament with him, to explain salvation and to help him find God, and to keep at his side whenever possible. My business took me out of town for several weeks; when I came back to the city, I went, of course, the first Sunday evening to the Breakfast Association. After the meeting was over Will W. came slouching up to the platform as vile as when I first saw him. He had sold every article I had given him for drink. This sorrowful experience was repeated about five times, but as good is stronger than evil, the prayers of God's people prevailed, and Mr. McMasters brought him forward to the altar and God met him. His mother's prayers, the Word of God as shown by Howard McMasters and that wonderful divine Spirit made a clean work, and a soul was born to God. We kept him as well guarded as we could. The smells of the street troubled him. For that reason I went to his father's wholesale house on Market Street. I had met Mr. W. with his wife in Washington, and he met me cordially, till I said, 'Mr. W., I have come to talk to you about your oldest son.' He blazed at me, 'Don't you dare to speak to me of my oldest son. He has broken my heart, his mother's heart, and disgraced my name. I will not permit even my wife to speak of him, much less a friend.' 'But he is converted, Mr. W. It will be different now.' 'O! he has a new dodge, has he?' 'Mr. W., you must talk to me fairly about this wrecked young life or refer me to some one who can act in your behalf.'

'Well, see his brother,' and a clerk showed me to the brother's counting-room. He heard my story with sympathy. After stating the case, I said, 'I want you to put him on a truck farm down near Media, and get him away from the smells of Philadelphia.' This was done, though it took several weeks to bring it about. The next Sunday night Will sat on the platform, and testified to the power of God to save. When the meeting had closed, a handsome young woman, wearing a costly tailor-made gown and with the stamp of the patrician in every line of her dainty person, said to me, 'Mrs. Monroe, I am going to marry Will W. this week.' 'O, my dear girl do not risk it till he has proved himself for two years! Do not risk it!' 'You believe he is converted, do you not?' 'Why, yes; but we should see the transforming power of the gospel before you risk your happiness.' 'Will needs me now to help him keep straight. You have not as much faith as you ought to have yourself, or you would believe he will hold out.' What more could I say? They were married. His mother was present at the ceremony, and they went to the farm to live. Will was held by the power of God, and, after much blundering, they made a fair success with a truck farm." After her years in Rescue Mission work in Philadelphia, Mrs. Monroe returned to Washington, and met there an experience which illustrates how affliction sometimes prepares God's servants for greater usefulness, and how the best refuge from intolerable grief is to plunge into Christian work. She says: "In January, 1908, a great calamity came to me in the form of destruction by fire of most of my earthly property and the death in the fire of a loved sister. The event had in it some other elements of great pain not necessary to mention here. If my soul had not been anchored in Jesus, the combination of sorrows would have broken down my mentality and sent me to the asylum. As it was, I stood steadily trusting God, knowing that all things worked together for good to those who love God. I was sure I was a lover of God, and so, while every fiber of my body and soul ached with unspeakable pain, I never doubted God's love, care, and sympathy." In the midst of her grief she received a letter from the president of the Executive Board of the Gospel Mission, saying about this, "Come down to the Gospel Mission, look it over and see if you care to come in with us in the work of saving souls." Within a week she was at work in the Mission. The best service a pastor can render to the bereaved and sorrowing is to engage them in some Christian activity in or beyond the church. Here is the oft-told story of how a sobbing, brokenhearted pastor and a pious beggar-woman brought down a revival: "One reason that hundreds of sermons fail to comfort a saint or convert a sinner is because they fall on prayerless pews. You remember how what is known as the Great New England Revival came about. Dr. Jonathan Edwards was accustomed to go to his church every Saturday afternoon to think and to pray for his people. On one occasion a beggar, known in the town as Old Betty, sat unseen in a back pew. The great preacher put his head down on the Bible and sobbed. As he came out Old Betty said, 'What is it, Dr. Edwards, that so troubles you?' 'Betty, I have not seen a soul converted in this church for a year. Why is it?' 'It is because these pews are prayerless.' 'Will you pray till you get the

answer that God will come in power to this church?' 'I will.' Betty hid when the janitor came to close the church, and the answer to her soul did not come till the dawning of the morning. The following day Dr. Edwards started as usual to read his sermon, but he soon put it away and began a straight evangelistic talk. Professed Christians stood in their places and asked for prayers, elders and deacons prostrated themselves before God, the whole town became a prayer circle, and the New England Revival had begun." This educated Lutheran woman quotes a distinguished Lutheran writer, Professor H. W. Wynn, D.D., on emotion in religion: "We have discovered that religion as a purely emotional experience may have no religion in it at all, though kindled by the emotional stimuli that religion commands. There is an emotional element in religion, of course, deep, powerful, pervasive; and when you give way to it, enveloping your whole being as in an atmosphere of flame. Those tender feelings which enter so largely into the deeper currents of our domestic and social life—love, pity, joy, hope, the striking of the glad hand, comradeship locking arms under the same great banner to do deeds of heroism in the same great cause—religion calls them all up, and fires them all with a conquering zeal. Most noteworthy is it that the fourth volume of the Jewish Encyclopedia pays this remarkable tribute to Christianity: "Christianity, following the matchless ideals of its Christ, redeemed the despised and outcast, and ennobled suffering. It checked infanticide, and founded asylums for the young. It removed the curse of slavery by making the humblest bondsman proud of being a child of God. It fought against the cruelties of the arena, it invested the home with purity and proclaimed the value of each human soul as a treasure in the eyes of God, and it so leavened the great masses of the empire as to render the cross of Christ the sign of victory for its legions in place of the Roman eagle. The Galilean entered the world as a conqueror. The church became the educator of pagan nations; and one race after another was brought under her tutorship. The Latin races were followed by the Celt, the Teuton, and the Slav. The same burning enthusiasm which sent forth the first apostle, also set the missionary aglow, and brought all Europe and Africa, and finally the American continent, under the scepter of an omnipotent church. Christianity is not an end, but the means to an end, the establishment of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God." The church of to-day has the task of living up to its own past as set forth in that remarkable Jewish eulogy. We offer no apology for so large a notice of so small a book. Unless something of the passion which pervades it has gotten into a minister, he is, no matter what his talents and culture, only a dilettant. His soul and his ministry lack intensity and dynamic spiritual energy. A burning and a shining light he will not be.

METHODIST REVIEW

MARCH, 1915

RESTORE OUR EPISCOPACY

For many years the Methodist Episcopal Church had agitated the status of her Bishops until she had succeeded in clouding much of their dignity and reducing the high office to the level of a traveling agency. Methodism had been sensitive to any impeachment of the validity of her orders by the English and Protestant Episcopal Churches, but she had done the order and office incomparably greater harm by permitting it to be assailed at General Conferences by men who came up to the quadrennial gatherings with their personal grievances. On such occasions the chiefest men of the church were penned up on the platform and denied the right of speech while the aggrieved men assailed them, often unjustly. Anathemas were hurled at the Bishops which these giants of debate, these masters of philippics and invective, could have ground to powder. It did more to discredit our episcopacy than all the sacerdotal assaults upon our orders by our enemies. The last blow was struck at the General Conference of 1912. We proceeded to show the world that our episcopacy was simply an ecclesiastical expedient, to be set up or set aside at the will of our chief legislative body. We could begin it by election and we could end it by election. Do we start our ministers by election? Do we end them by election without their consent? Do we elect an elder and unelect an elder? Do we take away the functions of an elder by vote, or by any authority, that he may not administer the functions of his office? No. Well, then, a Bishop as a Bishop is less than an elder, though he ordains

elders. The elder is never deprived of his rights as an elder without moral cause. The high function conferred upon a Bishop by the church with great solemnity is stripped from him and there is not enough of it left for him to make a solitary appointment.

A prominent Roman Catholic priest said to me after the last General Conference, "So your Bishops are so only in name; they are not real Bishops. Our Bishops come to something that never can be taken from them." What a pathetic sight when Randolph S. Foster, that majestic figure, stood before the episcopal committee, and said: "But you cannot take from me my Bishopric." But they did. They did not leave a last year's fig leaf of it. They left him naked and old and comfortless. They left him only a name, and he could not sign that to a legal document. He was robbed of the comfort of the reflection that the great church counted him her Bishop, that she revered him as a Bishop. No, this was not permitted to him, to Andrews, to Foss, or to Warren. If they had been retired from the obligation of active work, but with the dignity of the order undisturbed and unquestioned and the office unmandatory, retirement would have been a Christian twilight beneath an evening star of peace and hope. O the rude, the savage wrenching off of these episcopal robes that had grown to be an essential part of the personality. Andrews, Foss, Warren —would they have lived longer? We think they would, and, if so, the church could well have afforded to keep them at full pay. It was largely in debt to them. C. W. Smith saw it approaching. Do you think it strengthened his heart? With one possible exception, every man that we stripped of his robes and turned out into nowhere had years of service in him, and that service was a medicine to the man and invaluable to the church. The whole matter of episcopal retirement is expensive to the church. To say nothing of the afflicted families and kinspeople, of the resentment of influential men and women who revere the office as well as the men in it, there is the positive loss of the glory, the ascending glory, of old men at work—the wealth of counsel, the power of example, the ballast of dignity, the divinely softening temper, the words inspired, if growing feebler and fewer, of our old-time

Bishops. In those days none of these arbitrary menders of Divine Providence were permitted to spoil the glory of Francis Asbury or Matthew Simpson. Did our brethren ever know Providence to blunder very seriously about such matters? Before the mistake of Providence, which worries some of the brethren, becomes too serious the end comes. While perhaps a half dozen cases of small embarrassment could be cited by a few men, there never has been any serious embarrassment in a solitary case. But we created a widespread and far-reaching embarrassment at our fell swoop of 1912. By meddling with Providence we have on our hands more serious difficulties, and have torn our episcopal office to pieces. Besides losing many years of efficiency left to these men, by arbitrary retirement, we are loading our supernumerary list with efficient men at needless expense. After it gets well at work we will be encumbering this list with several efficient men added by every General Conference.

Efficiency cannot be determined by an arbitrary point, seventy or even eighty years. What about Bishop Carman of Canada? As a rule men know their own powers, and in conference with their brethren of like work indicate the limit of their capacity. It worked well after this order for generations of our episcopacy. Some men reach a retiring point far before seventy, and some go on efficiently far beyond it. The present plan in some cases leaves the inefficient in and takes the efficient out. It is the almanac, not the man. We left an editor to work out with a few friends the question of efficiency. It was the case of an editor alone. No others could advise. There is a body of twenty Bishops all guarding the efficiency of the office. They would be less than men if they did not protect it against neglect or abuse of any kind. If they would not, then it is manhood we should cultivate in our church. With the aid of a score of coadjutors discussing the great work of their office many times a year, do you not think that they could determine the age limit as well as the editor did his? What if one or two should run over a year or two; would any great harm be done? No; not so much as we do by arbitrary retirement, which retires men with eye undimmed and strength unabated.

The loss of a church's old men is serious and sad. One year of E. G. Andrews in his eighth decade was worth five years of his fourth decade. Cranston's statesmanship, piloting the different Methodisms into the same channel, has flamed in steady, increasing light in the days when some of us are troubled by the horizon of his retirement. Are all troubled? If not, that is cause for greater trouble. These are some of the noxious seeds of this retirement crop: Our General Conference has a large number of men who take themselves seriously as candidates for the episcopacy, even if the church at large does not take them so. They have been flattered at home and will consider an election at the head of the delegation as a practical nomination. These are not sporadic cases. The trouble affects the efficiency of our ministry in general, in Conference politics, in the merits of great causes, in the discussion of momentous questions, in the reputation and advancement and election of Conference brethren. And the great shout of protest comes out of the throats of these men. It was a body made up of many such men and more of their advocates and champions that tore our episcopacy to pieces. "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." The retirement of Bishops as a law and policy should not be referred to the episcopal committee, composed of heads of delegations. It should be referred to the judiciary committee, or, preferably, to a committee of one hundred chosen with great care and fairness from the body. They should comprise the older men, both ministerial and lay. The next General Conference should rescind the present rule and adopt none in its place, or adopt one that will secure the end desired—the relief of the too old and enfeebled of the Bishops from labor beyond their powers without disturbing them in their office or burdening them with worse than work. The pastor is not torn out of his pastoral office and work. He has it in some measure until he asks to be relieved. The superannuate is not superannuated until he requests it. Why treat the Bishop more rudely than the preacher and the elder?

Many have said: "I prefer anything to the scenes of the last General Conference." Who created those scenes? Did the Bishops? Those scenes are not to be changed by an arbitrary rule

of retirement. We have a few old doctrines which, if applied, would cure all of those scenes. Let us emphasize two sentiments—let us create two sentiments: First, the superlative importance of our episcopacy, and that its grandeur increases with the years of service of its incumbents. Let us put it far out of reach of scheming men and little men who aspire to it by investing the office with the sacred reverence of our boyhood homes. This will carry the office to lofty altitudes and keep out of it the common and unclean. Second, let us magnify the whole work of our church, as worthy of our best men, until our ministers feel that promotion is not in place but in service, and that service is what makes place divine. Every man should be so busy working at God's pattern that he will see nothing else so attractive until he finishes it. And he will let no ambition pull him away from the unfinished work. Trust the great office to God, who guided it for more than a hundred years without any substantial harm, in spite of assaults upon it by misguided men in the church. Reinvest it with the general superintendency, which took to the Annual Conferences the widest possible horizons of our multifarious work, and which made it impossible for any imperiling local friendships, either lay or clerical, to invade its administration, and which increased the administrators' efficiency by constantly increasing wisdom from new experiences in all manner of conditions and circumstances.

The old plan was a marvelous one for a worldwide church. The attempt to localize men because of peculiar adaptations more often fails than succeeds. When we locate a Bishop we cannot anticipate causes and incidents which may most naturally make him so intense a partisan or so bias his judgment as to harm his usefulness with a continued incumbency. Our former plan provided against all such contingencies. If now in a quadrennium there is a local failure how is it to be remedied without disaster to the work and exceeding great embarrassment to the incumbent? The old plan automatically prevented friction.

It seems to me that the whole change, which came in with 1912, of arbitrary age retirement and local quadrennial assignment, is a step backward. The question cannot be argued upon personal exceptions. We all have them. We can vindicate them.

The question turns upon a center the rim of which is worldwide. The scheme of Methodism was launched upon Wesley's sublime declaration: "The world is my parish." Our field of administration should be in untrammeled service of the world.

I deeply regret the retirement act:

1. Because no fixed age can be made to mark the bounds of human efficiency. Some men are old at fifty. Some are young at eighty.

2. Increasing years, with their knowledge and with their helpful and beautiful experiences, are too valuable for the church to throw away.

3. Any scheme of age limit is certain to load the retired list with effective men incapacitated for any other practical service by their peculiar office and work.

4. The retirement of a certain number each quadrennium inspires the self-seeker, the only real peril to our episcopacy, to put forth well-laid campaign plans.

5. The retirement of the Bishops by a plan which originates and is sustained by the episcopal committee will inevitably be subject to harmful criticism of the church. Even if the criticism is unjust, it does harm.

6. Throwing a dead line across the episcopacy of our church will result in turning aside from this great work our greatest men—men who will not consent to their fellow men limiting the possibilities of their stewardship, who will deny the right of men to take the capstone of achievement out of their hands.

7. It will result in turning over to mediocre men the greatest ecclesiastical office since the apostles.

8. The General Conference will become less critical in the selection of Bishops when the office can be filled for a quadrennium or two. Our jealousy of the life office has been a great safeguard to the episcopacy.

9. A powerful element in our episcopacy has been the reverence of our church at large for men wearing the seal of the church and invested with a life tenure apostolic in its character.

Leave the Bishops without limitations, like their brethren of the editorships, the secretaryships, and the college presidencies.

It is no answer to say that these are periodically elective. There is no bar to their continuance. They are not changed because of an age limit. They regulate themselves. There are ways, friendly ways, helpful ways, that leave no bitterness, by which the episcopal labor ends and the incumbent feels no degradation. It is remarkable how feebleness of mind and body adjusts itself to the limitations of nature. If they require steadying a bit, here and there, those kindly offices which helped us into the work will help us out without the rude and torturing, the unjust and cruel interruption of our work before it is done. Our work is not told off arbitrarily by a definite number of years. A wonderful modification has come into human duration since that time when it was authoritatively said that the years of a man's life are threescore and ten, and what follows is full of labor and sorrow. It is true that men sometimes become arbitrary by long-continued office, but in a group of twenty or more of coordinate authority that tendency is corrected. If in a given case it cannot be, then an exceptional case should not spoil the wisdom and efficiency of a divinely approved plan of ministerial supervision and reduce it to the basis of an army in which physical endurance and fighting courage are the first prerequisite, or to a judiciary whose inactive physical conditions impair the activity and alertness of the mind.

Our episcopacy is splendidly adapted to vigor of mind and body in old age. Its glory increases with the age of the Bishops. The outshining of that glory upon the church is a wonderful moral force. It is creative of self-respect and an uplifting dignity in our people. This is seen by the greater attention given to the ministry of the Bishops simply because they are Bishops. Their preaching ability may not equal that of many of our best preachers in the pastorate, but their words are weighted with the potentiality of their office. Their sermons are peculiarly accredited by the great church. There is a mystic influence that strengthens utterances of men clothed with such sanctity and dignity of office. The effect upon our young people is salutary. The element of reverence is none too dominant among us. The loyal pride in our church of our young men and women does not hold them to the church any too firmly. It is a mistake to reduce this high office

and order of our church to an expedient, and especially to put upon our great episcopacy the limitations and infirmity of forecasting age, and discredit it by fixing a time beyond which it shall not be trusted with those sacred ministrations which are increased by the fullness of years of devout experience and service.

It was Bishop Simpson who said to me when I was pastor of old Saint Paul's, "I have just learned to preach, and now I am at the end of my ministry." A year and a few months after that he ascended to the church triumphant. How profound the influence, how spiritually magnetic, the illuminations of his personality, how marvelous the inspiration of his utterances in that last year! Few if any ever thought to compare him with himself. If there was less of preaching power there was the glory of old age. And he was retired by the unmistakable act of God. The years were accomplished, and to those summits the reverent thought of the church, the young and the old, accompanied him, and those heights of perfected years of consecrated service are a crown of ineffable glory. What a coronation! Compare it with the economic, the prudential corralling of our Bishops by fencing off with an age limit the arbitrary duration of the powers of their usefulness. We have built a sidetrack in the orbit of a star. What a degeneracy of the greatest office in the history of the Christian Church. What a sad loss of the reverence of our people for an office that has borne the mark of God's order and approval.

Other great episcopal churches experience no embarrassment that calls for such an arbitrary assignment, such a secularizing expedient. We are the people that has been peculiar in mending Providence. By meddling with Providence we have wasted force enough in this period of our history to bring the millennium if it had been the mustard seed of faith used with sound sense.

The act of the General Conference of 1912 was of questionable legality. While a General Conference is supreme in law making with limited restrictions, in some cases it must make the laws by which it acts. It is not the law always and it cannot act without law. It had not made the law by which it retired Bishops and its action in superannuating them was in violation of certain fundamental and constitutional rights of the men it retired. A

General Conference must not violate its own laws and the constitution of the church.

To declare a Bishop to be superannuated when he is sound in mind and in perfect health in body is both untrue to fact and illegal. If it is a question of administration, we have well established forms of procedure that even a General Conference must not ignore. Due notice in particular must be given and the Bishop must hear all in the presence of the persons making the complaint and have an opportunity to answer them before the committee and the body which is to vote upon his case. This was not done. "Star chamber" and inquisitorial procedures are in utter violation of the principles of Methodist administration as they are revolting to the spirit of our age.

It certainly required some nerve, reckless nerve, to superannuate Henry W. Warren at our last General Conference—a man without a symptom of disease in body or mind. Only two or three years before, when he was almost eighty years old, I had seen him mount the bicycle of a passing young man and ride away with the exhilarated joy of youth. Who had ever seen him falter in mind or body?

One of the great men of our church, several times elected to a position of distinction by the General Conference and receiving a very large vote for the Episcopacy, describes Bishop Warren at the last General Conference as "one of the superb pictures in Methodist history, past eighty, alert, erect, in full possession of all his splendid powers, a very king of men, gracious, athletic, resonant, as capable as ever and as capable as the youngest of his colleagues. Why not have let him stay on his pinnacle?" But he died within a few weeks? All the more reason to let him die on the summit of his mighty office and work and not send him to die in the valley of humiliation and of a narrow expediency. Perhaps he would not have died so soon. Retirement is often the prelude of death.

James R. Day

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT CRISIS IN EUROPE

Students of contemporaneous history who look with interest from the standpoint of the kingdom of God upon the forces at work in the modern world have become suddenly aware that a new epoch has opened in human history. The world will never again be what it was. While men were looking for the coming of the Dawn the morning was here. Outwardly this European conflict may appear to be only another of the oft-recurring old world struggles for national supremacy, a conflict of races and commercial interests—but it is more than that. At bottom it is a death grapple of ideas, a struggle for supremacy over human life and thought, of two diametrically opposite and utterly irreconcilable concepts of the universe, the one spiritual, the other materialistic; a struggle which, while going on for a long time in the world of thought, was compelled by an inner necessity to reach its climax at last in outward physical conflict. This terrible conflict is now here. It had to come. It is not an accident; it is a result. It is not a premise; it is a conclusion; and in a deeper sense than Victor Hugo affirmed of Waterloo, it is a change of front of the universe. Its effect upon the future will be as distinct as any of the great pivotal events upon which the gates of human history have ever swung. But it had to be. The nations had reached a deadlock. Those who had fenced the earth would yield neither rod nor foot to those demanding expansion. Internally, problems such as the world never knew—social, industrial, political—had found no solution. In the world of thought and religion, scientific efficiency and the marvelous applications of physical forces to the demands of life had begotten, since the early nineties, a sense of self-sufficiency and satisfied reliance upon the material and visible apart from the spiritual and the unseen. Thus there was created for men everywhere a false environment, and, worse than all, an illusive confirmation of a fake philosophy. Labor conflicts, social unrest,

racial antipathies, increase of armaments, hunger for territorial expansion, international jealousies, and the ever-increasing dread of the unknown tomorrow—resulting in the restless night and the joyless day—could not continue forever. Something had to give way. The surcharged cloud cannot forever restrain the pent-up lightning. There is some divine idea in "The fullness of time."

It makes little difference, now that the building is shattered, who struck the match in the powder-house. The powder was there. Given the causes at work in European history during the past forty years, this war was inevitable. One might as well attempt to change the laws of the universe as to change that granitic fact, notwithstanding theological treatises on the "Freedom of the Will," or the correspondence in "White Books" and "Blue Books" of the chancelleries of Europe. There are forces stronger than kings; nor can their momentum be suddenly checked by diplomatic agreements or pledges of neutrality. Spiritual laws are stronger than physical laws. "Whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap" is as true of nations and churches and all organized institutions as it is of the individual human. Many causes are at work in this conflict, but the efficient causes are fundamentally spiritual. All great ideas are seminal. Christ thought so. Paul thought so. Fichte, Bismarck, Karl Marx thought so. To whom do we owe Kant's Critique of Pure Reason but to David Hume? And whom but Fichte do we see in Sartor Resartus? Ideas are dynamic. New wine bursts old bottles. Nor are any ideas more potent than those that make direct appeal to self-interest. This in deepest sense is the key to heaven and earth. "For what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose *himself?*" Once, therefore, an idea of defense or of supremacy is lodged in the brain of a nation it dislodges or subordinates all other ideas. It becomes an obsession. It becomes at once motive and inspiration of all energies, the driving power of the state, domestic and foreign, and to the realization of it all physical resources, all cultural influences, social, political, religious, are compelled to contribute. The inevitable logic, the irresistible outcome, of such education long continued cannot be arrested at a given moment by diplomatic correspondence, any more than King Canute could arrest

at his feet the swell of the tide on the far-off sea. The billow breaking on the sand was begun a long yesterday on the other side of the globe.

It has become quite the fashion, for example, to fix the blame for this world catastrophe upon the German emperor and the German people. Polychrome papers, "White Books," and "Yellow Books" of English and French foreign offices and others prove it, to say nothing of the fatal omission or suppression of certain correspondence between Berlin and Vienna. On the face of the records this verdict may be just, if looked at from one viewpoint only. But if one may be permitted with that hesitancy and humility which so great a subject demands to express an opinion, such proofs, however convincing, and such verdicts, however just, on paper, are in reality superficial. They are too obvious. The reasons for things do not lie so readily around us. Immediate clearly visible causes are usually of little importance in vast historical movements or in any great world dramas. The whole ocean is not on the beach. Let us be just to the Germans. Neither is the German emperor the creative cause nor are the German people the originating principal characters in this world tragedy. They are not wholly and collectively to blame in the sense that they suddenly determined by an insane impulse to plunge the world in misery. No one who knows Germany or the *Gemüthlichkeit* of the German people will believe that the land of Goethe and Schiller, of Kant and Fichte, and Schleiermacher, Neander, Dorner, and Tholuck is essentially, characteristically, and from of old the barbaric nation its enemies represent it to be. But as individuals change, nations change; and there may be, as in the case of the prodigal son, another and deeper self than the apparent self. It is not the real German people, the God-fearing, home-loving German people, we see at all in this dreadful war. What we do see, if we distinguish the real from the unreal, is the inevitable product of materialistic science, false university teaching, false culture, by no means peculiar to Germany—the sure result, in a word, of intellectual diseases, materialistic, anti-Christian ideas which found congenial soil in Germany since 1870, and which ideas are at work here also in the United States as in England

and in France. These materialistic ideas, ever penetrating more deeply into the inner life of the people as the nation grew in population, wealth, and consciousness of power, and gradually subordinating the spiritual to the material in which present satisfaction is found, reached their natural climax sooner in Germany than elsewhere because conditions there were riper. What else can be expected anywhere in the course of history when as a result of naturalistic teachings of the universe the kingdoms of this world, the empires of force—national power, wealth, luxury, self-sufficiency—are set forth as the goal of endeavor, and arousing national enthusiasm quicken the creative energies of humanity independent of and antagonistic to the laws and principles of the kingdom of God? "Men do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles." On the bloody fields of Europe materialism has borne its bitter fruit. Barry, in his life of Renan, in describing Renan's feelings when, in 1870, France went down in defeat, asks the pertinent question, "Did he and his Life of Jesus count for nothing in that irretrievable disaster, as a symptom, if not as a cause?"

It has been said that this war is a staggering blow to Christian faith, a decisive argument against the reality of God in human affairs. What is staggering is not the hollowness of Christianity, but the revelation of the insincerity of unbelief in such a charge against Christianity. It verges on the ridiculous that materialists, agnostics, and deniers of the supernatural, who declare miracles impossible, should now complain that in order to prevent this war miracles did not happen. They deny that God interfered in Israel's battles with the Philistines and Amalekites, but seem to think he should have interfered between Germany and the Allies. If this is not the absurd contention of those who deny the supernatural, but affirm that this war between Christian nations demonstrates the essential inability of Christianity to stand the test of modern life, the conclusion is almost equally humorous, since it shows that they did not expect, with all their boastful predictions of the final triumph of materialism, that materialism or agnosticism would have any definite effect upon human society.

On the contrary, if, as Schiller wrote, "the world's history is

the world's judgment," there is no clearer demonstration of the reality of God, of divine supervision over the affairs of men and nations, than this explosion of satanic forces which have been operating in the modern world. In their ripe results spread over the battlefield of Europe we now see, as no other lesson could ever make us see, the fruits of false ideals, false culture, false interpretation of nature, which have crowded God out of his universe and resisted the spiritual development of Christendom throughout our modern period. To change Carlyle a little, "What is the use of free thought, if with every stroke of your hammer you are breaking all the Ten Commandments?" No! The indictment is not against Christianity but against materialistic unbelief. "By their fruits shall ye know them." Nor can we in the United States, with our blind satisfaction in the sensuous side of life, expect exemption. Moral laws are self-executing. They are automatic. Consequently the inevitable results of divorcing the cultural life, the economic and social life of the nation from the teachings of Jesus Christ which, like the granite hills built into the structure of the universe, are grounded in the nature and will of God, must, by an inner necessity in the nature of these laws, come home to us also in some form in due time. Those were not the only sinners upon whom the tower of Siloam fell.

Let us not be misunderstood. It is not that there is antagonism between the physical world and the kingdom of God, the world of varied life and beauty shot through with the radiant glory of Him who is the immanent and transcendent Creator and upholder of all things; it is not that there is irreconcilable antagonism between the culture of the spirit in true holiness and the deep satisfaction of the soul in the things which make for the enrichment of life, the world's literature, its wealth of thought, treasures of art, discoveries of science, and refinements of culture. He misinterprets God who fails to see the helping hand and inspiration of the Almighty in the marvels of the modern age, its enormous increase in material riches, its comforts of life, the growth of cities, and the far expanse of civilization; he misunderstands God who looks upon all these products and enlargements of the human spirit as altogether outside of and inimical to the kingdom of God.

They are not inimical. They are assimilative material prepared for the Kingdom. But he is as blind as a bat in the sunlight who does not see the growth of malevolent influences at work in this same modern world—influences which are undermining those primal beliefs upon which the very foundations of civilization rest. These destructive agencies—the denial of the supernatural, egotistical self-sufficiency, which is a corroding product of atheistic reliance upon the ability of the human intellect to create for itself out of physical forces satisfaction for all needs of the spirit, the glorification of militarism as a means for attaining colossal power, the gluttonous hunger for wealth, the pitiable struggle for social distinction at any cost, and other evils, side-products of the greater, which create distrust of ethical values and contempt for the restraints of religion, or for religion at all as a necessity in human life—these evil forces, all of which spring from the human spirit when self-abandoned to the purely physical, could not fail, unless the moral laws of the universe failed, to produce just such results as we now look upon with horror in the social and material ruin of the nations. Is not, then, the God of Righteousness very much in evidence, and are not his moral laws vindicated when in blood and in fire he shows to a startled world the natural fruitage of false ideas, false culture, and unbelief?

It is not difficult to trace developments of such ideas to their logical results. Any theory of government, for example, which conceives the state to be the embodiment of absolute power cannot be other than a false theory, and in the long run cannot be other than a menace to the peace of the world and the liberties of mankind. In such a state it is obvious that the individual exists only for the state; he cannot be really free, but must be subordinate to the interests of the state, which seeks absolute power. Biological laws, to which such a state after a false analogy is fashioned to conform, demand that each cell in the organism shall exist not for itself but for the growth and power of the organism in which it finds itself. Such a materialistic conception is antagonistic to the magna chartas and declarations of independence in every man's heart, as it is to the Christian valuation of the individual. The emphasis of Christ is upon the eternal value of the man. Man is

more than a cog in a scientifically efficient state machine. He is more than a spiritless cell in a cabbage stalk or a chrysanthemum. In such a state, again, political freedom is impossible, since relentless biological law can brook no interference with prearranged plans. The press cannot be free, since it might incite discontent. Literature cannot be free, since such a government cannot tolerate the creation of ideals subversive of absolute power. Education cannot be free, since university teaching, while indifferently free in those studies which do not overlap political or historical sciences, cannot be free to inculcate ideas antagonistic to ideas of national superiority and dreams of world-empire, which for the realization of its purposes it is essential that the state shall drill into the soul of the nation. The natural consequence, therefore, of such a theory is that a nation shut in from the influx of ideas from outside, and shut up to the indoctrination of state teaching in philosophy, history, science, politics, religion, and imperial ambition, becomes obsessed with ideas of its innate excellence and foreordained superiority over other nations. Evidently with the growth of its power such a nation must necessarily collide with the political and industrial interests of other states. But these states will not willingly surrender their autonomy or their culture to the aggressive colossus of scientific efficiency. What, then, will be the result? The necessary effect will be a deeper submergence in the physical by recourse to the physical, a widening of the gulf between the nation and the kingdom of God. The doctrine of the struggle for the survival of the fittest, or a perversion of that doctrine fit only for brutes, will be taken over from the brute life and made a working law of human life. Thus militarism becomes an ideal of the nation. With invincible armaments such a state, logically, will tolerate no rivals. A law to itself, it will respect no other law. It will attack that it may not be attacked, it will prevent, if possible, political alliances against itself by creating mutual distrust among weaker nations, and thus seek by the force of its arms, by the imposition of its language and culture, its laws and its commerce, the empire of the world. Now that such a conception of the state is Christian is impossible. It is not Christian but pagan; materialistic, not spiritual; a substitution in

the life of humanity of the brute law of the jungle, the struggle for the survival of the fittest, for the spiritual laws of the kingdom of God. It is anti-Christ. Certainly there is no danger that such an idea of the state ever can take root in America, and this theory has no application here. But what has application is the universal acceptance of the rationality of the law of the struggle for the survival of the fittest, of which militarism is the product, as a morally justifiable law in human life. It is this application to human life of a supposed law in nature—a law that depends more upon imagination than upon scientifically demonstrated fact—that is made to justify every conflict between rich and poor, every political, social, or industrial conflict without regard to justice or the Christ law of altruism, simply because might is right. There is not a crime against God or man that may not be justified on the ground of the struggle for the survival of the fittest. As Dean Inge, in his Christmas sermon at Saint Paul's, London, on saying that America failed to achieve a type of Christianity that Christ would approve, declared, "Competitive industrialism has not fulfilled this promise. The plea that business is business may cover almost as much cruelty and injustice as may the maxim that 'All is fair in war.'" Such a theory, however, is not without its defenders. Was there ever anything without reason for which some one could not invent a reason? The law of Christ, it is said, does not apply to the state. The state must have a morality of its own; that is, we suppose, a morality that is opposed to the morality of Christ. But this is the same old anti-Christian philosophy that has brought upon us the frightful consequences we now experience. The crimsoned fields of Europe cry out against that pragmatism which makes man the creator and standard of his own morality. "Christian morality," says Von Bernhardi, a representative of this philosophy, "is personal and social, and in its nature cannot be political." "The acts of the state cannot be judged by the standards of individual morality. If the state wishes to conform to this standard it would often find itself at variance with its own duties." Such is the teaching of materialistic statesmanship, of Christless politics justifying theft, war, rapine, and desolation under the guise of "duties," self-defined, self-imposed, or invented,

and all in obedience to the law of struggle for the survival of the fit.

But, great as the shock to religious faith may be, it is no less bewildering to see intellectual leaders of the highest culture glorifying militarism as the promoter and bulwark of civilization. It is this, and not the war, that shakes foundations. It is this that raises the question whether such apostles of the highest culture are after all reliable guides in history, religion, criticisms and interpretations of life. "If the blind lead the blind both shall fall into the ditch." To assume as a palliating excuse that such scholars as Harnack, Hermann, Rudolf Eucken, for example, being university professors, and therefore state officials, are the victims of officialism, or that because they are themselves the products of state universities and state churches, whose function it is to rubber-stamp the name of God to state policies, they are therefore committed by training and professional duty to every act of the state, is an intolerable supposition. These illustrious scholars are too independent and too intellectually honest for that. Such an idea is unjust to these distinguished men, and is itself explanatory of nothing. It does not go to the root of the matter. The shock to the Christian conscience is not that these great leaders defend their country, which is their duty and their glory, not that they affirm the right of a nation to make war at an opportune time for itself, which may be a matter of transient opinion, but that they glorify militarism as a necessary human institution. But war is not a necessity. Every nation going to war seeks, instinctively, to justify its act morally by showing the causes which impel it, a justification it would not attempt were war a necessity. War as a necessity is not grounded in the essential nature of humanity, since the will that produces it may refuse to act. War is an evil, but no evil is a necessity, since it may be removed. Evil is friction in the moral mechanism of the universe, and certainly friction as a retarding or destructive agency is not necessary to the moral well-being and happiness of the universe. War is the failure of reason. Hence to glorify an institution which the enlightened conscience of Christendom condemns, to sanctify the jungle law of struggle for survival which true culture seeks to outgrow, "letting the ape and

tiger die," to fasten upon humanity in the name of science, patriotism, and religion an economic burden against which toiling millions in every land lift their age-long but unavailing protest—this is the blow that staggers, this is the blow that confuses Christian thinking, the blow that shakes confidence in the scientific work of these representatives of modern thought. For if, after all, and at bottom, this materialistic conception of the state and of the condition of human progress is the true and only law of life and national development, of what value are the laws and teaching of Jesus Christ as applied to men and nations? What is seen here then in this aberration of leaders in modern scholarship, as was seen with reference to the nation, is not an outburst of patriotism, but a surrender to biology; not an indignant protest against unjust accusation, but the subtle influence of false philosophy even upon men who above all men would resolutely deny materialism in any form or modification, for no one would accuse Eucken the Idealist, or Harnack of the school of Schleiermacher, with a leaning toward that abomination of sane thinking. Nevertheless the anti-supernaturalistic philosophies of the early nineties, the teachings of Haeckel, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, and other great minds of that day, penetrated and profoundly influenced all university teaching, and that effect of the revolution in the scientific study of history, civil institutions, laws, and religion has been to bring the whole world of life, thought, and action under the exclusive sway of natural law. Discourse, then, as thoughtfully as we may, even as profoundly as Eucken does, on the religion of the spirit, a religion without historical basis in concrete fact, the millions of men to whom religion would appeal can never reconcile a naturalistic philosophy with a supernatural Christianity. One or the other must give way. Religion gives way because religion must be first. It never can be second. Hence when men of light and leading try to live or think in two camps it is no miracle that, as Eucken himself says, "In our great cities —in Germany, at least—every attack or even aspersion on Christianity meets with rapturous applause." A writer in a recent Hibbert Journal, referring to the *Austrittsbewegung* in Germany, that is, the secession movement from the state church, states,

"The nominally Protestant population of Berlin is 2,006,000. Last February, on a Sunday when numerous confirmations were to take place, there was a total attendance at the various Protestant churches of 35,000. . . . Since January 1, 1908, in Berlin alone 31,967 Protestants, 5,029 Roman Catholics, and 196 Jews have notified their *Austritt.*"

What, now, are the lessons taught us on this side the Atlantic by this awful agony of the nations in which more than half the human race is engaged? What shall we learn from the tired-out application of naturalistic thinking and the antisupernaturalistic theology of the modern critical schools? It would be cheap criticism to depreciate wholesale the moral character of the American people. We are no worse and no better than other nations. If the gravity of the mystical Puritan has given way to the frivolous gayety of the average modern, with his richer life and larger environment, there is still left a biblical soul in the body of the state. If there is among many a growing valuation of this world as an end in itself, there is still left in the heart of the millions a genuine aspiration for religious certainty and spiritual repose, though, like Homer's blind Cyclops, groping in the darkness of his cave, they are forever missing the door. And yet, contradictory as it may seem, but in perfect keeping with the dual character of the American people, idealistic in thought, materialistic in practice, the virus of agnosticism is widely distributed. The wings of death spread far. Serene indifference to the church as a necessary institution, and an irritable attitude of mind toward the dogmas of the church are common charactertistics of large masses, and especially of that influential class which manufactures public opinion in book and paper and magazine. Few, perhaps, realize how much of human life is outside the church—how much of modern civilization, economics, social institutions, city life, high and low and neither, literature, art, education, is seemingly as independent of the church and as absolutely indifferent to its influence as if such an institution no longer existed. Religion becomes a power in ordinary life, says Troeltsch, only by taking up civilization into itself and giving it a special direction. Whether we recognize it or not, unbelief is no longer on the defensive. Doubt

was never deeper, nor ever invaded more zones of life. It no longer challenges the claims of the church, or its right to direct the trend of world movements. It has passed all that. From its naturalistic view of the universe it boldly attacks supernaturalism itself with all that it involves from the Christian standpoint, miracles, revelation, atonement, the divine nature of Jesus Christ, as having no reality whatever, and no place whatever, in a world governed solely by physical law. Even Eucken is bold enough to declare, "The doctrine which teaches that God, at one particular point of history, assumes a human form—that a person is at once very God and very man—implies conceptions of God and of man which are and must be repellent not only to the scientific spirit of the modern man, but also to his religious conviction."

Two factors within the church itself have contributed to this situation: the breakdown of discipline and the attempt to adapt Christianity to humanistic culture by stripping Christianity of everything distinctively Christian. Of discipline we need only repeat the Latin proverb, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. It was, and is not—nor will it be again unless a spiritual upheaval deeper than superficial spasms of piety shall not only create a distinct line of cleavage between the church and the world, but shall also so quicken the social conscience outside the church that the world itself shall approve the effort toward sincerity and insist upon an undivided life. Modern research in historical science and biblical criticism has been indisputably productive of rich results. And yet among the people little discrimination is made between the criticism that is based on the underlying conviction that the Bible is the inspired Word of God, and that destructive criticism which denies the supernatural character of its content. Hence, here, as in Europe, the popular effect of biblical criticism on the whole has been to create doubt. The two streams, though totally different and from different sources, coalesce in one definite result—a sense of insecurity in the foundations of belief. What may be a purely speculative matter to the thinker out of touch with the masses and careless of them, or a question of purely historical or scientific interest to the critical scholar, has a profound effect upon the man in the pulpit, and changes the whole panorama of

the universe to the man in the street. And yet, after all, the danger of popular faith is not the critic, nor the sensible preacher dealing with eternal truth, but the empty-headed theological "short-stop" whose profound originality of thought consists in seriously doubting in public which suffered the greater inconvenience, Jonah or the whale, and in handing down to his bewildered sheep his silly platitudes on modern thought, picked up here and there, as if they had the specific gravity of pigiron. Eloquent ignorance is the curse of piety.

Following this war it is quite probable, indeed, according to the obscure law of action and reaction as evidenced in similar historical events, we may confidently expect, if there is such a law, a revival of evangelical religion in Europe, a revision of theological systems which in university teaching have made it impossible for experimental religion to become the standard interpretation of religion. Such works as Sabatier's The Religion of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit; and Eucken's Can We Still Be Christians? could never have been written if the religion of the Spirit had been the religion of the state churches. France, in extreme revolt from religion as taught by Rome, erased the name of God and of Jesus Christ from its schoolbooks, but it has experimented with materialism long enough to learn that national vigor does not lie along that road. England will see, as it already sees, the deadly effect of moral inertia, of a blasé attitude toward a thoroughly evangelical presentation of religion distinct from insistence upon unhistorical claims against Nonconformist Churches. Germany will have repudiated, as indeed the best thought of Germany does repudiate, the blasphemy of Nietzscheism, Haeckelism, and extreme rationalism, which have so long dominated the thinking of an influential section of the people. Deathbeds make no infidels. And nations that have walked on the burning marl of hell, where no angels ever plume their snowy wings, nations that have strewn God's fields with the bloody corpses of their bravest and best, will be in no mood to trifle again with eternal laws, to burn incense to gods of greed and force or to become the victims of atheistic delusions. They will turn to the living God in repentance and hope.

This spiritual renaissance it is quite likely will be felt in America. It may not be felt here as in Europe. It makes some difference whose funeral one attends. We have not suffered as have other peoples. The plowshares of God's judgments have not riven us and turned us under as they have other nations. It is therefore, perhaps, psychologically impossible for us to feel that terrible need of God, that desperate agony of repentance experienced by those who having repudiated God feel themselves to their horror forsaken of God. There is no worse hell than human nature left to itself. But God in Europe does not necessarily mean God in the United States. If there is anything at all in the thought that the deep underlying causes of this war have their roots in the materialistic teachings of the early nineties—though it seems so easy to show that such teachings have nothing whatever to do with it, that the causes are purely political and economic—it may be that these same teachings, so deeply imbedded in the thought and practice and belief of America, must here also produce their full consequences before we can ever emerge into the clear and larger day of faith which spiritualizes the thought and life of a nation. That day will not come, the results of unfaith will not be avoided, without radical change in our world view. But that change itself will not come unless the churches, unless Christian scholars and thinkers repudiate the thinly disguised rationalism which has been eating out the heart of joyous confident faith in the supernatural. When, for example, Christian teachers will write books on Jesus Christ and on Christian belief which are as silent on the Godhood of Jesus Christ as any rationalist historian of the New Testament might be, doubtful as to his miracles, confusing as to his resurrection, imitative of rationalism in accounting for the Christian Church—books which so far from positive teaching of the supernatural character of Christianity and its founders could just as well be printed on a Mohammedan press in Cairo—it is very evident that a radical change must first be experienced in the church itself. The first duty of the churches is a demand for change of emphasis on things of eternal import. We cannot commit mental suicide by flinging away the ripe results of scholarship in a fanatical rebound from one extreme

to the other. The illuminating labors of critical scholarship in the fields of history, science, biblical criticism, are God's gifts to his church and are the church's possession for ever. But we can insist on positive teaching if there is anything to be positive about. We can insist on a Christian view of the world without compromise with naturalism. We can change the emphasis from negation to affirmation and restore the Bible again to its supreme, unrivaled position, not as one of the sacred books of ethnic religions, but as the one and only revelation of God to man of universal and eternal validity. But not only must there be a reaffirmation as an indisputable fact of the divinity of the Scriptures as the inspired record of God in human history, there must also be a reaffirmation of the divinity of the church if it would be of any force in human society as the specific organ of the constructive spirit of God for the transformation of society. For if there is any one clearly distinct lesson from this dreadful carnage, a voice sounding louder than guns, it is, in the light of diplomatic failure, that the Church of God, filled with the spirit of God, is the only social saviour of humanity.

Of the necessary change in education, of the need of spiritualizing democracy, of an aggressive insistence on the part of Christian men that the law of the brute shall not dispute with the law of the Christ in the world of labor, there is not space to write. There is left space only for this: that neither political rights nor social justice, neither world peace nor racial content, can ever be brought about by diplomatic notes, parliamentary conventions, or humanistic culture founded upon force. The perfection of humanity is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

R. J. Cooke

THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE

The strong and steady consolidation of Christendom proceeded apace during the latter half of the twelfth century and the whole of the thirteenth. It was an era of buoyancy, enthusiasm, and promise, rich in the number and character of leaders distinguished for their achievements in religion, philosophy, statesmanship, and art. Pulsating with conscious vigor, animated by high hopes, and rejoicing in the uplifted horizons of experience and reflection, rulers and nations alike received with gladness the mission of a catholic Christianity. But with dramatic suddenness the golden epoch passed into eclipse. A strange apathy fell upon its short-lived energies. The faithful children of the church were pained by the wide and sobering contrast between the papacy of Hildebrand and that of Clement V. The transfer of the Holy See from Rome to Avignon shocked the sensible religious unity of the European nations, and shattered the absolutism which had culminated at Canossa. Seldom have the limitations of man's power over his environment been more strikingly manifested. Moral fatigue paralyzed individual and collective efforts for betterment. Europe in general was daunted by the melancholy retreat of spent courage and optimism. Political and ecclesiastical princes refused to follow the path over which shone "the high white star of truth." What had seemed to be the dawn of a new day proved as evanescent as the gleaming lights which flit across the northern skies. In this enervating atmosphere of negation, betrayal, and disappointment both church and state were lethargic toward reform and bitter against reformers. Every movement for social and religious advancement was fiercely trampled down in blood. Only a few select spirits, such as Roger Bacon, Marsiglio, Grosseteste, and, later, Wycliffe, seemed proof against the deadly blight which the world's harsh treatment so frequently inflicts upon the personal sources of a wider vision and a purer faith. The consequences of misdirection, vice, and folly were long felt: the England of George I was no larger in point of population than that of Edward II; still more significant, the subjects of Henry

VII were neither as enlightened nor as humane as those of Edward I.* An unconsciously pathetic comment on these deplorably true statistics is found in Piers Plowman, where Langland conceives that all the people of the realm could be foregathered into a single meadow to hear his rebukes and exhortations. The nobles, who had seldom veiled their crest abroad, were discontented and militant at home, and finally extinguished their order in the vulpine ferocity of the Wars of the Roses. The blows of religious persecution fell upon a people already staggering beneath the burdens of protracted and indecisive conflicts and of a luxurious and licentious court. The fall of the Holy Roman Empire destroyed the political stability of continental Europe and released the nationalism, which in its turn evoked what is now known as patriotism; a sentiment which has a varying content. Despite the protests of pontiffs who realized too late that in pulling down the House of Hohenstaufen the Vatican had ruined its own supremacy, the building up of separate nations, independent and self-controlled, began to be the goal of history. So quickly did France participate in this new objective that wherever possible she used the Popes of the "Babylonian Captivity" as the agents of her statecraft. The once proud tribunal of universal arbitration, to which kings had submitted their disputes, sank to the level of a despised and abject center for the shifts of treacherous diplomacy. Hitherto the segregated provinces of the Mediterranean and of the Rhine had found a nexus in the complementary authority of the papacy and the empire. But when these fell foul of each other their tributary states took occasion promptly to renounce allegiance, and turbulence and rebellion ensued.

Yet the disdainful passage of those irresistible tides which then swept over civilization did not submerge the elements of genuine progress. The unbridled arrogance of the pontificate and of the invigorated monarchies felt the impact of a nascent democracy. Clericalism, itself so rapacious, nevertheless challenged the pride and privilege of the aristocratic castes and checked the meanness of the proletariat. Municipalities arose, fortified by the growth of trade, and became the nurseries of constitutionalism. The laity began to trespass on the prerogative of the clergy as the

custodians of learning. Education was no longer confined to monastic establishments. Guilds of artisans and organized groups of laborers arose and defied the laws which harassed them. Unified by mutual interests and by outward opposition, they flourished in the chief cities and rural regions. In 1381, under Wat Tyler and John Ball, noblest of agitators, they seriously threatened the existing jurisdiction of England. This volcanic eruption of the Anglo-Saxon's outraged self-respect was not the less impressive because unaccompanied by the nameless horrors of similar risings in France and Spain. The "peasants' revolt" taught feudalism a salutary lesson and warned it to be more circumspect about its dwindling claims. Chivalry, now nothing more than the tattered garb of knighthood, was discomfited by the mobilization of the formidable Plantagenet infantry which conquered the flower of French nobility at Crecy and Poitiers. Society began to resent the crippling of its concerted aims by artificial restrictions. Slaves became freemen, freemen became burghers, and burghers became capitalists, scholars, and reformers. Justice between man and man ceased to be simply an exact conformity with existing obligatory laws. Legal relations were scrutinized in the light of advancing intelligence. That immense uncodified borderland beyond statutory enactments, which is now known as social righteousness, was but dimly discerned then, but it had been sufficiently defined by daring pioneers to render possible the periodical introduction of additional legislation which incorporated some of its claims and validated certain personal and property rights. Above all else, the baleful dogma which assumed perpetual servitude as the natural lot for the vast majority was made politically inexpedient. Serfdom slowly withered before this amelioration, and the increasing sense of intellectual freedom and responsibility generated the remoter causes of humanism and of the Anglican and Lutheran Reformations.

Throughout the retrogressions and upheavals thus hastily sketched faith in liberty as an essential part of the good of all things, and dread of liberty as a dangerous innovation, were then, as they are now, the polar instincts meeting everywhere in ceaseless antagonism. The alliance of church and state, the maintenance

of loyalty to both, and the subjection of the soul to the mandate and doctrine of the church universal, were held to be the bases of human welfare, here and hereafter. It should be remembered, however, that by the steady pressure of this authority, unwarranted as it may have been, the ruling powers were modifying the very brain tissues of nations by inoculating them with the sense of obedience on which all law and order depend. The time came when even the Roman Curia could no longer withstand the importunities of ardent spirits bent on change, and the convening of the Council of Constance was the first acknowledgment upon the part of the church of the crying necessity for her rehabilitation.

There had been fifteen ecumenical councils before that of Constance, including two at Nicæa, three at Constantinople, one at Ephesus, one at Chalcedon, the four Lateran councils, two at Lyons, and one at Vienne. The distinctively papal synods came into prominence with the success of the Cluniac reforms, and were emphasized when Calixtus II summoned the Lateran council of 1123 as a *generale concilium*. The absolutist principles cherished by the Holy See during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries did not pass unchallenged. William of Ockham and others of a like mind protested against them and their usurpations, but the protests remained barren until the great schism of 1378. As neither the Pope in Rome nor his rival in Avignon would give way, recourse was had to the idea that the supreme power of the church was vested, not in the Pope, but in the ecumenical council. This "consiliar theory," first propounded by Conrad of Gelnhausen, and supported by the famous Parisian doctors Pierre d'Ailly and Gerson, was derived from the axiom of scholastic nominalism that the whole is greater than the part. An evidence of the extremities to which the church was now reduced was afforded by the irregular gathering of the cardinals in 1409 at Pisa. The sacred colleges then existing united in an effort to reconcile the contending claims of the rival successors of Saint Peter, who mutually excommunicated and condemned each other. Revolutionary as the proceeding was, it failed; and five years later the Council of Constance took up the issues in dispute.

Constance is an ancient municipality in the Grand Duchy of

Baden, on the left bank of the Rhine. Its history has been noted for several outstanding events. Here in 1183 Frederick Barbarossa signed the Peace of Constance; and about two and a half centuries later the Emperor Sigismund invested Frederick of Hohenzollern with the mark of Brandenburg, thus founding the Prussian dynasty. On the western outskirts of the town a stone marks the spot where John Hus and Jerome of Prague suffered martyrdom.

The Council was summoned by Pope John XXIII at the instance of the Emperor Sigismund. Its main objects were, as we have indicated, to end the quarrel which had scandalized the faithful, and, further, to dethrone the three Popes then clamoring for recognition; to restore the unity of the church; to correct her doctrine and practice; and purge her of heresy and simony. Its real origin, however, was not due to Sigismund, nor to the alarmed cardinals, still less to the pontiff John; but rather to the widespread and serious desire for the abolition of the ecclesiastical abuses and crimes which the Avignon Court had forced into such luxuriant growth. The impassioned utterances against these on the part of churchmen themselves are exemplified in an uncouth yet vigorous Latin poem by Dietrich Vrie, a German monk, who puts the following language into the mouth of the disconsolate church: "The Pope, once the wonder of the world, has fallen, and with him fell the heavenly temples, my members. Now is the reign of Simon Magnus, and the riches of this world prevent just judgment. The papal court nourishes every kind of scandal, and turns God's houses into a market. The sacraments are basely sold; the rich is honored, the poor is despised, he who gives most is best received. Golden was the first age of the papal court; then came the baser age of silver; next the iron age so long set its yoke on the stubborn neck. Then came the age of clay. Could aught be worse? Aye, dung; and in dung sits the papal court. All things are degenerate; the Pope himself, head of all wickedness, plots every kind of disgraceful scheme, and while absolving others hurries himself to death."[1] Whatever may be thought of Vrie's rhetoric,

[1] Quoted by Creighton. A History of the Papacy, Vol. I, pp. 299, 300.

the substantial truth of his fulmination can be corroborated from more restrained accounts. Nicolas de Clemanges, doctor of the University of Paris and secretary to Benedict XIII, asserted that the chief care of the clergy was "of their pockets, not of their flocks. . . . They strive, scold, litigate, and would endure with greater calmness the loss of ten thousand souls than of ten thousand shillings. . . . The study of holy writ and its professors are openly turned to ridicule, especially by the Popes, who set up their traditions far above the divine commands. The sacred and noble duty of preaching is held so cheap among them that they count nothing less befitting their dignity."[1] Denunciations of a similar nature are plentiful in other contemporary authors; they were hurled at the Holy See, not by heady enthusiasts, but by men of high standing and unimpeachable learning and orthodoxy.

The Council, which met in the cathedral church, was formally opened on the fifth of November, 1414, and continued to hold sessions until the twenty-second of April, 1418. The sequestered place now became a whirlpool of European politics concealed by splendid pomp and circumstance. The outlook was depressing beyond description. Italy was riven asunder; the Greek Empire menaced by the Ottoman; Bohemia torn by civil and religious discords; the Holy Roman Empire feeble and divided; France vexed with feuds and the freaks of its insane king, Charles VI; and England disturbed by the Lollard sectarians and the prospects of another of her interminable wars with France.

Yet these evils and calamities, actual or impending, were almost forgotten as day by day nobles and prelates, doctors and theologians, monastic and spiritual lords, poured into the town from every country of Christendom. The rabble which always swelled a medieval concourse of first importance was also present in force. For the time being Constance was the haunt of gallantry and intrigue as well as the historic center of a great and far-reaching conference of ecclesiastics and statesmen. Twenty-nine cardinals, three patriarchs, thirty-three archbishops, one hundred and fifty bishops, a hundred abbots, fifty provosts, three hundred doc-

[1] Von der Hardt, De Ruina Ecclesia, p. 26.

tors of theology, one thousand eight hundred priests, one hundred dukes and earls, one hundred and sixteen representatives of cities, and two thousand four hundred knights were in attendance. The Pope's suite alone consisted of six hundred horsemen, and even Hus, a simple cleric, had eight servants. Throngs of flute players, mummers, troubadours, tumblers, mountebanks and fallen women catered to the pleasures and lusts of the multitudes. Yet Creighton assures us that the utmost decorum marked the proceedings of the Council and that two thousand officers were appointed to preserve order.

John XXIII, who had been a very unwilling participant in the calling of the Council, entertained hopes that it would set aside his two rivals, Gregory XII and Benedict XIII, and proclaim him the legitimate Pope. But the needs of the situation were too urgent for favoring his pretensions. The only course left to the delegates was to consider the question of union *de novo,* entirely disregarding all previous deliberations and treating the claims of the three competitors with the strictest impartiality.[1] After considerable parleying John was compelled to abdicate, Gregory renounced his rights, and Benedict, abandoned by the majority of his adherents, took refuge in the Castle of Peniscola, overlooking the Mediterranean, and there remained intractable. Proceedings were instituted against him, and finally, on the 26th of July, 1417, he was deposed. It is not possible to mention here all the chicaneries, plots, and counter plots that were rife for three and a half years among the members of this tumultuous assembly, probably the largest congress the world has ever seen. The policy of reform was anything but successful; thoroughgoing measures which affected doctrine were as a rule defeated, and the chief results of the extended conferences lay in the direction of guarding the election and authority of future popes. It is patent that unanimity on vexed and difficult questions was well-nigh impossible. Nor did the future executive of the church carry out with any heartiness or to good effect such proposals for change as were adopted by the Council.

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[1]Encyclopædia Britannica, Volume VI, p. 985. XI Edition.

Its personnel was far from impressive. John was characterized by its indictment of him as infamous, abominable, degenerate, unworthy, useless, and harmful. He fell unbefriended and unpitied, a reckless and unscrupulous soldier of fortune who should never have been a priest. Benedict was an obstinate bigot set on his personal ends. Gregory was the only one of the three pseudo-popes who appeared to any advantage. He relinquished his position with as much independence as dignity. Sigismund soon wearied of his role as peace-maker, and on more than one occasion plunged into threats of violence, varied by alignments with England in hostility to France.

On November 11, 1417, Cardinal Otto Colonna was formally elected as pope. This was brought about by the association of six delegates from each nation sitting with the Sacred College. Colonna took the title of Martin V, and with his elevation the great schism came to an end.

By far the noblest figure emerging from this welter of conflicting parties and aims was that of John Hus, the Bohemian patriot and martyr. He was born at Hussinecz, a market town at the foot of the Böhmerwald, not far from the Bavarian frontier. The exact date of his birth, together with many other particulars of his early life, is not known. He entered the University of Prague at about the usual age, where he became master of arts in 1396, and in 1398 was chosen as an examiner for the bachelor's degree. In October, 1401, he was made dean of the philosophical faculty, and for six months, from October, 1402, to April, 1403, he was rector of the university. His further appointment as curate of the Bethlehem Chapel, which had been erected and endowed by the citizens of Prague for the purpose of preaching in the Bohemian tongue, had a great influence on his religious convictions. He became an earnest student of the Holy Scriptures and was brought into contact with the writings of Wycliffe, the "Doctor Evangelicus" of English scholasticism. Hus did not at first experience any conscious alienation from the established doctrines of the church. It was only by degrees that his growing acquaintance and sympathy with the drastic attitude of Wycliffe unfavorably affected his relations with the clergy. In 1408, how-

ever, these relations became strained, and a complaint was lodged against him. His popularity among the Bohemian people, by whom he was regarded with esteem and confidence, enabled him to raise the opinions of Wycliffe, repudiated in England, to the dignity of a national religion in Bohemia. But this was a dangerous triumph for Hus. His enemies among the higher ecclesiastics had marked him as a perverse malignant, and charged that in his preaching he fomented the antipathy between the German and Bohemian races. His conduct was investigated, with what result is not certain, but it is impossible to disconnect the Bull, promulgated by Pope Alexander V, on December 20, 1409, from a specific intention to prohibit the teachings of Hus. The populace rose on behalf of their hero, who continued to proclaim with increased fervor and acceptance the truths he had so recently embraced. After further disturbances, during which he lost the support of his fellow professors in the university, Hus withdrew from Prague. During his exile his chief employments were open-air preaching and the composition of the treatise, "De Ecclesia," which was mainly a transcript from Wycliffe's work of the same name. This proved, in the sequel, to be his fatal step, and the tract was quoted against him when he was summoned to Constance to appear before the Council. An Englishman who was present at the trial, saw that thin ascetic figure, meanly clad, and heard his defense, declared, "I could almost have believed that the very Wycliffe himself was before me." The onlooker was nearer the truth than he suspected. Wycliffe's convictions were resuscitated before that august body, practically intact in matter, and expressed with an intellectual keenness and intensity which greatly alarmed the traditionalists. A safe-conduct had been granted Hus which promised that, whatever the decision of the Council might be, he should return unmolested to Bohemia. It did not guarantee him immunity from punishment, but if faith to him had not been broken he would have been sent back to Bohemia to be dealt with by his sovereign. Sigismund proved treacherous; after using the safe-conduct to entice Hus to Constance he basely surrendered him to his relentless foes, whose wrath had been aroused by his denial of transubstantiation, the

keystone dogma of sacerdotalism. They were resolved that he should not escape them. The ignominious flight of John left the Council incensed and alarmed, and furnished a pretext for hastening the proceedings against Hus. His judges were inaccessible to his arguments and explanations; they required that he should humbly avow his heretical errors in all the articles quoted against him, promise on oath neither to hold nor teach them in the future, and, further, that he should publicly recant them. Hus declined to make submission or foreswear himself, and Sigismund was among the first to announce that there was no remedy but the stake. During the next four weeks Hus remained unshaken in his determination, and steadfastly refused to violate his conscience. On the eve of his suffering he addressed a letter to friends at Prague in which he said: "I write this in prison and in chains, expecting to-morrow to receive sentence of death, full of hope in God that I shall not swerve from the truth, nor abjure errors imputed to me by false witnesses."

Nor did he. After the senseless ceremonialism of his degradation from the priestly office he was handed over to the secular arm, while the Council, with cruel unconcern, proceeded with its own business as if nothing had happened. Many instances beyond contradiction show how meekly and yet cheerfully Hus met his end. After he had been tied to the stake and the faggots were piled around him he testified, "God is my witness that I have never taught or preached aught but the truth. In that gospel which hitherto I have believed I now joyfully die." The fire was lit, and as the flames gathered about him he audibly prayed in the words of the "Kyrie Eleison" until the smoke stifled his voice. His ashes and the soil on which they lay were carefully gathered up and thrown into the Rhine. The Council which had unwittingly bestowed on him eternal honor also decreed that the dust of Wycliffe, his master, should be exhumed and cast into the little river which flows through Lutterworth toward the Avon. Years later Richard Fleming, a recreant Lollard who had been rewarded with a bishopric, executed the edict. Thus these two reformers through their enemies fulfilled the classic saying that such great men have the planet for their tomb. Jerome of Prague, the com-

panion of Hus, a student of Oxford and a convert to Wycliffianism, hastened to Constance that he might defend him. His efforts were frustrated, and being without a safe-conduct he attempted to escape, but was arrested in Bavaria and brought back to Constance. Like Cranmer, he recanted, then withdrew his recantation, and on May 30, 1416, endured death for his religious opinions.

It requires little stretch of imagination to see looming in the background of the martyrdom of Hus the majestic shade of that great schoolman, Wycliffe, the last product of his kind, for whose doctrine Hus died. Their memories, with that of Luther, are enshrined in three medallions at the University of Prague, which depict the evolution of Protestantism from the Anglican scholastic through the Bohemian martyr to the German Titan. The first shows Wycliffe striking gleaming sparks from a flint; the second, Hus, kindling the coals with the sparks; the third, Luther, bearing a blazing torch he has kindled at the live coals.

THOMAS A. MORRIS—LAST OF THE PIONEER BISHOPS

As one of the last in the long line of Methodist heroes, and as perhaps the very last of the pioneer Bishops, Bishop Morris must ever hold a high place among the leading men of the church. He belonged emphatically to that class of men who are content to be known by their fruits, whose lives are made up of deeds rather than words, and no one will deny that Bishop Morris was as faithful and abundant in performance as he was modest and quiet in profession. He was not, perhaps, what would be called a man of commanding personal appearance, though in his prime he was by no means destitute of the noble mien and dignified bearing which are popularly associated with high position. His portly physique, placid countenance, paternal manners, and perfect self-control as well adorned the presidential chair of a deliberative body as if he had been born to lead. His natural embonpoint increased in later life to decided corpulency, of which he was a little sensitive, but his complexion was so fair, clear, and beautiful, his face so kindly and gentle in its expression, and his personal habits so scrupulously neat, that he was upon the whole, and even to extreme old age, a man of attractive appearance. His health in early life seems to have been frail and uncertain. It was mainly on that account that he hesitated so long about entering the itinerant ranks; and it was apparently for years an unsettled question in his own mind whether he would be able to go on in the regular work after he had entered upon it. It seems surprising that he was physically equal to the severe hardships and dangerous exposures of his long and laborious life. To a modern itinerant the story herein related, of horseback journeyings through trackless forests, of nights spent in cold and cheerless swamps with no roof but the sky, of swimming swollen streams, of hunger and want, of incessant labor for the public good with very little appreciation or support from the public, seems almost incredible. And yet, when it is considered that Bishop Morris, while performing this excessive labor, was much of the time a sufferer from some

form of disease, and that his immense circuits of travel required very long separations from a delicate and invalid wife, and that for many years he almost literally paid his own way in the ministry out of a slender private income, it seems, indeed, almost utterly inexplicable that he was so sustained in health, and that he was able, through it all, to maintain so equable a spirit. It is, however, but one more chapter in that wonderful book of Providence, illustrating and confirming the words, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

In the matter of mental culture Bishop Morris belonged to a class of men whose exact status it is difficult to define. A scholar he certainly was not, in the popular sense of that word, and yet he was by no means an unlearned man. He was what might be called, in the best sense of the much-abused expression, a self-made man—as, indeed, were many of the moral giants of those days. We have seen that schools were few in number and poor in quality in the region of country where his school days were passed, and yet it was his good fortune to be a pupil for some time in the best school accessible, a grammar school near his father's house taught by a thoroughly educated Englishman. In this school young Morris acquired, no doubt, the elements of a good English education and probably some knowledge of the ancient languages, for years afterward he pursued the study of Greek with good success on horseback while passing around his circuits. He was always a student; and his sermons, essays, and editorials furnish abundant evidence of a wide range of reading, as well as of a mind of rare natural endowments. His style was epigrammatic, clear, and forcible. A very competent critic has said that in this respect no minister in our church has more nearly resembled Mr. Wesley than Bishop Morris. His printed sermons are characterized by the same simplicity of style, the same pith and directness, the same lucid arrangement, and the same earnest and practical enforcement of the truth.

It was one of Bishop Morris's most remarkable characteristics that he could, while displaying on all occasions immovable firmness of purpose in what he believed to be right, so demean himself as to give no offense. It will be recalled how he passed through

the stormy days of the so-called radical controversy, and the still fiercer antislavery agitation, as well as the great conflict in the church which culminated in the separation of the Church, South, with decided opinions, firmly held and fearlessly expressed, yet with the sincere respect and confidence of all parties. It was this rare characteristic which secured for him, in a very marked and unusual degree, the love of the whole church throughout his entire life. He was as free, perhaps, as any man could be from offensive self-assertion and mere dogmatism. The respectful deference he paid to the opinions of others and the modesty with which he dissented from his brethren could not fail to win the admiration even of an opponent. That men were sometimes aggrieved at the course he felt it his duty to pursue is certain, but it is equally certain that Bishop Morris was incapable of treating with disrespect his ministerial or other brethren. And this trait of his character deserves to be carefully noted. Men may possess learning, genius, eloquence, so as to speak with lips which seem touched almost with celestial fire, and yet they may be, at the same time, characterized by such faults of temper and manner as to excite the prejudices of their fellow men, and so destroy their influence and usefulness utterly. The apostle Paul took especial pains not to give needless offense, and so far as he could do so with a good conscience he became "all things to all men," not for the purpose of gaining popularity, but that he might win souls to Christ. It can hardly be questioned that, in this respect at least, Bishop Morris was in the line of "apostolical succession." In matters not affecting the great interests of religion he was exceedingly pliable and conciliatory, and easy to be entreated. It is doubtful whether any man ever had, or could have, more perfect mastery of his tongue. Who ever heard him, under the greatest provocation, say an ill-tempered or bitter word? Who ever saw him, amid the vexations or annoyances of the chairmanship of an Annual Conference, lose his temper or self-control? He never made a profession of Christian perfection, and yet if to live Christlike, if always to exhibit the lovely spirit of him who was meek and lowly, and whose words, actions, and whole deportment were kind, gentle, and attractive, is to have attained to that exalted

state of grace, then those who knew him best will concede to Bishop Morris what he did not claim for himself.

As a presiding officer Bishop Morris since his death has been referred to by a judicious critic, who knew him long and intimately, as "the beau-ideal of a Methodist Bishop." It is certainly safe to affirm that, from the beginning, the church has had no Bishop whose administration was more universally acceptable. Bishop Morris was a man of rare practical wisdom—it was usual throughout his life to speak of him as a man of remarkable common sense—and his judgment of men and measures was seldom at fault and rarely questioned. He has been referred to sometimes as a man who had few, if any, salient points, and whose character is therefore not easily defined. It is true, doubtless, that he had no gift or grace in marked prominence, because his common sense, or practical wisdom, prevented the cultivation of one grace or talent at the expense of others. His was a symmetrically developed character; he cultivated his mental and moral faculties proportionately, "growing into a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." And it was this ability to view all subjects periscopically—from every point of view—and in a practical common-sense way, to take in the true measure and capabilities of men "for the work," that made Bishop Morris so successful as a presiding officer in an Annual Conference. In estimating men in the ministry he never departed from the old and safe Methodistic criterion, "gifts, graces, and usefulness"; and no Bishop ever succeeded better in putting the right man in the right place. Methodist ministers always felt safe when they were in his hands, for they knew him to be incapable of using the power of his official position to gratify a personal preference or redress a private grievance. His quick and accurate judgment of men, his sterling honesty, which made it instinctive with him to do what he believed to be right, his deep and tender sympathy with his brethren in the pastorate, his uniform kindness of disposition, his perfect self-control, and his inflexible decision—these were among the qualities which conspired to make him peculiarly the man for the office he filled for so many years with so much honor to himself and so much usefulness to the church. It is

highly probable, furthermore, that his popularity as a presiding officer was enhanced not a little by that quiet humor which, in the words of another, "as a subtle aroma, pervaded and enlivened his private conversation and public discourse." As the president of a Conference he was not in the habit of flaunting his authority in the faces of his brethren. He affected no superiority, and was never apparently much concerned about his official dignity. He put on no prelatical airs, indeed, of any kind, for he never felt that his office lifted him above the fellowship and sympathy of his brethren. On this account he was easily approached by preachers and people, and in hearing statements, and sometimes counter-statements, his patience was inexhaustible.

One characteristic of Bishop Morris, and as much at least as any other it accounts for his success, was his unaffected humility. The extreme diffidence and shrinking modesty with which Bishop Morris entered upon the work of the ministry—his painful and embarrassing doubts about his call to the work, growing mainly out of his deep conviction of his own unfitness for it—the evident reluctance with which he entered upon the office and work of a Bishop, and his desire to resign it at the end of his first quadrennial term, and, in short, his unassuming manner in public and in private, and his whole course through life, attest sufficiently that he was remarkably endowed with that rarest of the Christian graces. As pastor, editor, and Bishop he held high positions among his ministerial brethren, but the positions always sought him; he was the farthest possible remove from an ecclesiastical office-seeker. And so meekly did he wear his honors that it may be doubted seriously whether he ever excited a feeling of envy in any breast. Bishop Morris was, in the best sense, a progressive man; not one who despised old things because they are old, but one who, carefully studying the signs of the times, could see, in the mighty movements that are going on in the world, evidences that the race is in the infancy of a glorious manhood yet to be developed, and that the world's best days are yet to come. While, in accordance with the universal tendency of old age, he lingered much in the past, and loved to recall the heroic times of Methodism, yet he indulged in no gloomy forebodings of the future,

but always expressed himself as confident that still better days were in store for the church and the world. In his "Reflections," written on his seventy-sixth birthday, after speaking in glowing terms of the progress of the church since he entered the ministry, he adds: "And yet I see nothing in the general aspects of affairs to warrant the supposition of less success in the future, but much to encourage the hope of increasing prosperity." In the general progress of the country, in which the church necessarily participates, so far as regards her material resources and exterior accommodations, changes, more or less important, in matters of mere form and polity become a necessity. At such times a conciliatory and progressive policy is the dictate alike of religion and common sense. Thus when, a few years before, the question of "lay representation" was reopened, Bishop Morris had the sagacity to see that, however premature some former discussions of the subject might have been, yet now the altered circumstances of the church required such a modification of its government, and accordingly he gave the measure his unqualified approval. Its overwhelming success before the laity and the Conferences was due to the influence of no one name more than to that of the senior Bishop.

On the question of slavery, also, Bishop Morris was doubtless a conservative in his early life. Born and raised in a slave State, and for seven years of his ministerial life necessarily in contact with the system in its mildest forms—as it existed in Kentucky and Tennessee—we are not surprised to find that, while he was in no sense a pro-slavery man, yet when charged with being "an Abolitionist," as he journeyed through the extreme South, he felt the title to be, and spoke of it as being, the reverse of complimentary. And yet when the Church, South, was organized, strong as were the ties that bound him to the section in which he was born, and great as were the inducements held out to him to connect himself with that organization, he did not hesitate or falter an instant in his allegiance to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Like many other wise and good men, by constitutional temperament inclined to conservative views, Bishop Morris was led along by steps and stages to a full realization of the enormities of slavery, and finally to the conclusion that it was indeed, in the language

of the wise and illustrious Wesley, "the sum of all villainies." And from the hour when bloody treason fired on Sumter, through all the dark and gloomy days of the great slavery rebellion, the star-spangled banner floated day and night from the flag staff of "Salubria"; nor did anyone rejoice more sincerely in the final overthrow and complete extirpation of slavery than Bishop Morris.

While always open to conviction, and ever on the alert for truth, and never ashamed to modify his views on sufficient grounds, he was, at the same time, a man of remarkable firmness. Always ready to adopt new views if they were supported by reason and sound argument, yet he had no fickleness—no fondness for change—no disposition to take up new things simply because they were new. His opinions were never hastily formed. His belief in the Christian religion and his opinions on the great themes of revelation were the result of earnest and prayerful consideration. His adoption of the creed of Methodism was in consequence of a careful comparison with the Holy Scriptures of the doctrines therein taught, and, although the influence of early training and the prevailing prejudices of the day would stand as very strong barriers in the way of his doing so, yet he could not do otherwise, with his instinctive honesty, than become a Methodist when satisfied that it was his duty to do so. He was certainly no bigot. He recognized all Christians as fellow soldiers in the same great army of Immanuel, and joyfully cooperated with them in every possible way; and yet it was from a very thorough conviction of their truthfulness and importance that he uttered the following words, in 1859, in a sermon on Methodist Church Polity, preached before the North Indiana and Pittsburgh Conferences, and published in the same year at the request of those bodies:

> Brethren, hold on to your doctrines, especially of general atonement, the witness of the Spirit, and of full salvation. Hold on to your experience of grace. Hold on to your Discipline. Hold on to your peculiar usages, to class meetings, love feasts, congregational singing, revival meetings, the mourners' bench, and to kneeling in prayer. Hold on to itinerancy, and, as far as may be, to the circuit system; to the presiding eldership, and to general superintendency. In a word, hold on to everything essential to the success of Methodism; for it has saved millions now in heaven, and millions more in Europe and America who are still heading for the world of light and peace above.

As a preacher, Bishop Morris was distinguished for clearness, simplicity, directness, and brevity. His manner in the pulpit was quiet, and yet earnest; while his style was conversational, it was, at the same time, sufficiently animated. In the early days of his ministry, before his health was impaired by repeated attacks of paralysis, he was often very eloquent, and at times would raise an audience to the highest pitch of religious fervor and enthusiasm. Drs. Wright and Trimble both refer, in their remarks made at the funeral, to a sermon preached once at Urbana, during a Conference session, the effect of which upon the audience was very remarkable; and it is certain, from the testimony of many others also, that a very unusual power often accompanied his discourses, even when he seemed least to strive after effect. Still, Bishop Morris was never, perhaps, what would be called a popular preacher. The work of the minister was, in his judgment, evidently too high and holy and serious for the employment of meretricious arts. He felt that he had a message from God to the people, and he delivered it with the dignity and solemnity becoming an ambassador of Christ. Flights of fancy, flowers of rhetoric, startling and sensational declamation, profundity, in the sense of saying what neither he nor others understood, and originality, in the sense of teaching doctrines contrary to the Word of God, however popular with multitudes of hearers, are pulpit methods which Bishop Morris could scarcely have been tempted to employ. And yet his printed sermons are worthy to be studied as models. His clear, terse style, his short, simple, and pointed sentences, his sound theology and sound sense, constantly remind the reader of John Wesley's incomparable discourses. One peculiarity of the Bishop as a preacher, which might well be studied and imitated by his successors in the gospel ministry, was his habit of closing when he had done. Often when the interest was at its height, when there was no flagging of attention on the part of his hearers, and even with apparent abruptness, he would close the Bible and sit down, leaving his congregation wondering at the suddenness of the conclusion.

Upon the whole it may be said of Bishop Morris's preaching, as we have said of his character, it lacked the salient points, per-

haps, which render characterization easy and obvious, and yet this very lack, so to speak, was in consequence of the fullness and completeness and thoroughness of his preparation. His sermons were symmetrical, doctrinal, practical, and thoroughly evangelical, not by chance, or because he had a genius for sermonizing, but as the result of deep and earnest study. If he preached, as he rarely did, a sermon of considerable length, he was in the habit of saying, apologetically, that his discourse was unusually long because he "had not had time to make it short," and although his delivery of sermons was always what is called extemporaneous no one, perhaps, was ever more painstaking and conscientious in preparing for the pulpit.

Bishop Morris was a man of very strong local attachments and warm personal friendships, and no estimate of his character would be just which ignored his social and affectional nature. Amid all the long and weary journeyings of life home was always the one dear spot to which his "heart untraveled fondly turned." He had many pleasant temporary homes among the kind and generous people whom he served in various relations, but "Spice Flat Cottage," "Mount Olivet," "Home Lodge," and "Salubria" were especially dear to his heart. While the Bishop was reticent, almost to a fault, in general society, he was a delightful companion in the circle of his intimate personal friends. A vein of pleasant humor often ran through his fireside talks which made them exceedingly agreeable, and he had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, personal and otherwise, with which he almost always spiced his conversation. But, while an occasional flash of wit indicated latent stores of that dangerous weapon, and while his quick and keen appreciation of the ludicrous would sometimes raise a laugh at the expense of another, he was the last man in the world to wound the feelings of anyone by a wanton use of such powers. Indeed the humor of Bishop Morris was not of the broad, coarse kind. It pervaded his conversation as "a subtle aroma," and was usually quiet and delicate in its character. Of his personal religious experience the Bishop spoke seldom, and always with great modesty and reserve. In this respect he so nearly resembled another eminent senior bishop—Rev. Elijah Hedding, D.D.—that

the masterly portraiture of the latter, drawn by his distinguished biographer, the late Bishop Clark, would apply equally well to Bishop Morris:

> He was a man of deep and unaffected piety. His religion was not devoid of feeling, but it rested rather upon the basis of principle than of emotion. It was at the farthest remove from asceticism, or that repulsive austerity which so often makes religion itself seem unamiable. In him, trifling and levity found no place; but cheerfulness—the genial sunshine of the heart—diffused its loveliness all around him. There was no self-reliance, no confident nor high profession, but there was, what was far better, piety, silent but incessant, consistent, deep, all-pervading; working out practical results, producing genuine fruits, forming the character, regulating the life. No one can doubt his deep experience of the things of God and of the sanctifying of the blood of Jesus. But of this last he avoided making any public profession. This may have resulted as much from the extreme modesty of his nature, the poor estimate he always formed of himself and his performances, and his painful consciousness of his errors and imperfections, as from his profound sense of the high responsibility attached to such professions. He may, too, have thought that the profession that he was a sinner, seeking salvation through the blood of Jesus, was more fitting to his condition and more congenial to his feelings than any other.

Undoubtedly that sterling honesty which was always a conspicuous trait in the character of Bishop Morris would naturally incline him to great circumspection in making any profession of personal attainments which it was not clearly his duty to make. He was of that class of men who would rather profess too little than too much in regard to themselves, and who, while conceding to others of a different mind the largest liberty as to their forms of profession, are at the same time fully persuaded that a life wholly given up to the service of God, and regulated and governed by the precepts of the gospel, is, after all, one of the best possible evidences of genuine Christian character.

Bishop Morris was not a demonstrative man. His religion exhibited itself as a uniform, active, holy principle of obedience to the will of God, and it permeated his whole life, private and public. He was "a doer of the word, and not a hearer only." It was also characteristic of the man to speak sparingly and modestly of himself. He had, in fact, a deep dislike for whatever bore even the semblance of egotism, and for anything like mere ostentatious

display or parade he had a hearty and wholesome contempt. That such a man should be somewhat reserved in speaking of his religious attainments and the exercises and frames of his mind seems entirely natural. But there were times when he spoke fully and freely concerning his religious experience, and no one, perhaps, ever enjoyed a more uniform, tranquil, and peaceful state of mind. His letter to the Cincinnati Conference, dictated only a few days before he breathed his last, very beautifully expresses his feelings in view of the near approach of death:

> I find the religion I so long preached to others is able to bring peace and assurance to the heart in retirement as well as when in the heat of battle leading forth the conquering hosts to certain victory. Thank God for the Christian's hope. It comforts and sustains amid all the vicissitudes of life, and to the trusting heart makes bright the future. In reviewing the past I have only this to say, that God has been very good to me. Most of my associates in the ministry, as well as many loved ones, have passed away. I yet linger on the shore, and soon expect to cross the river. I am nearing Jordan, and in the course of nature cannot stay here much longer; but beneath me are the everlasting arms, and, through riches of grace in Christ Jesus my Lord, I hope to anchor safely in the harbor of eternal rest.

This, which may be regarded as the dying testimony of Bishop Morris, is eminently characteristic of the man. While it is pervaded throughout by a spirit of humility as lovely as it is rare, it is at the same time the blessed language of the full assurance of faith and hope; an assurance so strong and comforting, even down to the last moment of his life, that he could say with his dying breath, "The future looks bright."

The life of Bishop Morris is of special interest to the communion he served with so much fidelity, and for so long a period of time, for the reason that he was the last of the general superintendents whose personal experience extended far back into what is often and very properly called the heroic period of Methodism.

John M. Walden

THE DOGMATIC CHARACTER OF GERMAN CULTURE

If the idea of commerce seems to contain the explanation of the present war of wars, the notion of culture may be said to be its justification. In the human soul both tendencies, the exteriorizing and interiorizing, the ideal of conquest and the ideal of culture, have their place; where once the German was originally surrendered to the one he seems now to be definitely inclined toward the other also. Where the contemporary conflict appears to involve such material issues as supremacy on land and sea, balance of power, and the extension of national border lines, it is none the less a spiritual conflict, wherein ideal clashes with ideal, while intellectual charges upon intellectual. Indeed, one might hazard the statement that the breaking of commercial bonds between port and port is less regretted than the severing of cultural ties between university and university. To abandon the principles of modern humanism, where the altruistic and sympathistic have been paramount, seems less grievous than the loss of an ancient sense of humanism wherein the aristocracy of superior-mindedness was the most salient notion. Industrialism, with its manifold of complicated interests, has been unable to vie with intellectualism, with its less obvious appeal to human reason; railway and market, with their immediate appeal to the sense of human well-being, have been unable to stand the competition of trench and fortress for the attention of the national consciousness. Meanwhile, the intellectual interest has become, as it were, a court of appeals. In war offices and boards of strategy all is silent and sullen; in the ranks and the homes of the peoples involved the conflict shapes itself as a conflict for ideals.

The Germans were the first to raise the culture question; the Germans are the ones who keep insisting upon the intellectual merits of the conflict which means so much to them. But to what extent is culture a thing Germanic? Is it to be thought that, as the culture of antiquity was practically Grecian, the culture of modernity is in the same measure Germanic? As a form

of philosophy which pursued culture as an ideal the intellectualism of England was first in the field, in the form of Bacon's Advancement of Learning; since Bacon's day English culture has been marked by a sense of utility which has not always served the interests of a liberal intellectual life. The French followed the English after Voltaire visited Britain and British ideas crossed over to France. Before the days of Voltaire and Rousseau the Gallic mind was characterized by a noble dilettantism which these men of genius failed to correct, and which exists up to the present moment with Anatole France. The Germans borrowed from the French, the Russians from the Germans. Thus the condition of culture among the foregoing nations is such as to make possible the following generalizations: British culture is nobly utilitarian, French culture of superior dilettantism, the culture of the Russian nihilistic but fine, while German intellectualism is of a dogmatic character. In applying the doubtful term "dogmatism" as that which predicates German culture the special application of that term must not fail of appreciation. German culture is dogmatic in the sense of being definite, rational, and conscious. Dogmatism consists in a belief that the facts of nature and the forms of human existence can be subsumed under an idea. Where other nations look upon the facts of nature and humanity as so much material for use or for enjoyment the Teutonic mind considers the naturistic and humanistic as so much soul-stuff. Wanting in English practicality and Gallic versatility, the German mind has found it necessary to elaborate an ideal and then pursue it with meritorious blindness. Where other types of national culture grew up naturally, in the very soil of national spirit, German culture was built according to a preconceived plan. Among other peoples the artistic deed preceded the æsthetic thought; among the Germans the original rendering of the gospel —In the beginning was the Word—has prevailed, rather than the Goethean revision of it—In the beginning was the deed. In the beginning was the intellectual *logos* of the German mind, whence formula came before action, taste before æsthetic feeling, æsthetics before art. In its rash indulgence in the *a priori* the German seems to stand alone in the history of occidental culture.

Ancient and modern culture reveals a naturalness of development strangely wanting in the career of German intellectualism. Grecian culture, however free and fine its character, was dependent upon the spontaneous outpourings of the Grecian soul, while the intellectual perfection of Apollonian culture was ever dependent upon the robust spontaneity of Dionysian life. Reflective philosophy came in when spiritual life was over-ripe. One cannot think of Homer and Æschylus and Phidias as waiting for some savant to indicate the limits of poetry and plastic, or to reveal the function of art in the life of the state. When, with the Greeks, theory did come in, Plato and Aristotle wrote in a reminiscent mood as they strove to sum up the dialectical meaning of that which the free genius of Greece had produced so wantonly. In modern culture the same principle of the *a posteriori* has usually prevailed. In England, France, and Russia the calculating mind has not been forced to tarry and observe what the unconsciousness of genius had in store for theory; Shakespeare did not wait for some intellectual to elaborate a theory of the drama, nor Newton delay in his science until the principles of science as such had been laid down. The theory was supposed to accommodate itself to the fact. France may have had less faith in the workings of the naïve mind of art, Russia may have been even more ready to negate its nationalism, yet the natural order of deed and thought was pursued by Briton, Gaul, and Slav. With the German this was not the case. In Germany the intellect, instead of realizing itself as something reflective, has ever exercised a prognosis. With the idea of "a Germany" disclosed by Protestantism, Teutonic unity was, before 1870, a mere idea for the speculative mind. If Germany had not been called upon to pass through the fatigue and confusion of the Thirty Years' War the primitive intuition of national unity might have assumed concrete character; but the fact remains that the middle of the seventeenth century, which saw England and France well established as nations, found Germany in a condition of theory, of hope, of promise. The uncertainty of early German culture appears in the writings of Leibnitz, who found it expedient to express Germanic ideals in a foreign tongue, while he contented

himself with an inward unity of idea alone, when his philosophic failed to reveal the possibility of any commerce between the inner and outer. The circumstance of the Thirty Years' War and the philosophy of Leibnitz, who was born two years before that war closed, seem to have made lasting impressions upon the German mind, which has since surrendered itself to pure inwardness and contemplation. "The monads have no windows through which anything can enter or depart." This metaphysical maxim of Leibnitz became significant for German culture, wherein there prevails a fondness for philosophy and a literature of ideas. The Teutonic mind is a monad for whom the world is so much inwardness; exterior aggrandizement is foreign to that which lives and moves and has its being within itself. It is undeniable that the Germanic mind has often sought to frame windows and hang doors that the spirit within might contemplate the world, might indeed fare forth in the open; but by what means, and with what results? Lessing felt the classic perfection of the world, yet he sought to survey reality as though it followed a plan of historical development through which God educates mankind. Kant felt the narrowness of a purely thought-life and made his escape through the morale of the categorical imperative. Goethe suffered from the confines of culture and sought redemption in the idea of work. Schiller's soul dwindled under the influence of an art internal and sentimental, whence his humanism called out for the naïve and open. Others have rejoiced in this light of inward intensity. Fichte expressed his satisfaction in a moral absolute; Schleiermacher's spirit reposed in the feeling of absolute dependence; Hegel drew from the subtle depths of the mind all the principles of nature and man. Such was the one-time spirit of Germanic culture, in which poetry, philosophy, religion, and morality were one. At the present hour the philosophy of Eucken betrays a certain nostalgia for that sense of absolute life which had been the animating spirit of his nation's thought-life. The calculated effect of this style of culture was to produce a free dogmatism, if such an adjective may accompany such a substantive. German dogmatism is free because it is an affirmation from within rather than a dictate from without, and because it springs

freely from within; Germanic culture is dogmatic and critical. The German mind planned its art and philosophy with the same vigor that it is reputed to have planned its recent campaigns with. Before the development of poetry it was necessary for Lessing to perfect theoretical poetics; then Goethe and Schiller and the Romanticists were able to take up the work of art. Before there came the wonderful development of transcendentalism it was necessary for Kant to indicate the possibilities of the transcendental method of thinking. The critical poet and critical philosopher were the Caleb and Joshua who made the initial crossing of the Jordan in order that they might spy out the Promised Land. Yet in this dogmatism of the German mind there is nothing to suggest that the exponent of idealism would be other than a law unto himself; whatever be the esoteric philosophy of Potsdam, the open philosophy of the universities has been persuasive rather than polemical. If the Kaiser wants "a place in the sun" of international life, the philosopher feels that he has long since secured his seat there. The general attitude of the German intellectual has been centripetal and attractive, not centrifugal and missionary, while the very character of Teutonic culture has been intensive instead of extensive. Those who were willing to enter the restricted circle of severe thinking and exact investigation were welcomed, while those who have wished to remain without the wall have been left undisturbed. Such is the impression which Germany, viewed from within, gives the mind. Germany to-day looks quite different to one who has learned to love it as the land of sweetness and light, hence one begins to inquire whether there are not two Germanys; or whether the Germany of tradition has not given way to the young Germany of militarism and exterior aggrandizement. Once the kingdom of culture was within; now, perhaps, it seeks to demonstrate itself outwardly through the signs of the times. When Siegfried went forth on new exploits—*neue Thaten*—he at once forgot Brunhilde; have the *neue Thaten* carried on by Germany caused it to forget the spirit of culture which it had awakened? Are past and present at war with each other in the spiritual life of the German? To answer this question, one must first consider

what were the strivings of the authentic Germany, what the shining goals which it set for itself in the world.

To the Germanic genius the western world owes the idea of modernness; the consciousness of what the essence and character of post-pagan existence signify in human culture. As late as the eighteenth century the intellectual life of Europe had proceeded without making the distinction between ancient and modern, classic and romantic, although Europe must have felt that there was a difference between the ideals of Shakespeare and those of Homer, the art of Sophocles and that of Dante, the method of the Doric and that of the Gothic. But wherein was this implicit difference to be found, and by what ideas and terms was the differentiation to be made? The original contrast between the style of ancient culture and the modern was effected by Schiller in his essay On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry. With Schiller this distinction was more temperamental than technical, for it revealed the mood of a poet who, dissatisfied with the excessive inwardness of modern art, sought to resume the directness and naïveté of the ancient order. With Friedrich Schlegel, who followed the plan of Schiller's distinction, the difference between inner and outer became an historical distinction between ancient and modern. Through Schiller's art and the romanticism of Schlegel modern culture, as such, was placed upon a foundation sure and intelligible. To this general idea of modernness the Germans added the notion of modern culture in particular. With Schiller, as also with Herder, there was ever a certain reluctance with which the poet-philosopher identified a form of intellectual life alien to his own genius; where Schiller sought to return to the naïve art of antiquity Herder was fond of considering culture as the outcome of a unified life in the world as a whole, wherein the fruits of the spirit were dependent for their origin upon the life of man in the natural order. Yet these scruples did not prevent Schiller and Herder from deducing a new idea in the form of a modern culture of humanity. While resembling the principles of Grecian humanism, modern culture was original in the emphasis which it laid upon free individuality within and infinite progress without.

The result of this new conception of human culture was to establish a new period in the speculative life of the western world. Where the English mind had exalted a philosophy of reason, upon which the modern enlightenment was based, the German mind departed from the principles of rationalism and inaugurated an age of culture. Where formerly it had been the idea of scientific explanation which had been uppermost in the western mind, now it was to become the ideal interpretation of the world. To the Teutonic genius all the world, with its forms of nature and humanity, appeared as the unfolding of an august idea. The general notion of development was present at the beginning in the mind of Leibnitz; with Lessing it assumed the form of divine education with the law as a schoolmaster; Herder emphasized its humanistic character; Schiller saw it as the æsthetic education of humanity; with Hegel it became the be-all and end-all of the world. After England and France had exhausted their powers in the attempt to find reason in the world and rights in mankind, the German mind, which was not so thoroughly affected by the extreme views of the enlightenment, went to work and elaborated a new ideal in the form of ideal culture. Since this new conception of culture was marked by the presence of inwardness and freedom, it was not surprising that it should lead to another new principle, that of individualism. The notion of individualism is subject to confusion in contemporary thought, so that a review of its origin should tend to clear up certain misconceptions incident upon the use and abuse of the term. To speak with definiteness, there was no self-conscious, self-willed individualism until the opening of the nineteenth century. The general principle of personal life has been in the world ever since man appeared, while supermen have made their distinct appearance every now and then, as one may see in the case of Moses and Saint Paul, in Alexander and Cæsar, to speak only of the more remote past. But to feel and to know the meaning of the "I am" was reserved for the culture of the nineteenth century, when Emerson and Stirner, Ibsen and Wagner, Dostoïevsky and Sudermann placed their æsthetic affections upon nothing but the interior self. When the average person uses the term "individualism" he has in mind

the man of property rather than the man of personality, the man of the eighteenth, not the man of the nineteenth century. As a result of this confusion between the ideas of the man of exterior possessorship and the man of interior possessorship, individualism has been identified with mere self-love, with a having-for-self rather than a being-for-self, with the exploiting of another's will instead of the expression of one's own will. Far truer, though no more just, were it to use the offensive term of Max Nordau, and thus speak of individualism as "ego-mania." Now the atmosphere of the new individualism was created by Schiller, while the delineation of the new selfhood was perfected by Friedrich Schlegel in the form of æsthetic personality.

The development of the individualistic ideal was not confined to Germany any more than the development of Protestantism was limited to the land of Luther. In its more definite character individualism stood in need of the intensification peculiar to the Scandinavian and Slavonic mind, whence Ibsen and Strindberg, Dostoïevsky and Turgenieff made the human self something more real and threatening. Nevertheless the Germanic genius has not run Abraham's risk of sacrificing its child; with Wagner and Nietzsche as major thinkers, with Sudermann and Hauptmann as minor ones, the German mind has shown that it has capacity for the self as well as for the Absolute, and those who look to the superman to assume responsibility for the war may find in German individualism some materials to serve such an explanatory purpose. To all who make such a hazardous attempt to reach the poles of the conflict let it be said that, from its origin with Schiller, German individualism has ever been the individualism of æsthetic personality. The German mind has given content to modern culture, as these examples of modernness, culture, and individualism should show, but it has given form as well. In the perfection of ideals of beauty and truth the German has surpassed all other nations. In the field of ethics he has been outdone by the British mind. To Kant belongs the honor of having made the most earnest endeavor to answer Pilate's perennial question, What is truth? At the same time Goethe exhausted his genius in the quest of that beauty which should be a "joy for-

ever." Those who came after these two masters spent their time in the attempt to realize the ideals of Königsberg and Weimar, while they further exerted themselves in the attempt to unite the philosophical and poetical. With the German, the true philosopher poetizes, the true poet philosophizes. It was under such auspices that the Teutonic genius sought to perfect his ideal interpretation of the whole world. To discover new facts in physics and psychology and to arrange new relations which shall severally unite these in the form of a cosmos has been the aim of other minds than the German. Even when he has been a physicist or a psychologist at heart, the German often has preferred the cultural to the scientific, the philosophical to the positivistic. Walled in by the true-beautiful and the beautiful-true, the German is in an impregnable position so far as intellectual attacks are concerned. This security is due to the fact of German inwardness and German ideality. Where truth is that which, as Kant suggested, inwardly coheres part with part in one spiritual whole, where beauty is that which affords inward satisfaction in the form of disinterested pleasure, no changes in the objective order can cause permanent disorder within the mind. His culture independent of his civilization, the German may experience outward defeat without dismay; as in the case of Faust, the inward All may correspond to the outward Nought.

Are there not, then, two Germanys, an inner and an outer one? To this well-intentioned distinction the German of the present will protest that Germany is one; its inner life is in harmony with its outer existence, its spiritual culture at home in its material civilization. To this contrast the friendly foes of Germany, as these have recently appeared in the American university, will assent, since the German with the pen seems so different from the German with the sword. Which is right; the German with his idea of national unity, or the critic of the German with his thought of the two Germanys? The foregoing sketch of Teutonic culture makes possible a third point of view, which we may interpolate as a mean between these extremes. Thus we may say that, whereas the older Germany from Leibnitz to Hegel was marked by a sharp contrast between inner harmony

and exterior discord, the new Germany, from Bismarck to the present, has revealed a unity of inner and outer, of culture and civilization. The older Germany was contented with pure inwardness, so that Leibnitz was able to erect his philosophy upon the ruins of the Thirty Years' War, Kant could proceed with his critical philosophy in the midst of the French Revolution, while tradition in Jena is to the effect that Hegel completed his Phenomenology of Spirit while Napoleon was subduing the Prussians less than a league away. It is true that both Goethe and Hegel came to lament the degradation of the Fatherland, while Fichte was even more vigorous in his opposition to the imperialism which then threatened Europe, but the fact of the pathetic contrast between inner and outer remains to characterize the spirit of the German mind. The career of the new Germany has been such as to establish the desired connection between thought and deed, between culture and nationalism, whence the Germany of 1914 offers peculiar contrast to the Germany of 1814. A century ago the German mind was anxious to secure an objective for his intellectual life; but where the early nineteenth century revealed the German as one longing for exterior existence in the political world the early twentieth century could not hide his homesickness for the idealism which the last three decades of the older century had taken from him. It was in this spirit that Eucken, in 1905, illuminated the anniversary of Schiller's death by calling attention to the fact that, whereas in 1805 Germany enjoyed spiritual unity within apart from national unity without, in 1905 it had achieved the material unity of nationalism at the cost of spiritual life. Furthermore, this noble spokesman of the German nation, this new Fichte, criticized his Germany for its rash surrender to the ideal of power, *das Kraftideal*. Now it is the material unity and the *Kraftideal* which constitute the Germany of the present, but it is the worker and the warrior, not the philosopher and the poet, who have created this new Germany. Has Germany compromised itself? Has the vigorous young Siegfried raised his sword against the spear of the august Wotan? Once it was Goethe, then it became Bismarck; once it was a question of the arts, then it became a question of arms. In essence German cul-

ture has never been militant; and here is a strange fact: that where England and France, to say nothing of Holland, became modern by means of a philosophy of rights, which principle they tried out most effectually within the precincts of their respective nations, Germany never experienced the application of the juristic principle to its national life. When, in 1660, Puffendorf took up the problem of *jus naturale,* he subjected the original ideas of Grotius and Hobbes to a purely theoretical treatment in the course of which he sought to remove the fangs from the apparently poisonous principle. With Kant, Fichte, and Hegel, the study of *Rechtsphilosophie,* which could have little real meaning after the French Revolution, was purely dialectical and without application to the principles of government. If Germany within is wanting in a conception of the rights of man, if Germany without is unable to appreciate the give-and-take principle so well known in England, France, and America, it must be because Germany has not passed through the school of rights and revolution whose instruction has meant so much to other nations.

If, now, it be said that, while Germany in this war of ideas is not making use of the juristic principle of the enlightenment, she is using a philosophy of her own to justify her militarism, one is anxious to learn just what that philosophy may be. This at once brings up the question of Nietzsche. To mention Nietzsche is to recall the fact that his thought went forth from the pessimism of Schopenhauer, while the reminiscence of Schopenhauer brings with it that the pessimism which attended the fortunes of the Will-to-Live was equivalent to passivism, contemplation, and renunciation. Perhaps Nietzsche, as may well have been the case, read Schopenhauer differently; certain it is that he sought a "pessimism of strength," just as he tried to persuade the Will-to-Live to shape itself in the form of a superman. Still, from the individualism and relentlessness of the Nietzschean philosophic, if such it was, in the midst of its lack of originality, it is a long way to the struggles along the eastern and western frontiers of the Fatherland. Individualism rather than nationalism was the leading motive with Friedrich Nietzsche; moreover, there is in Nietzsche's individualism of indignation an atheistic

element which ill accords with the Kaiser's peculiar appeal to the German God. Note, still further, that Nietzsche was of Polish ancestry, whence descended to him a sense of aristocracy unknown in Germany. In many of his most characteristic moods Nietzsche could not endure the Germans. "Alas," said he, "if we never get rid of Christianity we shall have the Germans to blame for it." Nietzsche's superman was seldom Teutonic; Nero and Cæsar Borgia served him as models where Luther and Frederick the Great did not. In art Nietzsche emulated the French mind as revealed by Stendhal and Flaubert; in ethics he was unaffected by Kant, except unpleasantly, but was receptive to the nihilism of Dostoïevsky. Among the maxims which elicited his scorn was that of Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles. It is not to be gainsaid that Nietzsche longed for the affirmation of the Germanic spirit in forms appropriate to its genius; but such an assertion of national spirit, as we may gather from a careful reading of The Birth of Tragedy, was to be no more and no less than the recreation of German culture through the willful spirit of the Wagnerian opera. True, this national awakening was to be strong and Dionysian, but its limits were to be the familiar boundaries of the inner life. Nietzsche has not been understood by those who have made him the god of the present war. To understand Nietzsche one must be familiar with the development of individualism in the form of a new æsthetic personality; then one must be alive to the new distinctions which are now being made in the science of ethics; finally he must be ready to abandon the extremely social trend of modern morality. For such sociality Nietzsche had no sympathy at all; nothing was more repugnant to his spirit than the herding instinct which modern thought, working under the influence of zoology, has exalted to the skies. As to Nietzsche's idea of cruelty, it may be said that this, so familiar to the reader of Baudelaire and Wilde, was nothing but "artist-cruelty," whose aim was the destruction of ideals, the "transvaluation of all values." Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, far from being a military leader like Moses, or the saviour of his people like the original Persian, was simply the ego who had the inner courage to negate the "thou shalt" and assert the individualistic

"I will." Like Baudelaire, Nietzsche was opposed to reform; he had none of the social outlook which, at times, cheered the melancholy spirit of Wagner and Wilde. Were Nietzsche alive, and there could be worse possibilities, his attitude, far from being patriotic, would most likely be comparable to that lately assumed by his colleague in egoism, Bernard Shaw.

As a result of the war there has arisen a serious misunderstanding between Germany and America, and for some reason as yet unexplained the typical American has sent forth his sympathy toward the Allies. So far as such instinctive sympathy is concerned it must be remembered that, in the case of England, "blood is thicker than water," while in the instance of France we cannot forget our sister republic across the sea. To those who have no knowledge of Russian literature the case of the Slav is not to be considered, so that many may be inclined toward the German in his alleged dread of Muscovite ideals. Yet the presence of Russia among the Allies is not sufficient to make the balances fall upon the side of Germany, even when we recall Germany's gift of Protestantism to the world. The German has no sense of that principle of rights which is such an old story over here, while the American has no conception of national culture so familiar over there. In the spirit of sincere neutrality, the American can do no better than to consider what culture means to the Germans in particular, what it should mean to all nations in general. Yet sympathy with German intellectualism, even where it is not always intelligent sympathy, is not wanting among us; what we cannot comprehend is how such intellectualism can connect itself with militarism. Perhaps there is no direct connection between the two: perhaps, as the career of Teutonic culture seems to show, Germanic inner life, with its persistent striving after the Ideal and the Remote, sustains no affiliation with the "blood and iron" of 1870-71, with the blood and iron of 1914-15.

Charles Gray Shaw

THE ETHICAL IMPORT OF THE INCARNATION

So long as Jesus Christ is viewed from the coldly metaphysical standpoint his coming into the world solves nothing; it serves only to add one other to the enigmas with which life already abounds and to which, as it would seem, we need no additions to complete our perplexity. Wide as is the divergence between them, the Logos of Saint John and the Logos of Philo are alike valueless from the purely speculative standpoint. Philosophy has happily outgrown the Logos of Philo, because his was a speculative guess. Had the Logos of Saint John been nothing more it, too, must long since have been confined to the limbo of worn-out superstitions. And this is true not because the idea that the Logos, being God, was made flesh contains anything inherently impossible, though the mode of its accomplishment passes comprehension, but rather because the metaphysical viewpoint can assign no reason for even the existence of this Logos as with God and himself God, to say nothing of such unusual procedure as his becoming man. And so, that the Logos of Saint John moves with living force in the deep and vital currents of human life and human activity, while the Logos of Philo is thought of only as a lifeless and rejected speculation, is at once a proof that, however the conception of Saint John may involve the metaphysical, it is primarily and fundamentally something else. It is the history of an act of sublime ethical import. It is when we view the incarnation thus that it gains for us its deepest significance. To John, not only had the Logos come in the flesh, but his coming was "full of grace and truth." This it was which gave glory to our Lord's humiliation, "glory as of the only begotten from the Father." In John's eyes Jesus was indeed man, but he was a peculiar man, standing in a quite unique relation to other men. In him was life, "the eternal life, which was with the Father and was manifested unto us." God was focused in that life, and henceforth all who would know God have but to call their thought "from out eternity," where at best it can have only the partial success of revealing him as wisdom and power.

> Strain it upon time,
> Then stand before that fact, that Life and Death
> Stay there at gaze, till it dispart, dispread,
> As though a star should open out all sides.

It is thus that God is revealed as love. But at this point we shall lose our way if we do not keep clearly in mind the motive of the incarnation. That motive is the redemption of men. The love of God is an inference from this great deed of redemption: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." But it is not the gift alone which evidences this love, it is the gift as bringing a great deliverance: "that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Ye know that he was manifested to take away sins." "Herein is love, not that we love God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." The fact that "God spared not his own Son, but offered him up for us all," was felt by Saint Paul to bring such perfect assurance of his love as to carry with it an inviolable pledge that he would "with him also freely give us all things."

The motive of the incarnation as redemptional needs to be constantly stressed, not so much in the interest of speculative theology as of the practical life of men. This practical demand has to do with both the individual and society. As an individual every man needs to be saved from sin. It was necessary that in the doing of this there should be an expression of God's holy nature as in antagonism to sin. It may be questioned whether man himself could ultimately be satisfied with anything less than this, and it is certain that nothing short of this could furnish the requisite moral motive power to make salvation actual. This holy God must also be revealed as love and as willing to forgive. It is when, as Professor Bowne puts it, "back of the mystery and uncertainty of our own lives, back of the apparent aimlessness of much history, back of the woe and horror of much more, it reveals God, the Almighty Friend and Lover of men, the Chief of burden-bearers, and the Leader of all in self-sacrifice," that the incarnation becomes the power of God by which men are saved. Confessedly the Christian symbol of all this is the cross. When the

cross is seen as the climax of all the humiliation and suffering which our Lord endured in our behalf then it expresses within itself the whole meaning and is able to convey the whole power of God's redemptive movement. And he, understanding its power and efficacy, who looks to the cross not only sees in it a wondrous blending of the love and holiness and power and wisdom of God, but also, through faith in his crucified Lord, he receives assurance of the forgiveness of his sins and the great life of God comes into his life in mighty, surging tides of power. Such is the testimony of the Christian consciousness. In that consciousness holiness is never separated from love. Thus the grace that abounds through Jesus Christ is not a provision for the continuance of sin but for its destruction. "For sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law but under grace."

Thus the incarnation does not bring a subterfuge to be accepted in the place of a righteous life, but, precisely opposite to this, it opens up the one sure way to attain unto that life. Christ himself is that way. "For," says Saint Paul, "Christ is the end of the law unto righteousness to every one that believeth." And this is true because faith, being personal trust, results in a deepening devotion to Christ. To be a Christian is to follow Christ, and this one thing the Christian does. He does not seek to meet certain legal requirements, nor does he turn to some elaborate system of philosophical ethics. The right is not for him any longer an abstract problem. For him Jesus Christ is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," the perfect incarnation of all that he can ever mean by righteousness. So that, while there is no relaxation of the demand for righteousness, but rather a more thorough-going insistence upon that demand, the attempt to achieve it is transferred from the region of the coldly abstract to the warm personal atmosphere of our Lord's life. Indeed, with abstract righteousness the Christian has simply nothing to do. His task is to follow his Lord, to incarnate within himself the spirit and life of his Master. If he does this every righteous demand of the personal life is met. Nor is this process one of mere imitation. Jesus Christ is more than our Exemplar, he is our Life-Bringer. Our relation to him is as the branch to the

vine. Paul describes his own experience of this vital union. "I have been crucified with Christ," he says, "and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me." So also John describes the experience of the new life in terms of personal fellowship: "And our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ." Such a life is a life of victory, of joy, and of peace. Death itself is gain, for to die is to depart and be with Christ in that closer fellowship in which we shall be forever with our Lord.

As the incarnation is glad tidings for the individual, so also is it for society. The individual and the social gospel are sometimes opposed to each other. But this is to present a false alternative. The gospel of the incarnation includes both. Man being what he is, any successful individual gospel must prove also a social gospel. For man is not an isolated creature, but belongs to the race and stands in manifold relations to his fellows; so that whatever is done for him must be done in these relations. It is an inexorable demand of the inner life that the outer shall be suited to its highest and finest expression. The age-long search of our humanity for a better country is but the expression of this demand. And our faith is that when the long and weary journey of humanity ends in the "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," the environment must correspond to the inner life of love. Such correspondence is at once the pledge and final fruit of the incarnation. But before this can be accomplished many elements of discord must be reduced to harmony. For just as there can be no purely individual salvation, so there can be no individual sin which does not carry with it social consequences. As the late Principal Dods has said: "There is no quarantine for the moral leper, nor any desert in the moral world where a man can be evil for himself alone." As sin has corrupted the fountain of the individual life, so it has broken the race organism. The remedy must go as far as the disease. The abstractions of divine Fatherhood and universal brotherhood must be made concrete in the glowing heart of a redeemed humanity. What is needed is not a leveling process which would reduce every man to a dead level of uniformity, but rather a basis of reorganization in some common center where, without any single one

losing what is peculiar to his own personality, all the members of the race can meet and be brought into the spiritual oneness of a common brotherhood. Such a basis the incarnation supplies. Jesus Christ is the living head of the new humanity. "For both he that sanctifieth and they that are sanctified are all of one: for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." And as the work of sanctification progresses believers grow in likeness to their Lord, "growing up in him in all things who is the head, even Christ," until at last that great prayer of the Master is answered and they are all one as God is one in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, bound together by holy love, children of a great common Father. That this brotherhood of man remains an unfulfilled hope is all too sadly apparent. Not even the Christian Church itself is such a brotherhood. In the industrial world we find labor and capital in fierce and unyielding conflict, while at the present moment almost the whole of Christendom is in the throes of a war the horror of which suggests to some the breakdown of civilization and the final failure of Christianity. It is indeed the time of man's most wonderful dominion over the forces of nature. Hitherto his feet have been holden to the earth, but now at length he has taken to flight and literally soars at will through the sky. And this typical achievement is prophetic of greater things yet to be. But the very grandeur of our material conquest serves only to set in bold relief the poverty of our spiritual estate, and men are wearily asking, "What is all this worth if the very symbol of man's dominion is to be turned into a weapon for his own destruction?" Truly of man it may still be said, "We see not yet all things subjected to him."

What shall we say to all this? We shall say what the author of the book of Hebrews said. First of all we shall admit the whole truth as to the night of our social bondage. It is like the night that brooded over Egypt when the firstborn were slain. Verily the angel of God's wrath is abroad. Yet his presence now, as then, may presage the dawning of the day of deliverance. The author of the book of Hebrews saw Jesus and that made all the difference. It is so with us. When we see Jesus instantly our sky is changed. He confirms our faith and establishes our

hope. Moreover we find ourselves encouraged by the progress already made. "The past at least is secure." That past is so noble, so impressive, as to have been adduced by a noble thinker as indicating the divine origin of Christianity. The trend of history is toward the enthronement of Christ. If this be disputed, let us ask the old question: "To whom then shall we go?" To turn from Christ is to turn to despair. Other solutions there are none.

In a recent article in the North American Review, Professor William Lyon Phelps has shown that with reference to the present European war everything except Christianity has failed. Then, having suggested that we give Christianity a trial, he says:

> The religion of Christ is as reasonable as it is noble. It is the only method of settling quarrels that combines absolute good sense with pure ethics. In time of war, for the purpose of inflicting death, mutilation, and destruction on those we call our brothers, every one is called upon to make heroic sacrifices. Would it not be fine if in the future the United States of America should make some actual sacrifices to prevent war? Would it not be splendid if we actually sustained insults and material damage from some other country and did not fight? A faith is no good unless one is willing to suffer for it. Peace will never come to this uncivilized planet until some nation shows, not by its professions, but by its behavior that it believes in peace. Some nation will have to suffer in the cause of peace as so many nations have suffered in the evil cause of war. Will it not be fine if that nation should turn out to be our own?

But fine and noble as this conception is, when thus applied to the single achievement of universal peace, it is far from exhausting the ethical import of the incarnation of the Son of God. For the religion of Christ is so much more than a "method of settling quarrels" that it boldly contemplates a time when the quarrels themselves shall not arise. The final brotherhood in Christ must bring in that glorious succession to the era of the patient endurance of wrong in which there will be no wrong to endure. "To this end was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil."

Charles B. Dalton

CHURCH MEMBERS FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Decision day in the Sunday school is vitally important to the church. Many boys and girls, if urged, will promptly join, and thus publicly own their Lord. It is legitimate to urge them and to make the way clear. Eighty-eight per cent of the Methodist membership has come from the Sunday school, and eighty per cent of all Protestant churches gather their members there. It is not only the Catholics who stamp child life indelibly. The Socialist has just begun to organize Sunday schools so that he can be sure of stable recruits and advocates for the to-morrow. However liberal a Jew may be he always demands that his boy shall have early training under a rabbi. That accounts for the fact that they seldom intermarry in this country.

Methodism is peculiarly strong in India and it promises great things for the future. The reason for this is easy to be found; we have one half the Sunday school scholars of that whole country. Paul commended Timothy because he had known the Scriptures from his youth and had inherited piety as well as received training in conformity with the expectations of such an inheritance.

It is no longer possible to have the sweeping revivals once noticed and enjoyed. Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., is one of the greatest living successful evangelists, yet he cannot have in this country the results that he can abroad. In English-speaking countries across the sea religion and the Bible are both taught in the school. This lays a basis for emotional responses which is impossible in this country, where home religion is so much now neglected. Rev. Dr. Charles L. Goodell stated, publicly, some time ago that he knew of few people converted in his work who had not had a religious training. It is almost impossible to build feeling in hearts where no fuel of religious truth has been laid.

It seems almost impossible to have the home training that was once given to children. Many people live in the suburbs. They must hurry away early in the morning. They get home late at

night. The children are either not up or have retired. There are few things to cultivate home training and spirit. In the old times there was water, fuel, and kindling to be provided, while supply purchasing added errands for the different members of the household. The home life had much more privacy. Now everything is done by machinery. People live in closely contiguous apartments. The sacred precincts of the one home are seldom preserved.

We are in the day of display. Children demand and receive more spending money. They gather the spirit of independence. They do not have the spiritual suggestions that come in rural life. God makes the country but man makes the city. Men in city life are likely to count themselves omnipotent; they do accomplish wonders. Children raised in these surroundings do not have the same attitude as the country child toward Providence and the Creator of nature's beauty. It is a notable fact, for example, that while juvenile delinquency in Chicago increased over the whole city fourteen per cent, it decreased forty per cent where the playgrounds were placed, even though amidst the poorer people near the packing house district.

For some reason parents are not as free and confident in the training of their children as formerly. This is traceable partially to the fact of modern education; the ordinary parents are not posted in line with present-day science, they therefore fear that new methods must be applied. Then, too, they themselves think so little along religious lines that they have no settled doctrinal convictions. If they could only understand that the planting of religious truth with a warming of it by parental love would bring a fruitage there would be far fewer boys and girls going away from the church.

We have also a mistaken notion about forcing religion on the child. Some otherwise well-balanced parents declare that a boy or girl at twelve or fifteen is not old enough to join the church. This rule is not enforced in the matter of secular education. Every child is sent to school whether or not he desires to go. Secretary of State W. J. Bryan conclusively answered this plea with a declaration made in Grace Church, New York, in

a remarkable sermon. He affirmed that before he was eleven years of age his mother had planted in his heart an antipathy to swearing, drinking, and gambling. None of these vices had ever taken hold of him, and it was the result of the training which his mother had given him at this early age. Mr. Bryan cited this fact to disprove the fallacy of waiting until a child is old enough to choose for himself. A notable case recently came to view. James Thompson graduated from the university when he was twenty-seven. He determined that his boy should have a better chance. He started to train the lad when he was but one year old. He slept with him at night. Then he began to take him to university lectures at the age of four and at ten he entered him in the university. At fourteen the boy had graduated, and was already on the highroad to success as a scientist, and soon earned other degrees from Glasgow University. This youthful prodigy died some time ago at the age of eighty-six and was known as Lord Kelvin. The father had chosen for him the pathway of science and had thoroughly equipped him for it. Why not a similar choice in religion?

There must never be dogmatic compulsion. The child must be led lovingly. He is already the child of God. Cotton Mather used to talk to his little daughter Katy, four years old, about the wrath of God, from which she was urged to flee. He endeavored to impress upon her mind that she was lost, and so made life a horror to her. This kind of teaching was the occasion for early Unitarianism. William Channing went shivering and sobbing to bed because a preacher in the pulpit burned a match to show how boys not elected to salvation burned for ever. That sort of emphasis must from necessity bring a fear-driven legalist rather than a real disciple of the Ruler who guides through a love-stirred heart. Truth may be planted by symbols, as it is in stories of fairies and of Santa Claus. But it may best be illustrated by the parents' character exhibited in kindliness and likeness to God. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe in speaking of her father after his death gave one phrase that served as the highest possible praise. She said, "My father, so perfect an image of my Heavenly Father." The child who sees Christ's words reincarnated in the

home life is most certain to become an earnest, loyal, and enthusiastic disciple of the Great Teacher.

The Sunday school is given a large opportunity. Parents are too prone to escape responsibility by sending the child to Sunday school. They declare that, while they never attend church, the child is sent regularly. That does not relieve them of responsibility. It is the pastor's duty to drive home the absolute necessity of parental training. We can never hope to build stalwart Christians in the Sunday school alone. Yet we may save many of the boys and girls. In other cases we can add the finishing touch. Judge Fawcett of Brooklyn declared that out of twenty-seven hundred boys who had appeared before him not one was then attending Sunday school. A young fellow caught in trouble and liable to an imprisonment penalty was sentenced by the same judge to attend Sunday school until he was twenty-one years of age. He will be compelled to report and must keep up his attendance regularly.

Ernest Bournier Allen, a Congregational pastor, of Toledo, declares that ninety per cent of the churches and ninety-five per cent of the ministers come from the Sunday school. Yet we are reaching a comparatively few of the population of that impressionable age. Thirty-four per cent of the population of our country, according to the census of 1900, are between the ages of five and twenty, and less than one half of this number are in the Sunday schools, including the little tots in the primary and lower grades. There are 500,000 outside the Sunday school in New England alone. We lose three fourths of those who do attend between the ages of thirteen and nineteen. Only two out of five of those who do come into the school and remain are led to make an outward profession as Christians. Rev. Edgar Blake, D.D., secretary of the Board of Sunday Schools, found that in 1910 all the Protestant churches in this country gained 384,000 members. It took 160,000 churches, 17,000,000 members, and an expenditure of $250,000,000 to gain this increase. In other words fifty-four church members working and spending $650 secured one convert. If we could have this same proportion of money used in the Sunday school we could easily secure a much larger pro-

portion of the best boys and girls for earnest and devout discipleship.

The child is never naturally criminal. That detestable heresy has been buried. Once we taught it and believed it. It was only fifty years ago that Americans hung children for murder. One hundred years ago England condemned children to be hung who had stolen money to buy ginger bread. It is only twelve years since the juvenile courts came into active service. Up to that time boys and girls, for example, in Chicago, were thrown into jail for petty crimes. When thus treated they became criminals up to seventy-five per cent. Now we have the juvenile courts. In New York city, where many foreigners are handled and where they have a poor chance for improvement at home, ninety per cent of them are saved. That same per cent of success is met all over the whole country. Where the truant boy has the added help of the "Big Brother" movement—a man who interests himself in a particular boy and becomes a real friend—ninety-six per cent of them are saved. For example, 2,195 boys were "brothered" by older men of means in New York city in 1911, and of that number only ninety went back to evil and were again brought before the courts. The Jews of New York have also now formed a "Big Brother" movement. In 1911 they took care of 361 and only eleven of them were again brought to the court and committed to a reformatory. Of the twelve thousand boys and girls handled in the juvenile courts of New York city two thousand were committed to institutions; one thousand because they had such miserable homes that no chance was left them to improve, and one thousand because they seemed to be unchangeably bad. And even of the last one thousand, supposed to be beyond remedy, seventy-five per cent were saved to uprightness.

Professor G. A. Coe in one of his later books says, "At first in my investigation I concluded that the average age of conversion was around the age of sixteen. I am now convinced, by further investigation, that it is much nearer thirteen years of age." Dr. S. E. Benton about eight years ago investigated the conversion age of four hundred and seventy-four delegates to a General Conference and found the list to stand as follows: Four

hundred and forty were converted before they were twenty-five years of age; only nineteen from twenty-six to thirty; eight from thirty-one to thirty-five; three from thirty-five to forty, and only four above forty. One hundred and forty-one were converted from eleven to fifteen years of age. It has been found by careful investigators that if a young man does not drink until he is nineteen, in ninety-eight cases out of a hundred he will never become a drunkard.

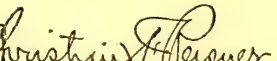
All these facts help us to conclude, without question, that children can be molded wholly for Christ and the church. If we do not get them it is our own fault. The sinful world is eager for them. Some time ago a reliable friend told me that he had good evidence to prove that a great tobacco firm was scattering men around the city of New York to give away cigarettes in the hope of teaching boys how to smoke, so that they could have their patronage later. We do know that the saloon has been caught several times giving away brandy-drops to school children.

It is time for the church to wake up and use every possible method to get boys and girls into the Sunday school, for if we do not get them there we cannot train them. But after they are secured it is then our privilege not only to make them happy and interest them, but to push home the question of open discipleship. A pastor is sometimes embarrassed by the twitting charge of others that a large proportion of his membership is made up of children. That ought to be a compliment.

West declared, "A kiss from my mother made me a painter." Voltaire while a boy was given a skeptical poem to commit to memory; he did so, and never lost the influence of it. Paine in his early life was a Christian and was appointed to debate against religion. Infidelity thus so stamped his life that he never got away from it. F. B. Meyer when a little lad preached to servants and his older sisters and was not satisfied until he had brought the sisters to tears. Our own Bishop Foster began preaching when but ten years old and always exhorted until the children "came under conviction." Later in life he insisted that some of them were converted and never lost the effect of it. We must be unafraid of criticism if we are led to methods that promise to

bring results. Lawmakers endeavored by legislation to stop Raikes from founding Sunday schools. The rich feared that he would educate the poor and thus make them unmanageable. When Dwight L. Moody started his Sunday school in Chicago he gave the children candy to get them to come to Sunday school. But he did not stop there.

At a New England revival meeting three little, freckled-faced lads were converted. The meeting closed and the people, with a discouraged tone said, "It did not pay. Only three boys were converted." But the after years proved this to be one of the greatest meetings ever held. One of the boys was Rev. Charles L. Nye, D.D., who for four years was a member of the Epworth League Board of Control. Another was the Rev. Charles E. Davis, ex-president of the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham, Mass., and the third was the man who now owns the little church in that New England town. He bought it because the owner decided to tear it down and because he wanted it to stand as a reminder of his conversion. His name is Charles L. Goodell.



THE CHURCH IN EUROPE AT THE OPENING OF THE WAR

Some Things Which Make for Optimism in European Christianity

Organized Christianity has been having rather a hard time throughout Europe the last decade. A recent chairman of the Free Church Council said, "Organized Christianity was never in a more critical condition in Europe than at present." A superficial diagnosis reveals the striking truth that distinct disintegration is everywhere evidenced. In France the "Rock of Ages" has not only been blasted but literally ground to powder and scattered to the winds. Writing of the church in France, Maxwell, in Psychologie Sociale Contemporaine, says, "For years the church has become less and less capable of adaptation to the conditions of modern society." This apostasy is evidenced at three points: The so-considered loyal Catholics to-day care so little for the ministries of the church and clergy that last year less than one fourth of the children born in the twelve months were presented for baptism; the rite of supreme unction, which has always been so esteemed, has lost its challenge and two thirds of the Catholics die without this sacrament; again, although the church has made the minimum requirement for membership markedly low, to receive absolution and communion but once a year, yet but one out of twelve avail themselves of this sacrament. The same apostasy is found when one turns to the clergy. In the year 1900 the four leading seminaries training candidates for the ministry had an aggregate of eight hundred students. A decade later, 1910, the number had decreased to three hundred and twenty-five. In the year 1911 only eleven priests were ordained in the entire city of Paris, while the average number of ordinations for a period of twenty years before 1911 was one hundred a year. This decrease came, too, in the face of an extra effort of the church to meet the crisis by receiving older men into the seminaries and exacting less training.

Count Bernstorff, speaking concerning the church in the German empire, said, "I mean only to say what is true. There is no necessity to give any coloring. Things are bad enough without being exaggerated." The Reichstag has in its membership eighty-four who are anti-Christian and a number of Social Democrats who are openly and aggressively hostile to religion.

Nothing is more saddening to a Christian than the aspects of the great churches of Italy at the hour of service. These great buildings, the expression of an age of faith, are now all but deserted. One receives the painful impression that a great idea is dying.

There is no need to continue this passionate indictment. What a terrible commentary on the work and worth of the church is furnished by these facts! Writing on this theme one must say what Goethe said of another, "None can write about this thing unless they write about it in love."

But is present-day religion in Europe solvent? Is Christianity at the cross-roads? Is the church no longer adequate to meet the needs of the times? On the other hand, is there anything in the nature of the message of conventional religion itself, anything in the point of its appeal, which accounts for this lack of force and power?

Historians assert that religion passes through three well-defined recurrent stages: the creative, the organizing, and the critical. If the historians' observation is correct the present stage of the church's history is that of the decline or disintegration or distrust of organization. Europe has had too much churchiness. Even the old Jews arrived at the place where they admitted the failure of religious observances. The stern prophet Isaiah faces the failure and exclaims, "Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not? Wherefore have we afflicted our souls and thou takest no knowledge?" In England a reaction from the Oxford movement is overdue. In France hatred of the clergy is a constituent of the spirit of reform and progress. God in Karl Marx's country is represented by a church that is bound up with a political and economic system which he wanted to undo in the interest of what he believed to be justice. The great apparati of

religious observance seem to be erected upon a wrong foundation. A few years ago Dr. Davidson said, commenting on the decline of Wesleyanism, "It will neither be untrue nor irreverent for us to make this confession: We have done the things we were expected to do and have left undone the things we were not expected to do, and there is no health in us." The church has been too much the prisoner of routine and conventional expectation. *Semper reate.* A church which persists in remaining obscurantist and immovable when all around is progressiveness ignores the duty of all living things, namely, adaptation. It ceases to fulfill its mission and becomes an element of dissolution instead of cohesive force. The European church needs above all things the courage to set the pace. If the churches are deserted it is because they do not supply reality to life. That other attractions are more desired and appreciated by multitudes of people is, I think, in this case, a judgment upon dogmatic religion. It is not a condemnation of human nature. This, to me, is the explanation of the change in European church life to-day: a distrust of the efficiency of the machinery of religion. Professor Eucken, arguing this fact, wrote: "Though religion is a life of pure inwardness, the church seems indispensable to introduce and hold at hand the new world and the new life to mankind. At the same time churches constitute a standing danger to religion, for every church tends to externalize and contract religion. It tends to make itself an end rather than a means. Dust accumulates in a church more readily than anywhere else; lumber and rubbish easily acquire a sacrosanct character, which secures them immunity from disturbance. A wise man will be always on his guard against his church. It were to affirm no paradox but rather a position capable of the clearest historical proof, were we to maintain that the higher the theory of the church the meaner the conception of God." The day in history of which Mazzini spoke has again come in European Christianity: "When the times are ripe for change no human being can impede it; and if the priesthood refuses to inaugurate that change humanity will turn from them to address itself to God." European Christianity is showing its distrust of the machinery of religion.

The picture of European Christianity is not, however, to be painted with black alone. From more than one angle we have a Rembrandt light thrown upon our picture. In Germany, as perhaps nowhere else in the world, the modern mind is coming to the aid of spiritual religion. The theology of yesterday was built upon an unscientific view of the world, an unhistorical view of man and an uncritical view of the Bible. To-day out of the bosom of science itself—not long ago regarded as hostile to religion—there are emerging those spiritual modes of interpretation of the universe for which religion has always stood. Science has come to the service of religion in destroying effete thought-molds that have been limitations to the religious consciousness and in cutting the root of superstition. Italy is tremendously alive in the realm of religious thinking to-day. A straight look at the struggle of the Catholic Church with Modernism is unmistakable evidence of this fact. Two of the outstanding thinkers of the day are Varisco of Rome and Croce of Naples. Professor Croce ranks with Eucken of Germany and Bergson of France. In his Philosophical of Practical (1913) he stands for religion in the sense that in the most general, universal thoughts and ideals man is able to grasp and experience what is eternal. In Germany the weekly press deals with questions of religion, and the psychology of religion is now widely discussed. Professor Troeltsch, of Heidelberg, in two monumental volumes on Social Doctrines of the Christian Church, reveals two elements rarely found in the same person: one of the most eminent philosophers in the world and a man with rare sympathy and affection for the working classes of his country. Professor Rudolf Eucken, whom Dr. Horton recently denominated the greatest living thinker, is the creator of a new religious idealism. Rickert, Loosky, Windelband, Kroner, Husserl, Simmel, and others are contributing regularly to The Logos, one of the most important quarterlies in the world, a philosophy which is doing good to the deepest life of man. In France, Bergson, "son of the dawn," has been a Moses to many in the speculative desert. Few modern men have so thoroughly punctured the mechanical theory of the universe and of life. In Denmark for more than three years one man, Arboe Rasmussen, has single-

handed fought a brilliant fight for liberty of thought in the Danish Church. In Russia a spiritual revolution gained some momentum. The philosopher Loosky has been telling this people that we are as certain of the existence of God as we are of the things of the external world. I know the truth of the ancient axiom, "One swallow does not make a summer." But these facts seem to me "significant of much," as the late Thomas Carlyle used to say in his genial manner. I do not care, however, to labor this argument. I am impressed that scientific and philosophical and historical thought is helping religion in a manner heretofore unknown. The results of such helps are yet scarcely visible in the Christianity of Europe, as they have not had time to filter into the mind and soul of the people, but they indicate the dawn of a day when the things of greatest value will again exercise their sway over man. It is always a prophetic hour when spiritual eagerness is forcing a better intellectual expression of their experience.

The most outstanding characteristic of European Christianity of the last decade is the development of a new social sense. Here as nowhere else on the globe the Christian Socialist is flourishing. For all too long the Christian Church has set sharp over against each other self-consciousness and social-consciousness. It has witnessed on one side the anomaly of men who prate about the reform of society while they do not reform themselves, and those on the other side who make too little of their relation to their fellow men. The second commandment has precisely the same origin and the same sanction as the first. If one is binding, both are binding. If we are under obligation to teach men to love God, we are under obligation to teach them to love one another: their neighbors. The fact is, the area of Christian service is not a circle. It is an ellipse with two foci: the individual and society. The religion which the world needs is that which in reconciling a man with God, *ipso facto,* brings him in right relations with his fellows. Just at this point the diagnostician of European Christianity finds a distinct symptom. Here one finds a powerful reaction against a version of Christianity which was dangerously individualistic. The dominant idea of the Protestant Reformation was individual salvation. The church of to-day insists that there has been an

excessive concentration upon personal salvation. What is the European church doing in this revival of the social sense? In the first place, she is putting the problem in the forefront. This is being accomplished in part through discussions and councils. England has an Interdenominational Union of Social Service Organizations in which more than a dozen different denominations are represented. These councils and discussions are interpreting social service to the people as a duty. They hold a keen appreciation of the social redemptive mission of the church. They are attempting to put the Christian element into social regeneration. They are teaching the inadequacy of mere reform. They know that "man does not live by bread alone," but they likewise maintain that man is never so likely to realize this as when he has bread and to spare. The church considers that it has a precedence in organizations for the work of foreign missions and has formed a specific organization for social work in many countries. This is notably true in Scotland, where the State Church is officially maintaining and directing half a hundred agencies for social betterment. In Germany there is a strong Social Christian Party in politics. The church supports and directs the great work of the Inner Mission, with its "Colony of Mercy." There is a commanding Evangelical Social Congress over which Professor Adolph Harnack has presided for nine years. In Holland the Reform Church carries on district nursing, and the church manages the orphanages, homes for the aged, and like philanthropies.

This activity is not to be interpreted to mean that the church does not appreciate the fact that no amount of machinery will put men into the kingdom of God. They have learned that the churches that play at religion—the ethical dormitories, the social nurseries, the ecclesiastical roof gardens—are running after clever, brilliant, popular men that pipe sweet music to the people on the penny whistle of ephemeral popularity. But the church, the church of the atonement of Jesus Christ, needs a different sort of men. Redemption is always a costly thing. Humanity is not redeemed with corruptible things, but with men such as Father Döllinger, Hugh Price Hughes, Mark Guy Pearse, Silvester Horne, and others who are willing to die that men may live.

In an old book of Hermas the pastor saw an aged woman seated, for very weakness, in a chair, and he was told that she was the church. Then he saw a strong woman in mature life, busily superintending the erection of a great tower upon the waters, in whose building myriads of men were employed, and he was told that she was the church. Finally, he saw a young woman of exceeding beauty and grace, and lo! she was the church. When he asked for an explanation he was told that the key to the mystery lay in himself. When his faith was weak the church looked old and helpless. When he saw the work given her to do his faith revived and the church grew young again in his eyes; he was smitten with the beauty and serenity of her countenance; he knew that her life lay before her. Be it far from me to bring before you the disconcerting apparition of the aged woman. Nay, nay; the fact is the Church of Christ is always young; a great day lies before her in all lands; all who really build in our time build her way.

In Europe the field is open for great advances. Men are taking counsel not of their fears but of their hopes. It is true that the crowds are distracted as they have never been before, but this, I think, is only a stirring of the surface waters. The real issues are being worked out further down, in the meeting place of obscurer but more persistent forces. The church is freeing herself, and men have always been frightened at the disintegration wrought in the world of freedom. Underneath, religion is alive in the heart and in the will. The best and deepest minds of Europe are working in the direction of a spiritual synthesis to include the whole of life. What religion can seize this opportunity? No prophet, perhaps, is keen enough to forthtell what the form will be. Concerning the form which religion takes, Principal Fairbairn wrote: "The people are primary, the policy is secondary, and the policy which best articulates the religion of the people and best organizes the people for the purpose of religion is, for the time and place, the best policy." Protestantism becomes a reformed Catholicism. As mysticism degrades into sacramentarianism so Protestantism degrades into dogmatism. Protestantism was a denial of a papal church, then it in turn established a paper church; and there is no difference between Tweedledum and

Tweedledee from the world's point of view. But authority we must have and authority we will have. It is the genius of Christianity to find an authority for each age.

The future religion of Europe, too, will have a form. We cannot have a *polis*—a city of God—without a policy. Religion will never become too spiritual to embody itself. Christianity will never cease to be institutional. An unecclesiastical religion must remain individualistic. The River of Life must fashion for itself a channel lest it be lost in the waste places of life. In this new religious synthesis which Europe is craving everything but a gospel is ruled out. It will take a gospel to do for the Bible what the Bible has done for the church. Again, nothing but a gospel will save the manhood of Europe. There, as everywhere, lives are barren, burdened, blind, bruised, bound, bleeding, brotherless. And nothing but a gospel—a truth which, applied to life, has liberating power—will save them. Everywhere one is surprised at the tremendous vitality of the irregular agencies of Christianity. The phenomenal rise of the Salvation Army and the irresistible spread of the student movement reveal the inner force of a gospel which can adapt itself to change. The organizing center of this new religious synthesis will be none other than Christ himself.

Amiel said, "Christianity must cease to be historical and begin to be psychological." Such a statement indicates a sinking faith in the recorded facts and a growing appreciation of the spiritual significance of Christianity. I am not ready to admit that there is a "sinking faith in the recorded facts" of Christianity, but I am sure there is a "growing appreciation of the spiritual significance" of Christianity. Amid the whirl of conflicting forces Jesus still holds the central place in human life. No exegetical key will open the way to Christ. No manuscript will wholly reveal him. Historical criticism is but finding out what these facts are which faith has made so attractive. It is not enough to know him as he was; one must know him as he is.

Frank Ormon Beck.

HEAR YE THE LORD'S CONTROVERSY

I HAVE under my eye a letter from Mr. J. D. Hunt, of Leedsville, N. Y., addressed to Ebenezer Wing, at Fair Haven, Conn. Mr. Hunt was father of the two brothers, Andrew and Albert S. Hunt, who became eminent for piety and usefulness in our ministerial ranks. The epistle is of date, Thursday, August 8, 1839. At that time he was our nearest neighbor, and he writes to inform my father of the desperate, and apparently hopeless, illness of his "little son." I was that dying babe, four months old.

It was ten years afterward that the event of which this letter was an incident, in its essential particulars, was brought to my attention. As I lay one night in the attic chamber at our home in Litchfield County, Conn., my slumbers were interrupted by the recollection of some misdemeanor of the previous day. I stole from my couch and crept into my mother's arms. She led me into the sitting room and took a seat at the west window with me on a low stool by her side. There floated in upon us, through the open casement, the hushed and hallowed voices of the night: the familiar murmur of the brooklet, creeping through the meadow, the whisper of the summer breeze in the tree tops, and the smothered crooning of Dame Nature, with her drowsy offspring animate, as she folded them in her warm embrace. In this presence, with my mother's arms about my neck and her bright, beautiful face bent over me, I poured into her heart of love all my burden of shame and sorrow.

Thus was set the *mise en scène* in which the curtain was to be raised upon my future. Lifting me to my feet, with my face level with her ardent, wistful eyes, in a voice tense with suppressed emotion, she opened my life to me. I was God's gift to her, her heart's desire, her first-born boy, a bright, strong, beautiful babe. She was very ill, but very happy as she lay and painted pictures of my future. But in a few weeks, a wasting disease that the best medical skill could not check reduced me to a mere skeleton. At last the physician told her that there was no hope for me. In that extremity she asked the dear Lord for the grace she needed to

give me up. Then, alone with him and me, she held me up—a mere bundle of bones—in her trembling hands and gave me to him, to take then to himself or to leave with her to nourish and train for his service. And God recognized and honored that act of faith. Why not? For nearly four thousand years one has been called "the father of the faithful" for such an act of devotion. From that hour, to the surprise of everyone, I began to get well, and now here I was, a strong, healthy lad of ten, without the recollection of a single day of illness, and with the prospect of a long life. Mother had prudently postponed this disclosure till she considered me mature enough to grasp the situation and realize my need of divine help to meet the claim thus laid upon me. The page on which my destiny—*my* vocation—was written had, till now, been closed and sealed; but this night the Holy Spirit had brought me, penitent and chastened, to her side and had furnished the occasion for which she was looking when the leaf might be turned and the story revealed. And now, would I put my hand to this solemn compact? Would I become a party to this covenant between my mother and my Maker?

She encouraged me with a single word: "You are a good boy, Henry; but you ought to be a better one. You may be. What you need is God's saving grace. And it is for you to choose; will you be all the Lord's?" I fell to my knees and with my face in my mother's lap made a complete consecration of myself to him, and instantly my soul was filled with love and joy.

I had passed my twenty-first birthday when my sister Elizabeth died. She was the most like me, in temperament, of all the family group; and though separated from me during my school life she had never lost her hold upon me. Still, during these years, while she had retained her buoyant, happy religious experience, I, cut off from the wholesome restraints and confidences of the domestic circle, had drifted into a state of doubt and indifference. With her death there came to me a strong desire to verify again, in my own experience, that which had made her life so joyous and triumphant. I was almost a stranger in South Norwalk, Conn., where I had entered a law office to finish my preparation for the legal profession. While I had a slight ac-

quaintance with some religious people, I had as yet formed no intimacies that invited my confidence in such a serious affair. So every night for weeks, through the long spring and summer, in the seclusion of my bedchamber I opened my little pocket Bible and made an effort, by study and prayer, to grope my way back to the faith and love and joy of my childhood. At last, one night late in September, I awakened to the fact that a change had certainly been wrought in me. I had come to have comfort in prayer and a sense of the Divine Presence. I was evidently the recipient of some tokens of his saving grace. And this was no new experience, though I had but just then come to a realizing sense of it. It had come to me, gradually, through the weeks preceding.

I was not quite satisfied, and felt the need of wise counsel to discover exactly where I stood and what should be the next step for me to take, so the following evening I went to the home of a clergyman with whom I had slight acquaintance. His wife—an elegant lady—greeted me with the most delightful cordiality. She evidently thought that the well-dressed, rather prepossessing young man had come to engage her husband to marry him, or for some other such trivial and lucrative affair, for as soon as she learned that my errand was serious she informed me, politely, that he was very busy on a discourse for the next Sunday evening, and she was certain that he would not like to be disturbed. If I would state my business and leave my card, she might make an appointment for me at his convenience. I came away very much discouraged and utterly disgusted. Here was a man whose ostensible business was to save souls, but who had shut himself away from perhaps the only customer he had had for weeks. In my bewilderment and vexation it is not surprising that I was tempted to doubt the reality of the Christian religion and the sincerity of those who, while proclaiming from the pulpit its surprising provisions as a saving force, are so indifferent to its practical application to instant, vital needs. In that crisis this alone held me from slipping adrift: I had had a personal experience of that for which I was seeking; *I had known what it was to be saved.*

For a day or two I tried to feel my way; and then, almost in desperation, I went to the door of another clergyman. I dread

to think, now, of what might have been the result had I met another cold reception. Providentially the man whom I sought answered the bell. Profiting by my former experience, I said, "I have come to make an appointment with you, if possible, for a personal private interview." He looked at his watch: "I have an hour, now, at your disposal." We ascended to what was to prove a veritable "upper room." Here his almost instant insight into my case, his kind, discriminating counsel, in which he encouraged me gratefully to recognize and acknowledge the ministry of the Holy Spirit by which I had lately been led, the earnest, loving exhortation to claim the assurance of pardon, and the divine favor, brought me to my knees at the foot of the cross. Then, kneeling beside me, he whispered a prayer, so full of confident faith, that I was able to claim Christ again as my personal Saviour. The following Sunday I was admitted to membership, on probation, in the Methodist Episcopal Church at South Norwalk, of which this saintly man, the Rev. Albert Nash, was pastor, and from which a few years afterward I was sent forth to preach the gospel of the Son of God.

Then followed ten years in which, while maintaining a pretty consistent Christian walk and conversation, my interest was chiefly absorbed in secular pursuits. I had now a good position in the city, and was living temporarily in Brooklyn. I came home one evening in quite good spirits, for my employers had asked me to make them an offer for a five-year contract. I talked about it as we sat at dinner. I would get a generous salary, for about four hours of agreeable work daily. I was to give them an answer in the morning, and the engagement was to go into effect the approaching new year. After dinner I started for my "den" upstairs, when the one who for the next forty years was to be my best guide and inspiration made a suggestion: "Henry, through our brief wedded life you have had frequent convictions that you ought to give yourself to other work. That is a matter for you to settle; but would it not be best to settle it conclusively before you enter into an engagement that will tie you up till you are thirty-five?" Those words brought me to a decision. There had not been a time since my reclamation when, except for a temporary

postponement, I would not have yielded to the call to preach the gospel, and now alone in my room I faced the issue. It was decided only at the end of a terrible struggle. The extreme limit to which I was compelled to surrender was this: I had frequently seen a colporteur standing at the entrance to Fulton Ferry passing out tracts and other leaflets. I always took one and thanked him in recognition of his sincerity and faithfulness, but it had appeared to me that this was the most humiliating task to which the Master could put one of his disciples. Only the day before a fellow passing in the line ahead of me had seized one of the tracts, spat in it, and thrown it back into the poor man's face. And now, in that quiet chamber, this was the test of a complete surrender to which the Holy Spirit held me: Would I stand in that man's place? It must have been about ten o'clock when I consented to be a Bishop; and, yielding little by little, in another hour I was ready to take my place in the ranks—to do, in fact, everything that I have ever been called to do in his name. At last I was made to realize that my eternal interests were at stake; that the surrender must be unconditional, *or I would lose my soul.* It was long after midnight when I agreed to stand at the city gates, if he placed me there, and pass out leaflets of warning or appeal to careless and violent men. It was then that I received immediate assurance that I was accepted for his service—for the "whatsoever" service.

But my faith and fortitude were still to be put to some pretty hard tests. Daniel A. Goodsell was my pastor at South Norwalk, and he gave me a license as an exhorter. In Missouri they call them exhausters. I prepared a nice little address for the monthly Sunday school concert. I was invited to the pulpit platform to deliver it. I had never before stood in the sacred place, and there came to me a feeling of unusual seriousness as I mounted the steps, but I had perfect command of myself as I stood a moment and looked into the sea of kindly and familiar faces. As soon as I opened my lips to speak, however, I fell senseless on the floor. This was not a case of "stage fright," or anything of that sort, as I was accustomed to public speaking, even before large and sometimes unfriendly audiences. A little later, having been

licensed as a local preacher, I prepared a sermon and went out to a country schoolhouse to deliver it, when as soon as I announced my text the former experience was repeated. These occurrences greatly distressed and bewildered me. I had put aside my worldly pursuits and prospects under the distinct impression that the Lord wanted me for this sort of work; and now I was being balked at every effort to enter the service. Thus, for several dreadful weeks. At last, the following spring, at the session of the New York East Conference, I was appointed, without having been consulted, to supply a little church in the neighborhood. I tried to find a substitute, but I am certain now that there was a "conspiracy" between the several pastors and local preachers in the vicinity by which I was compelled to go up there the following Sunday morning. The appointment was several miles away, and as I walked out along byways and across the fields I prayed and prayed for the help that I knew that I must have in the appalling crisis to which my steps were leading me. On entering the church I was "delighted" to find a congregation of but four people. I walked up the aisle and as I approached the chancel I halted and then turned aside into the "hallelujah corner." Kneeling there I prayed for help, but got no answer. Then I literally forced my way into the pulpit. I got through with the introductory services without interruption or embarrassment, but as soon as I began my discourse a black cloud enveloped the little congregation and I began to sway on my feet. At that I seized hold of the long, old-fashioned pulpit with both hands and breathed a single silent prayer. I asked the Lord to help me preach that sermon, or then and there to take my life. I could endure no more. I had reached the limit of my faith and courage. And he evidently accepted the test of my endurance, for instantly the cloud lifted and my strength returned. That was the last of these experiences. Some scholarly friends have suggested that there is material here for "an interesting psychological study." I think not. At least, I am not inclined to put aside an obvious explanation to make way for an excursion into the speculative or metaphysical. The plain fact is this: Self-reliance, not necessarily self-esteem, is an almost indispensable element of success in things secular, and this was

one of the most dominant traits of my character, but this is a fatal fault in one who is to be but the messenger for the infinitely wise and mighty Saviour, and I needed this lesson of absolute dependence upon him.

I took up the work of a local preacher, filling such appointments as the presiding elder considered me qualified for, until Bishop Andrews became interested in my case and opened the way for my admission to the Iowa Conference. My parents then lived in Ansonia, Conn., and, on getting a telegram from the Bishop calling upon me instantly to fill a vacancy, I made a trip up there to bid them a hasty farewell. Iowa was nearly as far away then as is the Pacific Coast now and my mother's health was very frail. The parting was almost certain to be final, and I somewhat dreaded the interview that was likely to end in an affecting scene. I chanced to meet my father near the railroad station, and as we walked up the hill I told him my errand. He said but little then, as was his wont, but later, as we knelt together at the family altar, the godly man offered up a wonderful prayer for my future success in advancing the kingdom of Christ.

My mother greeted me affectionately, and I took a seat at her side and looked into the face which still, in advanced age, bore traces of the rare beauty in which I had taken such boyish pride. Was this the face of pious resignation into which the Father looked as she held her dying babe up to him, molded and chastened now by years of patient suffering? But when I handed her the yellow slip on which was penciled my final "high calling" there beamed out upon me the glorified face into which a little boy had lifted his eyes after the Father had accepted him for his service and had spoken to him the word of reconciliation. She had never been quite sure of me till now; but at last, disentangled from all worldly interests, I was to enter into my "vocation," and the consecration that she had made of the child of her hopes was to be realized.

Henry E. Wing

PAUL THE MYSTIC—IN FIRST CORINTHIANS 10

We have written of Paul the Writer, Paul the Great Apostle, Paul the Preacher—but of Paul the Mystic? We have thought of him as matter-of-fact; argumentative, dogmatic, arbitrary, but as mystical—well, that has not so much concerned us. Yet this mighty bond-servant of Jesus Christ was ever standing before the Great Mystery. His writings abound with an accumulation of words with which he endeavors to define the soul-vision. He seems ever to stand upon the edge of the world crying, "Behold!" For his thought is expansive. Beyond his last utterance, the reader is aware, stretches the limitless beyond. The sounding of his thought is twenty fathoms! To go to school to him is to sit at the feet of another Gamaliel, whose story is of Christ and Eternity.

I.—First Corinthians 10. This is one of the greatest utterances of the master-minded Paul. It is the summation of an argument begun in chapter 8. Verses 1 to 15 and 18 to 33 constitute a thesis on Christian living, while verses 16, 17 are mystical. Like a jewel in a ring they add value and richness. Why are they there?

Mystic as he was, Paul was a pragmatist. As a scholar he chose the ethics of Jesus rather than the codes of Moses or of Plato. Ethics are fundamental in one's philosophy of life, and Paul's teacher was Christ. The ethical standards of First Corinthians 10 struck direct at the Judaizing and gnostic heresies then prevalent in Corinth and Asia Minor. Speaking broadly, these were three: the essential evil of the flesh, Antinomianism, the claim of a few to special revelation. The mention of these suggests to the student of church history the mischief they have wrought. Paul dealt with them at first hand, when like a trickling stream they began their appearance in the church. Christianity is an affirmation. It stands for positive morality. Some charged Paul with having done with the law. They overlooked what he so loyally defended—the law of grace. Like many another preacher, he began to establish his affirmative by the use of negation. See in this chapter his catalogue of "Thou shalt not." (a) Lust after

the flesh, v. 6. (b) Be idolaters, v. 7. (c) Commit fornication, v. 8. (d) Tempt Christ, v. 9. (e) Nor murmur, v. 10. (f) Nor drink the cup of devils, vv. 20, 21. (g) Nor provoke the Lord to jealousy, v. 22. These prohibitions made a moral cleavage in social life. They indicate how tremendously Paul believed in the reign of God. This man, who, as he thought, had once lived in all good conscience as a zealot of the Hebrew religion, now walked in the light of a new spiritual life. Every revelation is ethically based. The liberty wherewith Christ makes free never becomes license. There is a cup of devils and a cup of the Lord; one is filled with curses and the other with benediction, and those who partake of them are like unto them. This prohibitive code is the standard of the new Kingdom in which dwelleth purity and peace. Why so?

Christianity is not established upon negations, but upon Christ. There is a life "hid with Christ in God." It means positivity of life in righteousness. Notably twice since, in the history of the church, has this Pauline emphasis been tremendously reaffirmed: By Luther when he cried, "The just live by faith," and by Wesley in the eighteenth century when he declared that the Methodists were raised up to "spread scriptural holiness over the lands." Notice, then, Paul's incisive utterance on the affirmative side of life: The Christian in life should be careful, v. 12. Remember, under every trial, "God is faithful," v. 13. Should distinguish between what is lawful and what is expedient, v. 22. Should help the other man, vv. 24, 29. Do all to the glory of God, v. 31. Live circumspectly, v. 32. Serve the many with a hope of their salvation, v. 33. Had Marcus Aurelius seen this formidable code of conduct he had said: "Here is something *more* than morality." Nowhere have I found a more consequential statement of fundamentals. It is a Christian chart of exalted standards; a complete answer and challenge to Antinomianism. Theory is transfused by life; profession runs to deeds; creed becomes action; discipleship is made intense; and Sinai pales in the light of Calvary. It is as if Paul were saying: "Christianity is life. Life must be lived." But how?

II.—The Mystical. Negation and affirmation are not all of

Christianity. Ethics, though Christian, cannot save. Morality is a covering too narrow and too short for a grown man. Nicodemus must be "born from above." Man, regenerate, loves and lives the ethics of Jesus. He must, to live, find the "Holy Grail." Sir Galahad must, and also the man down and out. "The expulsive power of a new affection" must possess Prometheus before he can come down from the rocks and love his fellow man as he loves himself, and love God with all of his mind, soul, and strength. Paul, the master-thinker, knows this. The centrality of this truth shone in upon him when, on his way to Damascus (legalist as he was), a light brighter than the noon-day sun shone around him. So, in the very middle of this great argument he lifts up (verses 16, 17) the symbol so precious to the early Christians. That symbol was:

III.—The Lord's Supper. "The cup of blessing which we bless—is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread (loaf) which we break—is it not the communion of the body of Christ? For we being many are one bread, one body; for we are all partakers of that one loaf."

Why does the apostle introduce here the Lord's Supper?

Himself makes answer in this and other chapters. Converts from heathenism had sought to make the supper a Bacchanalian feast, as formerly they had feasted in idol worship. Judaizing teachers had held to the passover feast and intermixed it with the distinctive symbol of the Christian Church. Paul reveals to them that in either case the blood of animals is far removed from the blood of Jesus Christ. Sacrificial offerings had long since been done away with. And in this day there is no authority for offerings in mass, and any other such thing, for there can be no substitute in offerings or burnt offering for Jesus, the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world. Protestantism as distinguished from Romanism has faithfully clung to the Johannean and Pauline interpretation in this. Festivity in heathen worship gave way to meditation in the Lord's Supper. Then, the Apostolic Church had by unwise disciples been partisanized—a fact seemingly to this day overlooked by some who would try to make believe that Pentecost had swept all schism away in the apostolic day. No; unfortunately, jealousy and wrangling had entered

the door. Paul herein reveals the unity of believers—whether of Ephesus or of Corinth or of Philippi; as there was one loaf, and one Christ, so the Church of Jesus Christ is one. It was neither of Cephas nor of Paul nor of Apollos. Even so now. It is not of Wesley, nor of Luther, nor of Calvin, but of Christ. As Luther discarded the word "catholic" in the Creed and substituted the word Christian—it is still the one Holy Christian Church. Though many, we are one body in Christ Jesus. This is a most blessed truth, and needs in this age of agitation for federation and unity to be reaffirmed. Even to-day we are in every essential matter one body.

IV.—Interpretation. The mediæval church lacked insight into the highest interpretation, as for instance its theory of transubstantiation, which in this day finds no place save in superstitious thought; yet we are not to forget that even under that delusion there were those who in such a sincere fashion partook of the Spiritual Presence that in Thomas à Kempis and Saint Francis of Assisi attainment in sainthood was realized. Any literal interpretation of Christ, at times, leads far astray from that truer meaning which to the intellectual is so essential to growth in the grace of Christ. Literalization which intensifies the mystical was not Paul's method. He rationalized the symbol and by spiritual discernment unfolded its inner meaning.

V.—The Pauline Conception. Dr. Curtis, in his Christian Faith, commenting upon the Socinian view, forcefully remarks that it "cheapens into clarity every feature of Christian experience." There is a point at which rationalization is inadequate to compass the deeper things of the Christian faith. Faith outstrips reason, and cries in some higher sense, "I know." The Pauline conception harmonizes with the mystical utterance of Jesus: "This is my body, broken for you." "This is my blood of the New Testament." Atonement and mediation are outstanding both in Jesus and Paul, who in one place tells us he had received his conception of the sacrament by revelation (1 Cor. 11. 23-26).

Notice the parts into which his conception falls: "The cup of blessing which we bless." Jesus's was the cup of death. He made this to the devout the cup of blessing—the blessed cup, when

himself blessed it. Then to the faithful it is the cup of blessing, for therein, spiritually, are the fruits of the Spirit (Gal. 5. 22, 23).

Curtis reminds us that Latimer taught the "dynamical presence," by which the communicants are "penetrated," so that Christ assimilates them to himself.

The word "communion" is mystical and has been variously translated—by some "participation," by others "partaking," by others "fellowship." Each word lends its own color to the deeper meaning of the sacrament. As a cup of blessing it is the Eucharist; as a partaking it means also the assimilation of Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour by the spiritually minded, for we must never forget that Zwingle and Calvin both grasped the reality of the spiritual presence of Jesus in the symbol as Paul himself herein teaches. It is, then, the "holy communion." And in it is symbolized the one brotherhood, as Curtis, to quote him once more, so significantly declares, "the completed new race in Christ."

The unity of that brotherhood is symbolized in the one loaf; which in the apostolic service was passed from one to another, each partaking of the same.

VI.—Socialization. Neither Christianity nor the church can be ethicalized or socialized without vital recognition of the one true brotherhood in Christ Jesus. Saviourhood makes brotherhood. There is a teaching of the Fatherhood of God which ignores the Saviourhood of Jesus. Paul's was not so. Central in his theology were the death, the resurrection, and mediation of Jesus. Hence the symbol of the Lord's Supper. The Socinian view, which in fact, if not in name, was at that time in the minds of some of the Hellenistic teachers, making the Lord's Supper a memorial of a martyr, is, in this word of Paul, struck to the heart. Communion of the blood; communion of the body of Christ—this, spiritually, constitutes the great brotherhood. Had the church attended to its one task, the mobilization of the race around the Christ, had its leaders of the generation sought the "mind of Christ," there had been little need of modern-day theories of socialization. "Social service" would have been service of man to man spiritualized, the serving of the many that all might be saved. The Holy Spirit has from apostolic days blessed the one holy com-

munion in which is reflected this brotherhood that stands for universal spiritual liberty of the entire race through Jesus Christ, the one Lord. To socialize the race around him is to spiritualize it also—and that is fundamental.

VII.—The Reemphasis of Protestantism. All elders whose right it is to administer the holy communion should by profound meditation prepare themselves and their people for this sacred rite. Our own ritual, with its lofty symphony of joy, thanksgiving, praise, penitence, adoration, consecration, should be read by minister and people as indicated, and parts of same read or sung by the choir, so that there should linger in the memory and imagination the exalted significance and gracious benefits of the same.

In this day of commercialism, of material conquest, a return to the majesty and meaning of this sacred symbol of the Church of Jesus Christ would refresh and strengthen for world-conquest his redeemed followers; for in the communion is a prophecy of immortality and eternal life, with all the consolations thereof, as well as the assurance of his presence from day to day down through the ages (Matt. 28. 20).

SOME MODIFICATIONS AFFECTING THE DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENCY

We are admonished, occasionally, not to tinker with the Methodist machine. In addition to being exhorted "not to mend our rules, but keep them," we are enjoined, sometimes with vehemence, not to modify our polity but work it. Unquestionably, we should leave the work of modification of our polity to the General Conference. This does not forbid frank discussion of our problems and the giving of suggestions that may help to find better methods. The reactionaries who want no changes at all are apt to fall under one of two suspicions; namely, that they look upon our polity as perfect, and well-nigh sacred, or that, for personal and selfish reasons, they do not want anything done that would disturb their ecclesiastical positions. Either suspicion is odious. The simple fact is that the farther we go with this world-conquering machine called Methodism, the more we conscientiously work it, the more we become impressed from time to time with the necessity for readjustments. That is only natural. Men do not any longer thresh wheat with a flail, and on many western farms the gasoline engine has taken the place of the time-honored windmill. Good economic reasons underlie these changes on the farm and other changes as noticeable in the business world. Equally good reasons must operate in changes of polity in the church; and woe unto the church if she refuses to consider phases of her polity on their merits and make changes when good reasons demand them!

The district superintendency is a feature of our polity frequently under fire. It is assailed by laymen in some quarters as an expensive nonessential. They see no purpose in the superintendent's occasional visits and object to paying his salary. The writer was interested to find one objecting layman was a banker. Asked if he objected to being taxed to pay the salary of a State bank examiner, whose sole business was to see that his bank conducted its business honestly, his reply was, "No, I expect to conduct my business honestly, and I want all other banks to be

compelled to do the same." Unwittingly, he gave at least one good reason for the district superintendency. The very churches who need the superintendent least ought to want him at work endeavoring to bring all the other churches on the district up to their grade of efficiency. The ministers sometimes complain that the superintendency is made a "reward-for-service" position; that men are appointed whose highest efficiency is on the wane; that men are appointed without reference to their special fitness for administrative work; that men not having had city experience are appointed to city districts and to rural districts having had only city experience. Not infrequently the complaint is made that the superintendent makes no effort to get in touch with the local problems. He comes in on the last train for the day and out on the first one next morning. This last complaint is sometimes made by the minister who makes no effort to help his superintendent get in touch with the laity and who seems to resent the superintendent's getting any information from sources other than the preacher himself.

Of course, so long as positions are filled by mere humans, even though they be godly men, there will be complaints. The thing we should want to know is, are any or all of these complaints due to failure or inefficiency in the superintendency itself as now operated? Growth, and certain evolutionary changes in the local congregation, will have some bearing on these questions. We must remember that, no matter what it was in the past, the Methodist ministry is no longer merely a society of itinerating evangelists. Whatever we may have in theory, in practice, in the larger churches at least, we have "settled pastors." Like the nations about them, the Methodist people desire to have a "king." We could no more go back to the six-months plan of stationing the preachers than we could go to General Conference on horseback. Neither could we go back to what at first seems to have been the practice of changing preachers indiscriminately from weak to strong and from strong to weak charges. No; local autonomy has come to stay. And, mark you, you whose positions call you to range widely through the church, you who sometimes look upon the General Conference as the entity of the church,

mark you, the *local congregation* is, after all, the fulcrum of the church's biggest operations! Be sure you keep ear to ground to hear what the local church may have to say!

In this development of local autonomy, in which the pastor has become something of a monarch, the local official board has gradually assumed most of the burdens of the Quarterly Conference. These boards are frequently manned by laymen who are accustomed to meeting in boards to conduct the business of banks, stores, clubs, commissions, city and State committees. The monthly official board meeting "comes natural" to them. The pastor or one of the local brethren is the logical chairman. The most logical thing in the world is for the church treasurer to take the place of the "recording steward." No provision is really made for such an office as church treasurer in the Quarterly Conference arrangement. The secretary of the official board does the work of the Quarterly Conference secretary. What more natural than for such a body of men, so constituted, to discuss a budget rather than the separate items of pastoral support, janitor, coal bill, music, etc.? A board so constituted, and conducting its business in this efficient way, finds something slightly incongruous in being called together once a quarter, or even twice a year, by a district superintendent to ask, "Have the directions of the Discipline been carried out for raising supplies for the support of the ministry?" Or to inquire, "What amounts have been apportioned to this charge this year for benevolent causes?" when the superintendent himself receives the apportionment sheet from Philadelphia and sends it to the pastor. Undoubtedly there is need in most local churches for the superintendent at least once, and maybe twice, in a year. In some charges struggling under peculiar burdens the superintendent may be needed several times in the year. But in many instances could not much of the information asked for in the Quarterly Conference be sent to the superintendent on paper and the time of the meeting be taken up with some constructive planning and discussion? Some superintendents seem to think so, for they are refusing to take the time of busy men and women to ask a lot of irrelevant questions printed in a book, the answers to which they already know—if worth

knowing. We might take our cue from those who are doing "overseeing" work in other institutions, such as, for instance, the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association. When one of their general secretaries visits a local society and calls the workers together it is an occasion of keenest interest, and the time is filled with the discussion of plans and needs and the latest methods devised for meeting situations that have arisen in the work. The Lord be praised, we are gradually getting a superintendency that approximates this ideal! Let us take the fetters off the office and give the man in it a chance. The schedule that keeps a superintendent moving around his district according to the calendar tends to machine administration. To the superintendent who has plans for the development of the work in a symmetrical way each rotation becomes an intolerable bore.

Nothing demands more urgent attention at the hands of the church at the present time than our city unions and mission societies. In the larger places these societies have hired superintendents of their own. In some cities the various district superintendents have a sort of joint responsibility for the work of the city societies. There are a number of cities where something should be done to unify such work, and the district superintendent is the logical official under whose administration to unify it. In other words, for cities of from fifty thousand to five hundred thousand inhabitants, let one superintendent oversee all of the work of our church in each individual city. This would, in many places, render it quite unnecessary to hire with missionary funds a special superintendent of missions. We are not getting to the place in the cities we long to reach, and may we not pause to ask if perhaps our methods of administering the work at present may be to blame? Frequently, downtown positions have to be deserted because of moving constituency. In almost every case a wail goes up from some sentimental quarter, that we are guilty of treason to the Lord; that we are running away from the people; that we are deserting the lowly, etc. We are told that we ought to hold these positions and adjust them to the changes of population. Very good; but will someone rise and tell us where under such

circumstances the money is to come from to support the enterprise? This writer has seen more than one good man practically starved out trying to hold the fort; this, too, while missionary money sufficient to have accomplished something if put into the one downtown enterprise was being dribbled out to a dozen or more rather weak places in the Conference and district. We are never going to reach the cities by the "hop-skip-and-jump" methods of the past. We are not going to get far until more adequate superintendency unifies the work and does some constructive planning in the expenditure of missionary funds.

It may seem to lead far afield, but undoubtedly the question of foreign-speaking Conferences impinges at this point on the question of superintendency. Whatever may be the arguments for keeping up Conferences and districts for those speaking languages other than English, or for those of another color than white, there can be no possible excuse for the expenditure of time, men, and money in senseless overlapping in administration. The writer has in mind a city, of less than a hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, in which five district superintendents have jurisdiction. To designate them: One for the English work, with fifteen churches; one for the German work, with one church; one for the Norwegian-Danish work, with one church; one for the Swedish work, with one church; one for the Methodist Episcopal (colored) work, with one church. Thus five men are overlapping in supervising the work of nineteen or twenty churches in that one city. Three of those superintendents travel hundreds of miles to oversee the work of their particular churches in the city cited. It costs at least one of those superintendents more money to make the trip from his home to that city to hold a Quarterly Conference than the Quarterly Conference pays him for his quarterly visit. The membership of that little church of foreign-speaking Methodists is groaning under financial burdens too heavy for them—and the district superintendent's salary is one of them. Now, in the face of such situations, let it be remembered that there is not one of the Quarterly Conferences referred to that could not be administered by a man speaking no other language than English. It would seem there is really no more necessity for having a man

travel hundreds of miles, at big expense, for this very small service than for our foreign-speaking brethren having a bishop of their own tongue to administer Annual Conference.

Still going farther afield: Has not the time come when, in many sections of the country, the Conferences for foreign-speaking Methodist people should merge with the English Conferences? Would it not be in the interests of our foreign-speaking brethren if this were done? Would it not be in the interest of Christian fellowship and in line with the general tendency of Methodist solidarity if it were done? To any thoughtful investigator of conditions there is no question that it would be in the interest of economy in both men and money. To name only one evil being perpetuated, high walls are being built up between the foreign- and English-speaking churches, so that they rarely touch each other except—note it, please—at General Conference! The English-speaking Conferences need the German element and the Scandinavian element. We shall always be immeasurably poorer unless some way can be found to bring the various elements of our church into Annual Conference side by side. The English-speaking brethren need to come in contact with the zeal and loyalty of our foreign-speaking brethren—let us say, for instance, regarding the benevolences and the church literature. The foreign-speaking brethren need to come into a different kind of contact with the English-speaking church so that they will not look upon the gradual merging of their young people into the English-speaking church as an unmixed evil. Now, such merging would not do away with a foreign-speaking ministry, nor foreign-speaking churches; God forbid! It *would* encourage bilingual preaching and bilingual superintendency. The younger generation of foreign-speaking preachers knows it must be prepared to work in both languages. There are a number of congregations where a preacher using a foreign tongue exclusively may still do excellent work. This will always be so. But there are many other places where a knowledge and use of the English tongue is almost indispensable. The theory set forth simply means, let all belong to one Conference; both foreign- and English-speaking preachers. Where there are churches using a foreign tongue

exclusively, send them a preacher thoroughly at home in that tongue. In places where two or more churches, English and foreign, are struggling to live, probably both requiring mission money, consolidate, and put a bilingual preacher in charge.

The district superintendent is one of the most important factors in the work of our general boards. Rightly understood, he is the key man. Unless he can be intimately related to the work of the general boards, and relate his district to them, no plans the general boards can make will be successfully carried out. The new financial plan nor any other plan can get far without the thorough sympathy and hearty cooperation of the district superintendent. How can the district superintendent be brought into sympathetic touch with the work of the general boards and the great commissions of the church? The plan suggested is, enlarge the boundaries of the districts; reduce the number of superintendents by at least half, and make some provision for all superintendents to attend the meetings of the general boards. They will then get information and enthusiasm first hand. They will get a close range vision of the gigantic tasks of the church. They will be heartened by a look at the progress the church is making. The superintendent then will go back to his district from the general board meetings a traveling dynamo of information and enthusiasm. Instead of a "district sermon" he will have some great themes in his heart burning for utterance.

Briefly, then, the suggestions offered would take about this form: Let the consolidation of Conferences continue; it is a move in the right direction. Why use up three bishops and three weeks doing the work of three adjoining small Conferences when, by consolidation, one bishop in one week could accomplish the same result? With consolidation of Conferences, eliminate about half the districts. Release the district superintendent from a quarterly routine. Released for leadership on his district, the superintendent can care for sixty or seventy charges in rural Conferences. He could care for even more in a compact district where inter-urban lines are established. Take the time limit from the superintendency and make it a year by year appointment. It is that now, but the idea seems to prevail that a superintendent's

"term" is six years, and if for any reason he does not serve out the six years it is usually a reflection on the man. If a preacher is good superintendent material, a born leader of men and an indefatigable worker and a safe counselor, why let the calendar deprive the church of his peculiar talents? Such readjustments will lift the financial burden a little from the laity and will also give the superintendent a better salary. Surely both things should be accomplished. The office of district superintendent in many Conferences is a poorly paid position for the expense, work, and responsibility required. If the office is worthy of a strong man then he should be paid a salary somewhere nearly on a par with the best churches of the district. It is beside the point to say that men in plenty can be found for the position even if the salary is small. It is barely possible men could be found willing to be elected to the episcopacy on a salary of about half what our present bishops get. That would hardly be an argument for their election. A cheese-paring policy is as odious in the church as elsewhere. We want leadership, let us be willing to go out and find it; and when found let us not make the sacrifice so great for the leader that in sheer self-preservation he must refuse the call. The district superintendency ought, by all means, to be better paid. The office ought to come into the power and dignity its importance deserves. It ought to be the great field marshalship of the church. Make it so and there will be no dearth of strong men to put the best of themselves into the task.

Edward Hicks

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE PREEMINENCE OF GOD: A SERMON BY BISHOP ROBERT McINTYRE

THE text for our morning discourse is found in the first four words of the Holy Book, "In the beginning God." Sometimes the Bible seems to me like a great spacious house with sixty-six rooms thoroughly furnished, full of comfort and cheer for the soul. And I run the leaves through my fingers and glance at the titles of the books and repeat that beautiful Hoosier ballad called "Out to Old Aunt Mary's":

Wasn't it pleasant, Oh brother mine,
In those olden days of the lost sunshine
Of youth, when the Saturday's chores were through
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen too,
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

Down through the barnyard into the lane,
And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind and our hearts ahead,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

Why, I see her now in the open door,
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof—and her face—ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

The jellies and jams and sweet marmalade,
And the cherry and quince preserves that she made,
And the sweet-sour pickles of peach and of pear.
With cinnamon in them and all things rare,
And the more you would eat, the more there's to spare,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

So in this Bible house, in the very gateway, in the open portal of it, stands the eternal God, the everlasting and uncreated one, and the introductory saying is this: "In the beginning God."

> I see him there in the open door,
> With the ancient book, with its heavenly store
> Of love that faileth never,
> And as I gaze I say, Ah me,
> Isn't that good for the soul to see,
> And isn't it good for the soul to be
> God's guest to feast forever?

And then sometimes the Old Testament appears to me like a lake I saw in California. I was aroused from my bed early in Yosemite Valley and invited to go forth with a party to see the transformation of the dawn in Mirror Lake. As we made our way through the woods, the night birds were calling in the copse, and I saw the rose-burst of the morning on the forehead of Cathedral Spire, and the cataracts were flushed to Mariposa's mountain wall and sunlit from Sierra's snow and launched in lines of livid light and turquois. I saw the approach of the light kindling all the points on South Dome, and at last, hushed in awe, we stood on the edge of that mysterious "tarn" and gazed like those who look over the edge of time into eternity. Every dome and turret and pinnacle and peak was reaching downward into the abyss at our feet—yea, every living flower and bush and tree was duplicated below—even the white clouds of the morning, floating under the cope of heaven, were drifting into the void into which we gazed, and while we looked the sun came through the Orient gates, and old Phœbus flogged his coursers up the eastern heavens and we saw first the shiny, thin segment, then the blazing semisphere and then the full orb coming up from the underworld, and mastering the first step in his daily pilgrimage. I thought the scene was ended, but the guide said to us, "Come twenty steps this way," and lo! a higher mountain drove its wedge of black basalt and red porphyry deeper into the underworld, and then we saw the sun mastering that away, and once more he called us, and a higher mountain hid the sun, and then we saw the conqueror come again, until six times in one morning we saw the sun dawn in Mirror Lake, and at last Old Sol stood victorious on the topmost pinnacle and drenched the enchanted vale with splendor, and we saw him not through a glass darkly, but face to face. So the Son of Righteousness rises over this Mirror Lake of the Old Testament, mounting over the peaks of the

Pentateuch, and the peaks of the Patriarchs, and the peaks of the Prophets, and the peaks of the Psalmist, until at last he climbs the highest wall that hides him from our sight, and we hear the angelic choirs of the divine on Christmas Eve crying: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth; good will to men." And the Son of Righteousness has come in his own glorious personality, and all is well, and Jesus appears, walking the earth to bless mankind and save our race, and we see him no more in the mirror of prophecy, but in the glory of his own gracious appearance.

I noticed as we walked back from the vision in Mirror Lake, that lording it over the whole scene stood one vast stone, the largest rock that is exposed to the gaze of man in this world. You who have been there remember that it guards the gate of Yosemite Valley—it is called El Capitan—a Spanish name meaning "The Captain"—standing there on guard. Wherever you are, wherever you walk or stand, or sit or ride or climb, you see The Captain looming vast and solemn above the tossing pines and looking calmly down on the wondrous picture. Mathematicians say the rock—over half a mile high, without a seam or scar, one solid mass of granite—contains stone enough to build a city as large as Saint Louis. At the gate of our Bible, lording the whole scene, stands this Captain of all the doctrines of our faith, the Priority and Preeminence of God. "In the beginning God." And all the New Jerusalem, every stone of every palace and every temple and every sanctuary and every mansion is quarried from that glorious Rock of Ages, guarding our book and standing in the doorway of the Bible, called El Capitan, the Preeminence of God.

I want to bring this truth before you in three forms, and show you that God has priority and preeminence in the three great concerns of human life, namely, creation, salvation, and emigration.

1. God has preeminence in creation, that is the immediate application of the text. You remember the familiar words, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light, and there was light." God is first, and there is no second. God is supreme in creation. No man can explain creation or apprehend creation or untangle creation or enjoy creation without an idea of the Almighty, Omniscient God. Yet there are some people, a few benighted individuals here and there, who deny the existence of God. An old adage says: "If two men ride one horse,

one must ride behind." There are only two things in the visible universe—mind and matter. All the forms and aspects of creation, the whole cosmos, is made up of the action and reaction of these two, one upon the other, mind and matter, and we naturally say as both of these riders are mounted on that strange steed called Time, and are speeding past us continually—which one rides ahead? Which is superior? Mind or matter? The Christian says, with his Bible at his back, Mind! It shapes and forms and drives matter. That lightning train screaming across the prairie, driving through the tunnels of the hills, is matter shaped and fired and guided by man; step into the cab of that locomotive and you will find mind; there you will see a sooted stoker shoveling black bread into the blazing maw of that monster, and you will see a grimy engineer leaning from the window and tightening the bits of that dragon steed as it flits along under the stars, and you will see that Mind has mastery. Mind feeds it, and Mind steers it, and Mind starts it, and Mind stops it. But the atheist affirms that mind itself is a product of matter; that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile; that there is no need of a soul in a man, that the body is all there is to him, and that the headstone at the grave is the last milestone of the journey; that death ends all, and that brute matter, in zodiac and constellation and cluster, in earth and sea and air mingled and commingled, has somehow or other, by what he calls the fortuitous concourse of atoms, brought forth a Shakespeare, a Napoleon, a Saint Paul, a Beecher, a Simpson, and a Lincoln; that there is no head, no brain, no ruling mind, and never was. That always causes me to smile, and I like to tell a story of which the veterans of the Civil War are very fond. During a charge at the battle of Atlanta, an Iowa regiment got out of line, as you might suspect, got in advance, and was halted until the alignment could be again perfected for the whole brigade. At the end of the first rank stood a tall corporal from Pottawatomie County. He carried the guidon, and was known as a great warrior. They stood there under fire from the forts above—the hardest thing that soldiers can be asked to do—to stand firm and inactive under a raking fire. This corporal heard some one groaning in the bushes nearby and he stepped into the thicket and saw a little soldier, a drummer boy, badly wounded, and said: "Comrade, what ails you?" The little fellow said: "My leg is shot off. I am bleeding to death, I think." "Can I help you?" said the Iowan. "I guess not," said the little hero. "There is a hospital on the hill over there, and if I could get to it I might have a chance,

but nobody will take me." The colonel was standing near by and heard the talk, and the giant said: "I could get that lad over there and be back here in ten minutes. Will you let me go?" The colonel said, "Yes, make haste." So the Hercules dropped his musket and jumped into the hackle and grabbed the little fellow as you would catch up a child, threw him over his shoulder and ran like a scared demon toward the hospital with bullets singing all around him, cannon balls tearing up the turf as he raced over the ground. While he was fleeing thus, a cannon ball came right behind him and took off the head of the man he was carrying, but the runner in his eagerness didn't know it, and sped onward until an officer on horseback stopped him and said: "Where are you going with that man?" "I am taking him to the hospital, sir." "Hospital! hospital nothing. His head is off." The big fellow laid him down on the grass and looked at him and said, "He told me it was his leg."

Why did I tell you that fable? For the laugh? O, no, I never do that, for listen. Why did you all smile? I know, here is your thought, a man with his head off, a headless man, couldn't say anything or think anything or feel anything. A headless man is a cipher with the rim rubbed out, a headless man is nothing. Listen. What do you think of a headless universe? That is what the atheist offers us, a headless universe. Not the beheaded trunk of one man, but he declares there is no head anywhere, and that the beautiful processes of nature, the stately procession of the seasons, the march of the firmamental hosts on high every night, and all the coming and going of the tides of life, that all these have no head, no guiding intellect, no superior power, and that they just happened so; that a dead, headless cosmos, a mindless and idiotic universe, has brought forth the glory that we behold, and part of which we are. Talk about credulity—and they say those who believe the Bible are credulous—the atheist is the most credulous man of whom I know anything. I could not accept such a doctrine as that. I prefer to take the glorious teachings of our text, "In the beginning God."

There are four departments of creation, where we must have a thinking, acting, personal God. The four that I mean to bring before you now are: matter, life, consciousness, and worship. None of these can be accounted for with God left out. Ask the scientific man where matter came from, and he will instantly say: "Go to the theologian with your question. We make no reply to such a query as that; science does not deal with origins; science has nothing to do

with beginnings; it never attempts to tell how anything commenced, but only how it unfolded and developed and proceeded, and became what it is or is to be. As to how it started, we are deaf, and dumb, and blind, and you should never put such a question to a scientific man; it belongs to the realm of theology." "You will be pleased, I know, to give us the aspect of matter when science picks it up and proceeds to study and handle it?" "Certainly, we will do that. They say it first came within the grasp of the intellect of man in the shape of superheated vapor, a vast cloud of what they call nebula, floating in illimitable space, so hot that they called it fire-mist, and they say that all the substance of the known universe was once in that form; it was in the grip of two laws: gravitation, by which every atom sought the center continually; and cohesion, through cooling, shrinking. You know that heated matter is very expansive; you can take a piece of cold steel and heat it until it is fluxed and it will run like water, but it makes a larger bulk than when it is condensed in the steel. You can apply more heat to the soft steel and send it off in vapor, but then it fills more space than when it was a liquid. That is the law of contraction by cooling, and as this great fire-mist mass, this nebulous formation, dissipated its heat on the surrounding space, it grew smaller as it cooled, and by and by it reached another form which they call the gelatinous. Instead of a vapor it was a jelly, white hot, quivering, but still flinging off its heat, and then it cooled until it became a thicker mass. Meanwhile by a process that I cannot discuss now, rotation began on its own axis of the whole gelatinous mass. As that rotation increased it tended to throw off sections of its bulk. If you pour water on a grindstone and turn the stone slowly, the water will cling to the stone, but if you turn the stone fast, it will fly off in drops and each drop is as perfect as a star before it strikes the ground. By law of nature when it strikes the earth it is a perfect dewdrop. This mass rotated, the centrifugal force—the tendency to fly off—overcame the centripetal force—the tendency to hang together—and great masses were flung off from our central sun, for these are describing the creation and evolution of our solar system. These masses when hurled off were irregular, but nature's laws rounded them. Before the mother mass became cooled enough to hold herself together firmly against this centrifugal power, she had flung off eight children, which are the eight planets of our solar system. These being smaller than the great mass from which they sprang, cooled faster, so that while the great mass is still blazing oxygen and glorious fire, the

planets have cooled until they have formed a crust. The heated part, giving off its warmth into space, continued to shrink. When the crust was formed like slag on an iron furnace, the crust or surface couldn't shrink, being now firm, and therefore it had to wrinkle, as the pressure of gravitation forced it to follow the inside heated mass. You will see that in a baked apple. If you put a big, plump apple in the oven, the heat of the oven will take the moisture out of the pulp of the apple, but it cannot take anything out of the skin of the apple, which is a tougher substance, and so the pulp of the apple will shrink irregularly and the skin of the apple will shrink in wrinkles. So the earth formed wrinkles, and as they rose they were the first mountain ranges, and the valleys between them were the beds of the seas and the lakes and the rivers, and thus our earth was formed, and this process is still going on. The crust of the earth is following the center of the earth as it gives off its heat and shrinks, and from time to time we have upheavals caused by this force." That is the scientific account of creation, accepted by seven out of every ten scientists now. It is the nebular hypothesis, as they call it, and is their working theory to-day. I take this to be the noblest generalization that ever came from the brain of man uninspired; it is the biggest thought that man's intellect has given the race. I believe it is true. Now, say to the man of science: "You begin with the fire-mist; who kindled the fire-mist?" You get no answer. He seals his mouth in a minute. But the theologian, with his open Bible in his hand, says, "God." Once there was nothing but God, and out of him has come all that is: all intelligence, all form, all power, all delight, all laws have come from God. Out of God all has come. You see, the scientist is baffled; he cannot reply; but the religious man has the key, and he says: "God hung the fire-mist in space and started it on its wondrous evolution—in the beginning of matter God—and there is no other way to account for it. Everything must have had a beginning save the Eternal and uncreated Person—the sufficient source and fountainhead of all else. But when we move along down through the evolution of matter, we find another thing coming in which could not have been potential in matter: we find life. The scientists say that the first life appeared on the globe in what is now called Russia, which was then covered with the sea. As this earth, in cooling, threw off its heat, it formed clouds charged with carbonic gas in the space around above, and when that became overheavy, they began to pour their condensed waters down in the form of rain. These great torrential rains of the rainy period, called

the stormy period in geology, filled the depressions between these wrinkles and made the early seas and rivers, but the crust was yet so hot that all these waters were tepid, and they poured from their lukewarm surface steam, which went out and scattered the heat it stole from the globe, and came back in the form of rain again. In one of those warm seas, where now is the land of Russia, appeared a weed growing in the silt. They call it the graphite plant. The first thing that had life, which is the mystery of all mysteries, was a weed. This belongs to the first families of the world. Long before there was an animal, or fish, or insect, vegetation possessed this globe for ages and ages. If you will go to-morrow and buy one of Dixon's American graphite pencils and write your name on white paper, you may well take off your hat and bow, for you have in your hand and have used the first thing that ever had life on this globe. That graphite, buried by the old sexton called the sea, when he shoveled the sands on the bed of vegetation, by the heat of the earth and the passing of the annealing centuries, changed to graphite one form of carbon. You can buy it, for it is imported to this country now and used. Now, there is a living thing—but hold your intellect against that a minute. Is it possible, is it credible, is it believable, my friends, that the seeds of the graphite plants could have lived in that fire-mist, and in the molten mass of this earth's bulk? In the gelatinous period in the red-hot, white-hot periods, is it possible any seeds could have existed thus? All your faculties cry out, No.

I have given you the naked science of the thing; I ask your intellectual consent to this statement, that no life such as we find on this planet could have lived in that fire-mist. Yet presently, after a million years or two, as they call it, we find an abyssmal mystery called life. Life first appeared on this earth in the form of a weed. Remember that vegetation is as truly life as animal existence. Any tree is as much alive as a dog or a man, and the chemistry of vegetable life is just as deep and just as secret as the mystery of any other form of life.

I bring you once more to the second thing which halts the atheist, and I say: Whence came life? He has no answer.

Hold yourselves to this axiom: You never can get out of a thing that which was not in it. He talks of cooking, and stewing, and boiling, and gas, and vapor, and jelly. He will baffle you and choke you with a cloud of words, but if life wasn't in the fire-mist and couldn't live through those millions of years of cooling—whence came this life?

He has no answer. We have: "In the beginning God." God planted the life in the graphite seed in that prehistoric sea. Follow the evolution down a little further, and we come to another mystery called consciousness. Vegetation has life, but it has no conscious life. The rose doesn't know it is a rose; we know it, as we have consciousness. A tree is alive, but it doesn't know it is alive, and if you would go at it with an ax, it will not try to save its life. If you go at a wolf with an ax, it has consciousness, it knows it is alive and will try to save its life. So whence came consciousness?

Here we have another wondrous thing, an immeasurable mystery. Not one of all that vast vegetable tribe that owned this globe for a million years had consciousness. Yet we see fish and insect and bird, animal and man, conscious. You never can get out of a thing what is not in it. Whence came this world of consciousness which is the glory of man? There is only one answer, and we find it in the first words of the Holy Book, "In the beginning God."

We move up through the animal tribe with its conscious life and we find something in man that is not found in any beast or bird or fish or insect or tree or herb or plant or flower or grass or moss or fern. Nowhere in the whole living creation is this thing found but in man, *and that is worship.* The spiritual nature is the technical term. It builds churches, it gathers for collective prayer; it stands up and praises God from whom all blessings flow. Worship. No cow was ever caught in the attitude of prayer. No horse knows anything about its Maker. Man is the only thing on this globe's surface that knows anything about his Maker. Robert Burns says: "Man is the God of the dog." True in the sense he uttered it, man is the highest thing the dog knows, or any other animal knows. Man only knows God, feels God, hears God, talks with God, follows after God, and cries out to God. Now hold the aphorism close—you cannot get out of a thing what is not in it—worship is not in any lower creatures; whence came it? In the beginning God took up the form of Adam and breathed in him his own nature; God is spirit, therefore the nature that he inbreathed was spirit nature, and man became a living soul. So here we have four mysteries: life, matter, consciousness, and worship, and not one of them found in any other thing antecedent. Where is the source of these things? There can be only one source, and we stand on that; we rejoice in that, God. Ask the scientist what that was, and he will run you down the stairway of life to the bottom. I remember when my old professor, one of the greatest geologists who

ever lived, opened this wondrous truth to me and showed me the cast, taken from the Indiana quarries, of the first living thing, Eozoön, of the family of Amoeba—Eozoön Canadense—Eo, the dawn, and zoon, life—the dawn of life—and called Canadense also because it is found in millions in its fossil forms in the quarries in the limestone regions of Canada. He told me how this creature first appeared in the warm waters, the primeval sea, eozoön, and after eozoön came the brachina, and then the trilobites, and then the crinoidea, and then the gondula, and the batrachia, and then the fish, and then the bird, and then the mammal, and then the man, and God's mighty idea with stately steppings ascended the stairway of his purpose until man, ready to receive his own divine nature, stood before him. It is a wondrous story, but did your scientist go back with you again and say to him solemnly: "Brother, tell me whence came the living amoeba? Whence sprang eozoön?" Beloved, there is only one possible source of conscious life, and that is, it must come out of conscious life. Out of the womb of death life never came. There can only be one source for life, and that is God, the Everlasting. So then God kindled the fire-mist, and we have matter. God planted the graphite weeds, and we have life; God quickened the amoeba, and we have consciousness; God breathed in Adam, and we have spirit. In the beginning God. I want to call your attention to a very serious truth. These people who neglect God, and will not have him in their thoughts, are storing up for themselves a dreadful experience, and we who keep God in our thoughts morning, noon, and night, who live in him, and walk in him, and have our being in him, and who think of him first when we awaken in the morning and open our eyes to the light and last when we drop asleep on the pillow, we are storing up for ourselves a wondrous experience which shall be helpful and shall be blessed.

I saw this in Egypt. In that land is the foul and hateful bird called the bat, half mouse and half fowl, hated by every normal child and every person who ever looks at it, an abomination. You know that the old-time Egyptians had a curious idea about the body: that by and by, after ages of separation, the soul would come back and ask for its own body, and they would be joined again. So they secretly preserved every body in the form of mummies; wrapped them in linens and smeared them with sticky gum and preservative stuff and corded them away in their necropolis along the valley of the river Nile. They are gone, but their dead still remain as they were piled—men, women, and little babies—corpses all. The Arabs own that land

now, and they have a different religion, and they despise the faith of the old Egyptians, the heathen, and they have no higher fun than to break open the doors of these mummy pits, these chambers of death where tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands and millions are stored. They used to drag the rotten corpses out and enrich their orchards and fields with them until the English government stopped it. Now they are forbidden to traffic in the mummy, and you cannot get one to bring to a museum here unless you steal it by night. But they still show their contempt; they break open the doors and let the obscene birds called the bats fly in and make their homes and breed there. They live all day in the place. You come about noon to the mouth, and hear the story as you look into the darkness, and you say to the old Arab sheik who has charge of the place: "I would like to see that swarm of birds, but I suppose it is impossible to see them in the daytime." "No, no," he says (through the interpreter), "you give me bakshish, give me four dollars, and I will bring them out and you shall see them." Very good, the party soon contributes the money. He says: "Stand back here in the light flat against this wall, and make no sound, and I will bring ten thousand of them out and you shall see them." He takes his old Turkish musket and goes crouching into that labyrinth and penetrates some distance through that crypt, sets the gun to his shoulder and pulls the trigger. You hear a great reverberation—the hillside shakes as you are leaning against it—it is like an earthquake, and the old man comes rushing out and stands beside you, and then the birds, disturbed in their mid-day sleep, scared and bewildered, come rushing out into the precipitate downpour of the solar radiance of Egypt at noonday. Of course they are blinded, and they cannot see anything in the light, but they pour out in a torrent. It seems as if hell itself vomits all its obscene, grisly, and gruesome inhabitants to make your blood like ice and clot the red tide of life around your heart. You shudder and you tremble as you look at them. Around and around they go, making a shadow on the sand, and then in their blindness they dash back toward their own home; some of them strike the doorway and go suddenly in; many of them beat themselves against the lintel and the door posts and mangled and broken, jabbering and chattering and squeaking they fall at your feet, and you see them hopping and flopping in the white dust, and an awful, unspeakable horror penetrates your soul, and you say to yourself: "There is the judgment day; there is the token of what shall happen to the sinners who put the light of the thought of God, the

light of the gospel of Christ, out of their lives and ignored and deserted God; insulted and offended God and lived in spiritual darkness. When the great angel of the resurrection shall stand with one foot on the sea and the other on the land and shall blow the blast which shall spill the caves of earth and summon the dead to judgment, we who are familiar with the idea of God and have had his light shining in our souls for years, will be glad to answer and go forth unafraid; but those who knew not God, or became not familiar with God, shall be flung into the blazing light of the great white throne and hurled against the posts of the pillar of judgment. Blinded and bewildered, they shall say as those poor birds did in their jibbering language to the mountains: 'Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him who sitteth on the throne forever.' But they cannot go back. They cannot find the way back. The place which they inhabited is theirs no more, and dashed against God's laws they shall fall, bruised souls, deeper down the terraces of perdition, while evil angels in their wicked glee drag them lower from the gate into the darkness they coveted, forever."

2. In the beginning of salvation God.

You remember how beautifully the Book brings that out. The Lamb was slain before the foundation of the world; and all that we get of salvation, including justification and sanctification, we get through the blood of Christ. Remember this, we get nothing in a religious sense, in a spiritual sense, but what we get by the blood of Christ. Recite the long and illustrious catalogue of God's mercies; not one of them came to us but by the blood of Christ. He purchased them all, and the blood of the atoning Lamb was shed before a sinner was born. Before the foundation of the earth the Lamb of God was slain and the atonement was complete. Isn't that beautiful? The gospel is no annex, built after the plan was finished. It is no afterthought, bless God, it is part of the original plan. It was in the first specifications, not blue prints, but red prints! The gospel is part of the cosmos; God had it in his first thought, and in the initial draft of his universe he prearranged salvation. Isn't that glorious? O, we can build on a Rock like that—in the beginning of salvation, God. Long before we needed it, long before we deserved it, long before we could understand it, long before the first sinner dropped the first penitent tear on mother earth's bosom, God had arranged it. A cross was lifted in his sight! and he had offered his Son for the salvation of man. When I say salvation, remember I have a double work in

view: justification, which is salvation begun, and well begun, and sanctification, the second work, which is salvation consummated, finished. There is nothing after that but continual growth. All this comes to us through the blood of Christ, and was provided before it was needed. I can conceive that it never would have been needed, but God saw that it would be and he arranged it beforehand.

There is in my body and in yours a strange power of knitting a bone if it be broken. If you break a bone of your wrist, immediately a secret process is set up which never was used before. There is in your body a power to pour forth liquid bone, an osseous fluid, and as soon as the surgeon brings the edges of the fracture together immediately nature begins to bind and pour that fluid bone around the fracture, and in the course of six months it is healed. A man who had his wrist broken just that way, held it out to me and said: "My wrist is stronger now than it was before the break, because nature has not only knit it together and tied it with this osseous fluid which has hardened into bone, but you see she has built a ridge over the fracture." He made me feel it, and I could feel how nature had braced it and actually tied a bandage of bone, making a ridge. That man might never have broken his wrist, and that process might never have been called for, but God had put it there long before the bone was broken and it was needed. I have never broken a bone, not even my little finger, but all these years there has been resident in my frame that power arranged to heal me. So in his spiritual universe God lodged the power, that if ever a break should come separating man from God, and they were properly joined once more, in Christ Jesus, the process of salvation should begin and they should be bound together, stronger than if they had never broken. A saved and sanctified sinner, lifted out of the bog of lowest hell and on the Rock and cleansed and sweetened and rinsed, inside and out, by the power of the Holy Ghost, knows more about the Deity, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, than any angel in heaven who never broke a wing. That is the wondrous fact. I am glad that since I was a sinner, grace divine found me and God brought me back and healed me. Now the old wandering and rebellion enables me to know more about God than any angel who trails his white robes along the streets of the New Jerusalem.

The ninety and nine sheep in the fold—the obedient sheep who never stray—are talking about the shepherd: how good he is, kind and constant. They tell of the green fields and bright waters, of the

rich luscious pastures where he leads them. They talk entertainingly—but wait a minute—I see that old broken sheep there in the corner, the one he brought home on his bosom last night through the tempest. He gets up and says: "Hush! All you have said is true, but you don't know anything about our Master; let me speak." And they say: "Very well, you know far more than we." He tells how he wandered off from the gulch and into the dark ravine, and how the wolves took his track and cornered him after he had fallen over a ledge and lay there broken, and he could see their white teeth flashing through the gloom as they closed in and made the ring smaller and smaller and sniffed his blood and gave a pleased howl of anticipation that echoed like a death knell down the gorge. Just when his heart sank like lead and he gave up his slender hold on life, he heard One singing in tones sweeter than the silver trumpets of the Levites ringing over the camp of Israel long ago, and rushing with his staff he drives the snarling beasts with the white fangs into the darkness, and kneels down by the sheep and pours oil into his wounds, and tears off the hem of his own holy garments to bind up its broken limb, and lifts it up on his shoulder and nestles it safe in his arms, and goes singing toward the fold, saying to all who might hear him: "Come and rejoice with me, for the lost is found, and the dead is alive." Who says that old sheep, standing there trembling in his weakness, doesn't know our Shepherd? Bless God, I know more about Jesus and the Holy Spirit and the love of God our Father than any angel in heaven. I expect to teach angels some day, and I have something to teach them. I will tell them a story that will make them look at one another in wonder and say in whispers: "We never knew our God: such depths of affection, such fathomless oceans of mercy." Have you ever noticed how little benefit is angelic help? It is almost pitiable to see how little they can do, because they haven't had any experience. Suppose an archangel should come down the astral stairs and stand here now. I would take a seat, abashed and affrighted, humbled, and you would be full of curiosity, and after he had talked a while, and your curiosity had been sated, somebody would arise and say: "Mr. Angel, I beg your pardon, but would you permit us to ask you a question? You are preaching to us, and evidently we do not understand what you are trying to do or what you are trying to say. Will you permit us a question?" Then the man would be able to speak and say, talking for every one of you: "Did you come of a sinful heredity? were you born with a tendency toward evil? Did your blood come through sinners for about twenty

generations with the bias toward hell?" "Why, no," the angel would say. "I never was born at all. Each angel is a separate creation; we have no heredity, and therefore there are no sinful tendencies in me." "O, you didn't have to battle against seventeen generations of sinners pulling you down the grade? You didn't live in a sinful environment, where the devil had seductions on the right hand and on the left, and you could not raise your eyes nor turn your head from morn until sunset but something was tempting you to do wrong?" "O, no," the angel would say, "I live in heaven, with holy environment; there are no seductions to sin there, and the devil never enters." O, the light would begin to break on you folk, and this man would continue the questioning and say: "Did you ever know poverty? Did you ever have your heart broken? Did you ever endure scandal without a cause? Were you ever betrayed and mocked? Did you ever have those whom you had helped turn against you with ingratitude? Did you ever go down on your knees in the agony of prayer, when you felt you had not a friend nigh? Did you ever wander, baffled and bewildered, groping after God and knowing not which way to turn?" "No." "Mr. Angel," that questioner would say, "you can't help us. You fly away home and let McIntyre get up there and talk to us. He has been through all this; he knows heartbreak and misery and poverty and sin and shame and salvation. Let the old man with the white hair get up and talk to us—he has fought the battle, faced the foe, met the enemy—he can show scars and wounds on body and on soul, and he talks a dialect we understand, and his language is very familiar to every one of us—let the old man get up." Salvation full and perfect from God in heaven in equal terms to all the people who on earth do dwell, and through the blood of the Lamb. Our enemies, who hate the Book and the way and the church, scoff at this salvation. They follow us on Christmas night to the dimpled babe lying there in the hay and say: "Is this God going to save the world with a baby? Why didn't he send some senate of the skies or a great delegation of the hierarchy? About seven million saintly intelligences might tackle this job, but a baby!" A baby! Let me tell you, there is nothing stronger in the sea, on the land, in the valley of balms, or the pinnacles of sin, or the hope of heaven, or earth below, as the silky-soft touch of a baby's white hand. A child can lead where no power of heaven or earth could drive. Two farmers, brothers, had adjoining places in Ohio. They got into a desperate quarrel. There is no feud so black and damnable as that between blood kin; they cursed each

other and turned away resolved never to speak to one another again. Their wives were friends and often met and wept and prayed over this condition. They knew both the husbands were good men, and it was awful to have them live in this way. Up to this time there had been no baby in either family. God sent into the family of James, the younger brother, a wee baby, and John's wife used to tell him every night, when the chores were done and they sat by the fire, of the pranks and antics of that little one, and begged him to go over and look at it. He said in his surly way: "No, never. I will never go there, never." Underneath all this, down here in the rear of his skull, there was an idea forming, he actually would like to see the only baby that ever came into their house, and he found himself nourishing the hope that some day he would have a look at him. It had no share in the quarrel; it was innocent at least and pure; it had never doubled its rosy fist and shaken it at him or cursed him to his face. One summer day he was driving down the big road slowly and he passed his brother's house and he saw his brother's wife and his own wife in the peach orchard beyond, watching a swarm of bees in a tree. He saw the front door standing open. The western sun was slanting in through the portal, and spreading a rosy coverlid of sunshine on the rag carpet, and in the middle of that royal rug stood a cradle, and he could see lifted up above the edge of the cradle a little white dimpled fist, and something whispered to him: "Now is your chance; they are away out there and never will know it." So he checked his team, climbed out of the wagon and lifted the latch of the gate noiselessly, and up between the pansies and Johnny-jump-ups he went and stepped over the sill of the door of the room and looked into the crib, and there lay the sweetest little morsel of humanity that the sunshine ever kissed. It seemed to know its uncle; it seemed to be glad, and put out both hands to him, and human nature couldn't stand that, so he reached down and grabbed the plump little creature and lifted him over his head and turned around and around and around, admiring his bonnie beauty. He didn't know how long he was at that. Time flies fast on an occasion of that sort. When he attempted to put the baby back in the cradle it had fastened its fingers in his whiskers, and he couldn't loosen them, and while he was trying, it put the other hand in his hair. He didn't want to hurt it or break it loose with a jerk, and before he could get it loosened, he heard a step and he turned to the room that led to the kitchen, and there stood his brother and his brother's wife and his own wife. The

old hatred flashed in his eye, but the baby seemed to know he was sent there to cast out devils, and he passed one hand over the frown and brushed the scowl away and cooed and sputtered in the sweetest fashion, as if he was saying, "Be friends once more." And the good part of that man burst the dyke of enmity and flooded his soul, and he pressed the little angel against his bosom and walked up to his brother and put out his hand, and John and James clasped hands and were brothers once more, while the women wept for joy and baby rejoiced to know that he had saved the situation and brought the families together.

There was an angel in the quarrel between the two families, the family of heaven and the humanity of earth, which were separated by sin's quarrel, and harm was done to both sides. In the fullness of time God in his infinite mercy sent a baby into our family, born in Bethlehem of Judea on Christmas night. The angels wanted to see the baby, and came down the skies in ranks of splendor, singing their songs of love. At his birthplace they gathered around the baby, and there stood our humanity in the person of the lowly shepherds, and there stood the other family in the person of the shining angels, and the little baby puts out its hands and draws them close together.

> Hark! the herald angels sing,
> "Glory to the new-born King;
> Peace on earth and mercy mild,
> Heaven and earth are reconciled."

God's method is the best method, and that baby has been bringing the world together at every Christmas, casts away shackles of ice and melts the manacles of avarice from the stubborn old selfish human hearts, and nations are getting closer to nations, and heaven is getting closer to earth, and earth to heaven.

Lastly: God is preeminent in emigration. It is a sad thought, it is a sobering thought that I am looking at a congregation of emigrants. You know I was born in a foreign land, and there are a few here who say the same. You native-born people will never know the agony the emigrant goes through when he stands on the ship's deck and leans over the railing as she goes out the bay and watches his native land go down into the sea, knowing that he shall never return—leaving the graves of his ancestors and the scenes of his childhood and all the precious memories of the past behind him forever. Here and there is a man who remembers it—his eyes are wet now—that woman is weeping as I say this; she remembers the dear old land as I

recall the country of the bluebells and the heather. This comes over me, that though you have not been emigrants, you will be. You are all going hence, in a while. Not one of us will be left, not one. We are outward bound. This old world will disappear forever. We will take the last lingering, farewell look and we will go. The church of Christ wasn't instituted until Pentecost, not fully organized and equipped until after Pentecost. Before any of the regular membership of his church had gone, he went, saying as he waved his hand in farewell, "I go to prepare a place for you." He is over there first, getting the grounds ready, and he left some of his agents here to prepare us for the flitting. I remember my father brought out his few household goods to make a sale on the street corner, as was the custom in Scotland when the emigrants came to go, and the neighbors gathered around to buy for a few shillings what we had, and that is all the money we could get together, for it was hard times over there among the poor. I watched our household articles disappear. They didn't trouble me until the constable seized the little red wheelbarrow that had been given me as a present, and held it up and sold it for a shilling and a half, and I saw a man making away with it. He had bought it and had a right to it, but I didn't understand, a lad eight, a mere boy, and I began to bawl. I could see all the other things go, but that was mine, and I clung to it. He was a big-hearted Scotchman, and he came back and said: "Dinna grieve, lad," and put the barrow in my hand, but the old sheriff turned to him sternly and said: "Take it away; he is going to a country where he will have far better things than this." So the kindly old sheriff, Death, comes to us. He is coming to me now. Every day or two I realize he is taking away something, something very dear to me, something that used to be my very own. He has taken away my brown hair and my eagle sight—I have only dim eyes and a white thatch now. He has taken away the strength from my limbs; he has taken away the steady pulse of my heart. He has taken away my friends one by one. I can't pick up a paper any more but some of them are gone; I am almost afraid to open a letter, they are going away so fast. I don't want to cling to them here. Old Death whispers to me: "Death is friendly. You cannot take these things where you are going; you cannot take them." Brethren, we cannot take our money, our stock, our farms, our bonds; we cannot take them where we are going, and when Death separates our fingers from them he doesn't mean any harm. We are going to a country where we will have far better, far better. The eye hath

not seen nor the ear heard nor the heart conceived the things which God has prepared for them that love him. Sweet surprises over there.

We landed on this shore in the blackest panic that ever fell on America—1857. There are only a few who can remember that. Even the people born here could not find work, so a Scottish emigrant who was a weaver could get no employment, and we nearly starved. Many a night I went hungry to bed, and we didn't have one person from our little town in Scotland in Philadelphia, where we lived, to comfort us. We had no friends—landed among total strangers and in a panic—but, bless God, I have made different arrangements for my next landing. I don't expect to be hungry over there. My poor father was sick and my mother lay down and died of homesickness within a few weeks after we landed. I think I struck every sharp corner of misery there is in this world, but I have some friends for the next landing. Things are prepared for me over there. O, the troops of friends that I have preached the gospel to here, the dear Methodists and the Christians of every church, the white-haired saints and men in their prime and sweet children that I have buried. O, I will have a company at the wharf to greet me, and all will be well. The inhabitants shall never say they are sick, and there never was a panic in heaven. All beautiful! All good! All glorious!

I welcome that word "prepare." Jesus has gone to prepare a place. The greatest surgeons in the world live close to my home, where I lived before I moved to this State. The King of England's surgeon, his personal physician, was over a few months ago studying how to perform an operation for appendicitis. He said to the newspaper reporter: "I am not ashamed to have the whole world know that we all come to this Minnesota town to learn surgery; here are the greatest experts that the world ever saw." Never a train stops but patients are carried off and put on—never. Well, they have a woman who gives the anæsthetic. Neither of these noted brothers has ever given anæsthetic, and they say they don't know that part of the business. An expert woman prepares the patient for them. She does nothing else. She knows little about surgery, but more than any man or woman alive she knows how to give the anæsthetic. She notices the tremor of the eyelid as she holds the sponge and the cone above the face; she notices the twitching of a nerve that no one else would notice; she knows just how far to go and how long to hold it, to a hair's breadth. The surgeons say that half their victories are due

to that woman's wonderful preparation of the patient. God has some wonderful preparers. What is the loveliest part of the day? It is the dawn—it is the morn of life in its most stately luxury. The air is like the breathing from a rarer world; the south wind seems liquid as it sweeps o'er my bosom; it has come o'er gardens, and every flower that kissed it is betrayed, for I know it has been stooping to the rose and trifling with the violet. Morning is only the preparation for the day. What is the loveliest part of the year? Spring. Coming up from the South, "when the gold is on the willow and the purple on the brier," with roses in her hair and bees humming all around her, unrolling the verdant carpet of June and tacking it down with dandelions, comes Bonnie Spring to greet us all. But spring is only the preparation for the harvest. What is the loveliest aspect of humanity? Motherhood—we all bow down and say the loveliest thing alive is a mother, but motherhood is only the preparation for life. What is the finest spiritual thing in this world? The gospel; but the gospel is only the preparation for immortality. We only hear the overture here; we shall hear the endless tune yonder; we are only on the portico here—we shall enter the mansions when we pass over, and the preparation for that is the gospel. Jesus puts himself in this class. He ranges himself with the morning and the spring, with the mother and the angel of the gospel; he takes his place and says: "I go to prepare heaven for you." He couldn't trust anyone else, beloved, to make ready our house—he is doing it himself.

When the war was about to break out a gentleman said to a senator from Massachusetts: "If we have civil war what will Massachusetts do?" The senator said: "She will send a hundred thousand men, and if that is not enough, she will send another hundred thousand, and if that is not enough she will send another hundred thousand, and if that is not enough Massachusetts will go herself." O, what a wonderful welcome! I say that the most imaginative saint, with the most ardent faith and soaring eloquence, has never come within forty leagues of the actual truth concerning the joys that await the believers when we pass over yonder.

I got into a train in Illinois. I found it filled with veterans. They were singing and shouting, and I said: "Men, why are you so happy?" One of them stood up and said: "Parson, we are going to our annual reunion; we get together every fall—it meets this time down the line here about a hundred miles on the other side of the river—and we are all bound for it, and we have such greetings and

fellowship, such a blessed brotherhood when we get together that we sing all the way there and shout all the way home." I said: "Men, I rejoice with you; I thank God for your work. The nation esteems you; you are our American aristocracy, and I hope that this may be the greatest reunion you ever had; may the friendships be warmer and the hand-clasps stronger, and all richer than ever before." There is my message—we are going to our reunion over on the other side of the river—the Captain has crossed to get the place ready, and many of the comrades are with him helping him, and others will go over to-day, and some to-night, and so on until the last one is over there, and then we are going to have a grand review such as the soldiers had in Washington when they marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, and the public mansions and private palaces were crowded with tens of thousands of witnesses, watching the parade. Don't you remember how glorious it was when the artillery streamed along, with the big black horses shaking their harness and stamping their feet and tossing their stormy manes as if they said with dumb eloquence: "We had a share in it, too; we stood in the battle front, in the dust and smoke, and did our part"? On the cannon rode the gunners, holding their caps to catch the blossoms that fell from above; and next along came the cavalry, with tinkling spurs and clanking bridles—the boys who followed Custer and Kilpatrick, and went behind Sheridan when he swept the Valley of Winchester with the besom of war—every man a hero, every soul a warrior.

At last came the infantry—the blessed, battered old bulwark of the nation. The boys who made a hedge of bayonets around Columbia in the hour of her peril, stepping with that stride that they call the "Swing of conquest," the very poetry of motion and which militia can never learn, which they acquired in the sands of Georgia and the mud of Virginia, and climbing the limestone ledges of Tennessee: on they came, filling the avenue as a river in the canyon fills it to the bank; on they swung, in glorious array, until at night they broke ranks and turned to the tables which the women had spread in the parks and in the houses, and men who had not had a square meal for four long years found themselves facing a laden board, with a pie in each hand, gazing on

> **Roasts and bakes and broils and steaks**
> **And fries and stews and stomach-aches**

of every fashion and size, and ordered to do their best.

We are going to have a grand review by and by, and God's great army of the redeemed is to follow the Captain of our mighty hosts. He will be mounted on the white horse of everlasting victory, and will carry the flag which bears the words, "King of kings and Lord of lords," and we ride behind him.

We will go with him all the way—winding down the hills of Paradise, and along the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, down toward the river of life. The angels cannot march with us, for they had no part in Armageddon—they have never stood in the thick of the moral and spiritual warfare; but they will provide the hallelujahs, and twine the mariets and toss them from the housetops as we go, and at last we will halt where the crystal river flows under arches of amethyst and ripples o'er shoals of opal, and where tall trees trail their branches in its tide. There we will break our ranks and lay our arms down forever, and leap into each other's arms and cry in ecstasy, in rapture unspeakable, "Forever, forever with the Lord!"

There are smiling spots and bonnie,
In this world where we abide,
But out there on yon hill-top
The graves lie side by side;
You may cover them with garlands,
You may brighten them with bloom,
But you cannot quell the longing
For the loved ones in the tomb.

Oh, that land without a shadow,
That world without a shade,
That city set upon a hill
With firm foundations laid;
Oh, I would fain be there at morning,
And I would fain be there at night;
My heritage, my kingdom dear,
Where Jesus is the Light.

THE ARENA

EXTRAVAGANT PLEAS FOR THE RELIGIOUS ORIENT

Orient and Occident are becoming better acquainted. In these lines references is especially to India and Hinduism. In the past half century there has been some change in missionary thought and method, and the traveler and home student of Hindu literature have been forming opinion. The earlier missionaries were, perhaps, inclined to see and emphasize the worst of the systems they were seeking to supplant, but latterly some leaders in the field have been looking for the best, in

a spirit of conciliation. There is a happy mean. Macaulay wrote of the Hindu religion, "All is hideous, grotesque, and ignoble." De Tocqueville said, "Hinduism is perhaps the only religious system that is worse than having no religion at all." In the light of better acquaintance, such statements are rash. While educated Hindus themselves now admit that much in the popular system is "grotesque and ignoble," missionaries on closer acquaintance with the better thought of Hinduism, are glad to believe, "that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him"; and they realize that in so-called paganism there are those "who show the works of the law written in their hearts." It is said that missionaries now preach the ethical side of Christianity rather than engage in polemics. I have recently written to the "Hindu Reformer," that the hard blows the missionaries used to give their system were needed to wake the people up, and I called attention to the fact that Hindu reformers now say as hard things against the system as missionaries ever did. The more conciliatory attitude of leading missionaries is seen in a class of books and tracts more recently issued, as, "Christ the Fulfiller of Hinduism," "The Approach of Christ to Modern India," "Permanent Lessons of the Gita," "The Upanishads and the Christian Gospel," etc. Anyone caring to see these booklets can get them from the Christian Literature Society, Madras or Calcutta. In such writings an amiable attitude is assumed, and anything good that can be said is frankly stated. And it is unthinkable that the great mass of humanity would be left for ages, wrestling with the solemn problems of the soul for time and eternity, with no help of the Divine Spirit. This I stated before the Parliament of Religions, more than a quarter of a century ago. All this admitted, we must guard against swinging to an unwarranted extreme of amiability. We must not assume that the good things now appearing in Hinduism were there, and that Christianity has much to learn from the Orient, and thus give our missionary work away.

This Review, in the past year, has raised some questions on this point. Doctor Wark of Calcutta, quoting Dr. Dale, as far back as 1884, says, "There is a kind of Christian perfection possible to the East which is not possible to the West, and is therefore a kind of Divine knowledge accessible to the East which the West will never discover for itself." "The ear of the East is sensitive to Divine voices that have been speaking through Christ for eighteen centuries, but which our ear has not recognized." "When our missions begin to achieve their great triumph, the saints and theologians will tell us truths concerning the revelation of God in Christ, which we have never learned." "Christianity in the far East will receive, yea is already receiving, fuller interpretation." "A missionary who comes to India to propagate some foible of his sect has a hard time." This last is in point, and in general the plea of this article for "catholicity" is good and in harmony with what Bishop Thomson said in India over half a century ago: "India one day will be like the beloved disciple, leaning on the bosom of Jesus." But we must not assume that much gospel truth, or even

something better, was in India before the missionaries came. Something like this assumption comes out especially in the article of Professor Shepard, "Christianity and the New Orient" (Sept.—Oct., '14, Review). The desire of the professor to find something good is lovely. His article is based on the sweet poetry and beautiful thoughts of the Nobel prize winner, Rabindra Nath Tagore of Bengal, who is put forward largely as a product of "Brahmanism." I wonder if Dr. Shepard knows what Brahmanism is? But I cannot take that up now. The Bengalee poet is to be a unique teacher for the West. Dr. Shepard writes: "The astonishing thing is, that this singer, whose religious life has been built upon the Vedas and Upanishads, does nevertheless speak with manifest authority and immediate appeal to the Christian mind." Again—"We are apt to lay the flattering unction to our souls, that the East has everything to learn and the West nothing." He makes of the East and West two electric poles between which there will soon be a flash of mighty truth, from which "will come results incalculably vast and profound for the entire race." "It cannot be said that Christian missions have as yet even grazed upon the loftier religious life and thought of India, China, and Japan." "India the land of loftiest spirituality and closest communion with God," this last an overstatement that ignores the lofty type of spiritual life developed in Christian history. This article closes thus: "It is perhaps not too sanguine to hope that the life and poetry of Rabindra Nath Tagore may prove prophetic of the great religion of all mankind in the future." This comes perilously near seeming to put the Bengalee poet above the lowly Nazarene. It is this that stirred Bishop Stuntz, in a private letter now on my desk, to write: "When Professor Shepard says that Christian missions have not affected the higher thought of the East, he verily speaks of that of which he knows not." "The facts are that the body of Christian teaching taken to India by the Christian missionaries has revolutionized the thinking of Asia in all its higher range. . . . It is *educated* India to-day that shows how profoundly Occidental ideas have permeated and transformed the thinking of India." Thus the Bishop of South America has not forgotten his observations as a missionary in India.

Now, who is this Rabindra Nath Tagore, and how and where were his personality and thinking molded? He is the son of one Debendra Nath Tagore, whose father, Dwarka Nath Tagore, was a friend and fellow investigator of religion with Rajah Ram Mohan Roy, a student of the New Testament and founder of the Brahmo Samaj, which has given us Keshab Chandar Sen, who said, "The Spirit of Christ India will one day receive." He also had a noted lecture, "Jesus Christ, Europe, and Asia." The same Samaj gave us Protap Chandar Mozoomdar, whose book, The Oriental Christ, many have seen in America. At the Parliament of Religions Mazoomdar said: "Did I not tell you the other day that on the inspired throne of India Christianity now sat, with the gospel of peace in one hand and the scepter of civilization in the other? The Bible had penetrated India; its pages were unfolded,

its truths were read and taught. The Bible is the Book which mankind shall not ignore." The founder of this Samaj, Rajah Ram Mohan Roy, sometimes called the Luther of reform in India, in his higher thinking was a Christian. He came under the influence of the earlier missionaries, studied the Bible in Hebrew and Greek, renounced idolatry and the vain teachings of Hinduism, and wrote two books, one "The Precepts of Jesus the Guide to Peace and Happiness," the other, "Final Appeal to the Christian Public in Defense of the Precepts of Jesus." Through the immediate lead of this near ancestral environment the shaping of the thought and personality of our Bengalee poet can be seen. I have no hesitancy in asserting that Professor Shepard is mistaken in his claim that "the poetry of Rabindra Nath Tagore is the product of a tradition, at once religious, philosophical, and æsthetic, that is more than four thousand years old." The real genesis comes out in the Professor's own statements as he sees that side of this man's making. He admits that our poet "found time to absorb the best of Western culture." "French and English books are published extensively in Calcutta." "Western history and art and philosophy are a part of every liberal Oriental education." "Although he [Rabindra Nath Tagore] has spent his life in the sacred books he has found time to master the literature and philosophy of Europe." Now what "sacred books" of India did this noble poet study? The principal books into which educated India is trying to read the best thought of the age are the Vedas, the Upanishads, and the Gita [Song], and the light from these, compared with the Christian Scriptures, as Max Müller, their thorough student, stated, is as the light of a feeble taper compared with the sun. The Vedas, the earlier of these, is polytheistic and closely resembles the mythology of Greece, to which they are related in religious ideas. They were probably written from 1500 to 1000 B. C. There is nothing here to have made a Rabindra Nath Tagore. Professor Shepard is mistaken when he claims that "India is the home of the oldest monotheism recorded in the history of religions." Neither Max Müller nor any student of the Vedas can make out a monotheism clearly. When India did reach monotheism, as in the Upanishads and Gita, it is pantheism of a "grotesque" type. A pure, rational, noble monotheism was recorded in the Pentateuch earlier than any sacred book of India. The Upanishads, later than the Vedas, are pantheistic, if anyone wishes to accept that as monotheism. And the claim is that there is but one being in the universe, and its (not His) basal state is a kind of impersonal soul-protoplasm, without attributes or moral quality. This is their last analysis in the search for basal reality. This basal qualityless something works up into a phenomenal, illusory phantasm, as the universe, lapsing again into the original form, under a process of painful asceticism, which brings salvation from illusion. I defy any man to get any rational idea of God, of sin, of salvation, and of worthy destiny from the Upanishads. The Gita, a poem of later date, is on the safe line of dreary pantheism, and my challenge for it is the same. It was written, perhaps, in the Christian era some time

from the first to the third century, when gospel truth might have gotten into it, but none is found.

Now, what these books do reveal is the human mind developed into profound thought and grave questioning as to what the soul is, and what its destiny, what the universe is and how did it become. Around four words the solemn, often painful, ponderings of the awakened mind revolved: sin, sorrow, death, destiny. The reality of things was shrouded in mystery. All their ponderings seemed to end in a *cul-de-sac* or blind alley. We may wonder why Divine Providence did not give them the light Abraham and Moses got, and the question sets one thinking. May not an equal chance have come to India, which was forfeited, as Paul puts it in Rom. 1. 19-25, "became vain in their imagination"—"foolish heart darkened"—"professing themselves wise, became fools"—"changed the glory of God into images," etc.? At any rate there is the fact of their condition. The Bengalee poet got his light, unconsciously, it may be, in the way indicated above, and discerned by Professor Shepard, in part at least, as seen by quotations given. The safe, rational conclusion of the whole matter is, the sages of India in their age of deep thinking, in the mild inviting groves of the tropics, not as peripatetics (walkers about), but gymnosophists (naked philosophers and seated), wrestled with deep soul problems—and in vain, till gospel light from the West penetrated their darkness. Christ is thus "the fulfillment of Hinduism." With him came a correct knowledge of the Fatherhood of a holy personal God, of the brotherhood of man, salvation from sin, soul rest with cheering hope as to future destiny. The salvation of the Upanishads and of the Gita is not life, but annihilation. The duty of missionaries and of their boards is to go right on completing the well begun work. They can, while doing this, recognize noble traits in our common humanity and all that is interesting in Oriental literature, illustrating the soul's sad groping for light and struggle after reality. Two fundamental facts will emerge everywhere: (1.) Man is a religious being with a capacity for the idea of the Infinite, and he erects his altar at least to the "unknown God." The idols and rag-covered bushes of the Himalayas of India, and our church spires in the West, testify to this. (2.) Man has a moral sense (conscience), which is not a knowledge of the absolutely moral, but a *capacity* to grasp the idea of the morally right or wrong. Out of these two facts God is building a moral universe. One feels a thrill of sympathy and pity sweeping back over the early ages of soul struggle for light in the Orient. But the light of the gospel has penetrated. Let us keep it shining.

T. J. Scott.

Ocean Grove, N. J.

[We append a notice of Tagore's latest book by a capable and judicious Roman reviewer. Here follows the notice without quotation marks:]

Rabindra Nath Tagore, the Bengalee poet, has presented us in *Gitanjali* with a number of "Song Offerings," chiefly religious in character. "Presented" is perhaps an infelicitous word, for in reading his lines

we have rather the impression of stumbling by accident into some shaded retreat, where a player, unaware of our presence, blows on his reeds, than of flinging wide our window to some street singer who warbles for our pleasure, or still more sordidly for our pennies. There is undoubtly the childlike and unconscious note in his thought, the quality of "overheardness." His delicacy of diction, his imagery of nature, though a bit too decorative and unvigorous for our Western taste, cannot fail to cast at least a superficial spell. But let us not go farther, nor attribute to that spell an esoteric quality or significance which it does not possess. The East has glamour, but it is the glamour of the mirage mocking our pursuit.

It may be that the reader will think he has found a likeness to Christian thought in many of Tagore's utterances. But we must not be deceived by mere words: the body does not always express the soul. A graceful superstructure on insecure foundations is a sham, a "house built on the sands." Penetrating, then, beneath words that might seem to carry at times almost the message of Christian mysticism, this is the skeleton that reveals itself:

"Thou settest a barrier in thine own being and then callest thy severed self in myriad notes. This thy self-separation has taken body in me. Let me for once feel that lost sweet touch in the allness of the universe. . . . When I go from hence let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable. . . . In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play, and here have I caught sight of him that is formless. Thou hast made me endless, such is thy pleasure. This frail vessel thou emptiest again and again, and fillest it ever with fresh life. I came out on the chariot of the first gleam of light, and pursued my voyage through the wildernesses of worlds, leaving my track on many a star and planet. And again when it shall be thy wish to end this play at night, I shall melt and vanish away in the dark, or it may be in the smile of the white morning. Nothing shall be left for me, nothing whatever, and utter death shall I receive at thy feet."

Such fragments will sufficiently manifest his philosophy: Pantheism; the all-sufficiency and comprehensiveness of this "playhouse of infinite forms," the almost endless wanderings of the soul through its many rooms, and its final reabsorption into the "Oneness" of the universe. No wonder that he laments, "The time of my journey takes long, and the way of it long," and cheerless, we fear, that "innermost shrine" of his, where waits, not personal union with the Deity, but the surrender of identity—shall we not rather say, annihilation? To use the poet's own words with regard to a symbolic landscape, "What emptiness do you gaze upon!"

Only when he forgets his inheritance is it possible for a Christian to be tricked by the false color and drowsy spices of the garden of the East. There are gardens where all fair shapes are carrion, and the gaudy flowers are death to touch. Shall we have to say with Tagore, "I forgot for what I had traveled, and I surrendered my mind without struggle to the maze of shadows and songs"?

THE *FIRST* METHODIST EPISCOPAL SOCIETY IN NEW ENGLAND

THE Methodists in the beautiful village of Saxonville in Framingham, Mass., have the *first* Methodist Episcopal society in New England. (Compare histories of Methodism by Jesse Lee and Nathan Bangs, Memorials of Methodism by Abel Stevens, Journal of Francis Asbury, and histories of Framingham by William Barry and Josiah H. Temple.)

The first Methodist class in Framingham was organized by Lieutenant Jonathan Hill at Saxonville, Framingham, in 1788.

It was called the Framingham Class, and consisted of seven members: Jonathan Hill (leader) and wife; Benjamin Stone and wife; Isaac Stone and wife; and Matthew Stone. For many years it was held in the kitchen of Benjamin Stone's house, with Jonathan Hill as leader.

In addition to the weekly class meetings, Mr. Hill held frequent prayer meetings and had preaching services whenever he could secure clergymen for that purpose. The class meetings have been held weekly, with rare exceptions, from 1788 to the present (1914), or 126 years, and are considered of vital importance by the church members. Some of its members have been leaders in New England Methodism; one of them was Bishop E. O. Haven. The preaching services were held in private houses or in the barn of Isaac Stone, situated in Sudbury on the bank of Sudbury River, not far from the house of Jonathan Hill. Possibly Bishop Asbury preached in this barn on July 13, 1791, as he passed through Sudbury on his way from Lynn to Worcester. Jesse Lee may have preached at the same place in the same year when he surveyed the "ground for the Needham circuit" to which Bishop Asbury appointed John Allen in 1792, and which included Needham, Waltham, Framingham, and Weston.

This circuit had thirty-four members, nearly or quite one fourth of them belonging to the Framingham Class, as the class in Saxonville was then called.

In 1822 a remarkable work of the Holy Spirit was realized in connection with the labors of Rev. Erastus Otis and Rev. George Fairbank in Framingham. The entire town and the surrounding towns were stirred profoundly. Hundreds professed conversion and united with the churches. Civic righteousness was developed and strengthened greatly. Three classes were formed from the original Framingham (now called Saxonville) class. One held its meetings in Nobscot, William Stone and Nathaniel Gill, leaders, one at the "Four Corners" in Saxonville, Lewis Jones, leader, and the other at Saxonville village, with John Simpson, leader. They united in Sabbath services at Saxonville. Since then the Nobscot class has been merged into a union church, while the other classes have reunited and form the present class in Saxonville. Lieutenant Jonathan Hill was born in Billerica, Mass., January 12, 1741, and moved to Framingham, where he had a prosperous tannery, which he sold at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Because of his energy, sterling integrity, and ardent patriotism, he became a leader in the civic interests of Framingham. At the call of the Provincial Congress he, with other

Framingham patriots, enlisted on December 2, 1774, in Captain Gleason's company of "Minute Men," who held "themselves in readiness to march at a minute's warning" in defense of American liberties. He was chosen sergeant, and was one of the first to reach Lexington on April 19, 1775, and to return the murderous fire of the British soldiers while driving them from Concord to Charlestown. Five days later he enlisted in the American army for eight months, and was made lieutenant in Captain Moore's company of Colonel Nixon's regiment. He was in the thickest of the fight at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, and did valiant service in the battles of September 19 and October 7. At the close of the eight months' service he reenlisted for the war, and under General George Washington marched from Boston to New York in April, 1776. He was one of the sufferers in Washington's army at Valley Forge, and proved himself a heroic soldier at Bemis Heights, Saratoga, White Plains, Trenton, Monmouth, and other important engagements. The Revolutionary War ended September 3, 1783, and soon afterward Lieutenant Jonathan Hill was honorably discharged and returned to his home at "Four Corners," Saxonville, Framingham. Near his house he built a small mill and developed a lucrative business with Boston merchants as a manufacturer of silk and satin upholstery. From his organization of the Saxonville class in 1788 to his death in 1826 he was its earnest and liberal supporter, as his descendants have continued to be to the present time. Two of his great-great-grandchildren are living with their uncle in Saxonville.

At the New York Conference in 1789, one year after the organization of the Saxonville Methodist Episcopal Society, Rev. Jesse Lee, an unordained Methodist preacher, was sent to New England by Bishop Asbury and organized his first class on September 26, 1789, at Stratford, Conn. It consisted of three members—Ruth Hall, Mary Hall, and Ruth Wells. No leader of this class is recorded.

Rev. Abel Stevens, D.D., the justly celebrated Methodist historian, called it "the first Methodist society *established by Lee* in New England." This is the absolute truth, since the Saxonville class was *established by Hill.* Both classes were afterward recognized as Methodist societies.

The Methodist Episcopal Church in Saxonville illustrates one of the great principles established by the Methodist revival under the Wesleys, that is, the priesthood of the laity, which to-day is accomplishing most marvelous results for Christ and humanity. It shows that Methodism providentially was organized and developed largely in New England by laymen, energized by the Holy Spirit, guided by the indomitable labors and splendid executive powers of Rev. Jesse Lee, with the aid rendered him by Bishop Francis Asbury and other Methodist preachers. The earliest reliable history of Framingham was published by Rev. William Barry in 1847.

He was a very able and conscientious historian and the faithful pastor of the Orthodox Congregationalist Church in Framingham Center. An eminent historical student of Massachusetts declares that "the Rev. William Barry was one of the most impartial, painstaking, and accurate historians of America," and his famous historical work in Chicago and

Milwaukee confirms that opinion. During his pastorate of ten years in Framingham he gathered the materials for his history, and then spent his entire time for two years in verifying the facts that he published. In his account of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Saxonville after carefully examining the earliest church records and conversing with its earliest members he declared that it originated in a class organized by Jonathan Hill in 1788 with seven members, and gives their names. In 1887 Rev. Josiah H. Temple, also the pastor of the Framingham Center Congregationalist Church, published a revised history of Framingham at the request of its citizens and at the expense of the town.

This history is the fruitage of ten years of thorough investigations, five of the years before the town requested their publication. Mr. Temple was aided by Barry's history, the libraries of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, the town and church records of Sudbury, Sherborn, Natick, and Framingham, two grandchildren of Jonathan Hill and others who knew him and became members of the class in their youth, and every other conceivable help obtainable which he publicly acknowledged. He was enthused in his work as a native of the town familiar with its traditions and locations.

His history is considered a standard work, and its reference to "The First Methodist Episcopal Church" is absolutely reliable. He says: "Mr. Barry states that Methodism was introduced into this town in 1788. As he received his information from persons whose memory reached back to that date and who were interested in and cognizant of the facts, there is no reason to question the correctness of his statement. Probably Lieutenant Jonathan Hill became acquainted with the tenets and methods of the denomination when in the army near New York, in the Revolutionary War, at which times Francis Asbury, the first Bishop of the church in the United States, was actively at work in that region. The first class consisted of Jonathan Hill (leader), Benjamin Stone, Isaac Stone, and their wives, and Matthew Stone."

The Saxonville Methodist Society erected its first "meetinghouse" in 1833, at the "Four Corners," the majority of its families at that time being located near that place. The land was donated by Mr. Hemmenway. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Dr. Abel Stevens, the text, Dan. 2. 34, 35. The building was moved in 1844 to what is now called Church Street, in Saxonville, where, during the pastorate of Rev. J. T. Pettee, another remarkable religious revival occurred, and nearly "two hundred souls were hopefully converted." During the pastorate of Rev. Allen J. Hall (1877-79) the present commodious house of worship was erected at the corner of Chestnut and Temple Streets. It cost $10,000, and was dedicated January 5, 1881. The dedicatory sermon was by Rev. W. R. Clark, D.D. Text, Psa. 112. 6.

In the admirable volume by Rev. James Mudge, S.T.D., History of the New England Conference, is a correct, illuminating, and beautifully written account of Methodist preaching in New England before the advent of Rev. Jesse Lee, the founder of Methodism in New England. To this valuable account may be added the records of the Saxonville Meth-

odist Episcopal Church, as the only Methodist church in New England, so far as is known, that was organized before the advent of Jesse Lee and still exists. It has been served by more than one hundred Methodist preachers.

The earliest records of the society contain the names of the men who preached in the private houses and in the barn of Isaac Stone from 1788 to 1792. The following Methodist ministers have served the church since then: 1792, John Allen; 1793-4, John Hill; 1795, John Vanneman; 1796, Joshua Hall, George Pickering; 1797, Daniel Ostrander, Elias Hull; 1798, David Brumley, Epaphras Kibby; 1799, Stephen Hull, Elijah J. Sabin; 1800, Nathan Emory, John Finnegan; 1801, Joseph Snelling; 1802, Joshua Soule, Dan Perry; 1803, Reuben Hubbard, Thomas Ravlin; 1804, Nehimiah Coy, Joel Wicker; 1805, Clement Parker, Erastus Otis; 1806, John Gove, Thomas Asbury; 1807, Benjamin Hill, Isaac Scarrett; 1808, John Tinkham, Isaac Locke; 1809, Benjamin R. Hoyt, Nathan Hill; 1810, Isaac Bonney, Robert Arnold; 1811, Isaac Bonney, Elias Marble; 1812, Elisha Strecter, John Vicoroy; 1813, Orlando Hinds, Vanransalear R. Osborn; 1814, Orlando Hinds, Zenas Adams; 1815, Vanransalear R. Osborn, Bartholomew Otheman; 1816, Orlando Hinds; 1817, Vanransalear R. Osborn, Bartholomew Otheman; 1818, John Linsey, Isaac Bonney; 1819, David Kilburn, Isaac Stoddard; 1820, Vanransalear R. Osborn, Nathan Paine, J. W. McKee; 1821, Benjamin Hazeltine, John W. Case; 1822-3, Erastus Otis, George Fairbank; 1824, Benjamin Hazeltine, Ira Bidwell, John E. Risley; 1825, John Lindsey, Hezekiah S. Ramsdell, Jared Perkins; 1826, Joel Steele, Leonard B. Griffin, Jared Perkins; 1827, Ephraim K. Avery, Giles Campbell; 1828, Ephraim K. Avery, Louis Jansen; 1829-30, Daniel Fillmore, Isaac Jennison; 1831, Jacob Sanborn, Sanford Benton, Samuel Palmer; 1832, Abraham D. Merrill, Samuel Coggshall; 1833-4, Amos Binney; 1835, Charles Virgin; 1836, Peter Sabin; 1837, N. B. Spaulding; 1838, Paul Townsend; 1839, Thomas W. Tucker; 1840, George Pickering; 1841, Willard Smith; 1842-3, Leonard P. Frost; 1844, Willard Smith; 1845-6, N. S. Spaulding; 1847-8, Chester Field; 1849, Thomas C. Pierce; 1850-51, J. T. Pettee; 1852-3, John W. Merrill; 1854, John Cadwell; 1855, Thomas B. Treadwell; 1856, H. P. Andrews; 1857-8, Franklin Furber; 1859-60, Bertis Judd; 1861, G. G. Jones; 1862, Thomas Marcy; 1863-4, Zachariah A. Mudge; 1865-7, Albert Gould; 1866-70, Linus Fish; 1871-2, Frederick T. George; 1873-4, W. A. Braman; 1875-6, William Silverthorn; 1877-79, Allen J. Hall; 1880-82, Rodney H. Howard; 1883-4, Charles H. Hannaford; 1885-7, E. W. Virgin; 1888-90, W. S. Jagger; 1891, Alpheus R. Nichols; 1892, J. H. Emerson; 1893-4, I. A. Mesler; 1895-9, John Peterson; 1900-2, B. J. Johnston; 1903-6, J. A. Bowler; 1907-10, W. H. Meridith; 1911-12, Joseph Candlin; 1913- , N. T. Whitaker.

Saxonville, Mass. N. T. Whitaker.

SACERDOTALISM AND EVANGELICALISM

The high character of the November, 1914, number of the Methodist Review gave it a worthy place among its predecessors, and more than maintained the enviable standard of excellence reached by the publication.

I have often said that its subscription price brings larger returns than any investment elsewhere, and I think so still. Dr. James Mudge's article on "Reflections Arising from a Review of the Review" is a worthy appreciation, from which I do not believe a single one of your readers will withhold his assent. You may be well assured that the good wishes of a large constituency attend the continuance of this prince of publications.

All this makes me reluctant to give expression to a feeling of disappointment occasioned by the reading of Dr. Wark's article on "The Influence of Foreign Missions on Theology." But the desire to see fairness administered with all kindness and brotherly consideration prompts me to demur to certain statements therein expressed. One appears on page 893, where the able author says that "in milder form" the Church of England and the Episcopal Church in the United States stand side by side with "the Roman sect and the Greek Division in insisting to be the holy catholic church." On page 896 the author continues: "The Church of England is English, and the very term Anglican belies its claim to be 'The Catholic Church.'" Now I beg to say, that as far as I am aware of the position of the Anglican Church and of the Episcopal Church of the United States (among whose clergy I have the honor of a standing) is, that they merely claim to be the English and American *Branches* of the "holy catholic church." They assert nothing more than this. And while they do not hold that other organizations in either country rightly represent the Catholic Church of that nation, they acknowledge every baptized individual as a member of the "Holy Catholic Church"; since "by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body." And fairness asks that they receive recognition for this as their due.

On page 897 the author writes: "In the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States especially there is a great deal that suggests popery. . . . Undoubtedly the time is near when the final stand of Sacerdotalism as against Evangelicalism is to be made." Rightly or wrongly I infer from these statements that in the mind of the learned author the sacerdotalism of the Anglican and American Episcopal Churches is of a nature which renders it an opposite of Evangelicalism. I hope that I am wrong in inferring this. But if right I demur. The sacerdotalism of the Church of Rome makes claims all too well known. In the hands of her priests the sacramental bread becomes the flesh of Christ, so that they offer up the actual sacrifice of the Cross each time they celebrate mass. The Roman priest has power to forgive sins. It was but recently stated from a Roman Catholic pulpit, that a church which cannot forgive sins cannot be a true spiritual mother to her children. The sacerdotalism of the Anglican and American Episcopal Churches is a very different thing. These churches do, indeed, ordain their priests with the strong words of Jesus, "Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven." But the only forms of priestly absolution now in the prayer book simply declare that *God* "pardoneth and absolveth all those who truly repent and unfeignedly believe his holy Gospel." This is an official announcement by God's minister and Christ's ambassador, but assumes no personal authority. And in doing this the Church but echoes the glorious

words of Isa. 55. 7: "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Thus do these churches accept the priesthood of their clergy, but only as the valid utterance of the priesthood of the laity. At their altars their priests offer up sacrifices—not the bloody sacrifice of Golgotha—that was done once for all, and cannot be repeated—but the sacrifices of thanksgiving, prayer, and praise. As Saint Peter teaches: Christians are "a royal priesthood" "to offer up spiritual sacrifices." As "sacrifices" the Epistles mention "praise and thanksgiving," offerings of our substance, and the consecration of self to the service of God. All these are summed up in the Communion Office, and are joined with "the unbloody sacrifices" (as the Christian Fathers called it), "for our priests offer bread and wine, which, when consecrated by the use of our Lord's own words, and by an invocation of the Holy Spirit, become to us in God's own way the means of receiving the Saviour's Body and Blood." Under the signs of the sacrament the "death of Christ is shewed forth" to God, as the ground of the plea for acceptance, and before the eyes of the worshiping congregations as the ground of the faith of their salvation. The real presence is most surely believed. Once more as to the character of the sacramental bread these churches define their position as follows:

> It was the Lord who spake it,
> He took the bread and brake it.
> And what His Word doth make it,
> So I receive and take it.

This position, you see, is not Roman Catholic transubstantiation or even Lutheran consubstantiation.

When, therefore, Dr. Wark sets up sacerdotalism as against evangelicalism, he cannot mean the sacerdotalism of the Anglican and American Episcopal Churches. John Wesley did not do this. Grandly enthusiastic as he was in all his labors to line up the individual believer to the glorious privileges of an appropriating faith, he never abandoned his priestly ministry, but died, as he had lived, in the full communion of the Church of England. American Episcopacy appreciates this fact so warmly, that, as I am told, the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine in the city of New York is to be adorned with a statue of John Wesley as one of the fathers of the evangelical wing of the Church. As such evangelicalism is no reaction from Anglican and American Episcopal sacerdotalism. Evangelicalism, as setting forth the worth and dignity of the individual in his new relation to God, and sacerdotalism, as emphasizing the corporate entity of the Church as the body of Christ, are as precious to the Anglican and American Episcopal Churches as either eye to a face, and as necessary as both. And I cannot help but feel that, barring terms, both these principles are essentially equally dear to the heart of all the Protestant churches. This is a vital issue, especially as Dr. Wark puts it, "in view of the proposal to have a world conference of faith and order."

Saybrook, Conn., November, 1914. JOHN H. DE VRIES.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

PAUL'S ANSWER TO AN IMPORTANT QUESTION—IS THE LAW SIN?

Rom. 7. 7-12

THE question, "Is the law sin?" was one which the apostle conceives as arising in the minds of his readers in view of his previous statements in regard to the law.

The apostle Paul was accustomed to discuss important questions. He sees clearly the tendency of his arguments and proceeds to consider and answer the inquiries which would logically arise from his statements. It is, nevertheless, a strange question for Paul to ask. He was emphatically by birth and training a Jew and had all the reverence which a devoted Jew had for his ancestral people and for their laws. In Philippians he describes himself, chapter 3, verses 5 and 6: "Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; as touching zeal, persecuting the church; as touching the righteousness which is in the law, found blameless." In the ninth chapter of Romans, first to fifth verses, in the most emphatic terms he declares his love for his covenant people. In Galatians, first chapter, fourteenth verse, he tells of his intense Judaism: "I advanced in the Jews' religion beyond many of mine own age among my countrymen, being more exceedingly zealous for the traditions of my fathers." He believed the law to have been given by God and had all the reverence which would naturally belong to one who came out of the ranks of Judaism. He had imbibed from his childhood its spirit and its teachings. It is not, therefore, Paul's distrust of the law which calls forth the question, but to correct any misapprehension of its nature and purpose growing out of his previous statements. The law had its mission, and a most important one, but, in his conception, the law was to give way before the gospel as the dawn gives way to the full-orbed sun. The law was a preparatory dispensation for the gospel; the law, we are told, "was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

The immediate context, however, brings us directly to Paul's explanation of the difficulties. In the verses immediately preceding he has made statements which might lead to the view that he had a depreciatory conception of the law. In the fourth verse it is said, "Ye also were made dead to the law by the body of Christ"; in the fifth and sixth verses, "For when we were in the flesh the sinful passions which were through the law wrought in our members to bring forth fruit unto death; but now we have been discharged from the law, having died to that wherein we were holden." That is, he says the sinful passions of men, working through the law, were aroused into activity. Paul's logical mind at once perceives the inference which might be drawn and he raises the question, "Is the

law sin?" only to reject the idea; for he answers immediately, "God forbid." As much as to say, The idea is abhorrent to me.

From the ninth verse to the twelfth the aorist tenses describe man under the law, while verses fourteenth to the twenty-fifth set forth the intense conflict of a soul feeling the power of sin and striving for deliverance from it. In both parts the question is answered, "Is the law sin?" In the seventh verse he rejects the view that the law is sin, stating that it was that through which sin became known to him: "I had not known sin except through the law." The Greek more correctly says: "I did not recognize sin"; that is, I did not recognize it as sin. Until the law came he was not conscious of his condition of hostility to God; he was like a blind man, one walking in the dark, unable to see his way, until the law came and revealed to him his condition.

The apostle had already in another passage made a similar affirmation (Rom. 3. 20): "For through the law cometh the knowledge of sin."

Lightfoot has a pertinent note on this clause: "This idea of the law creating and multiplying sin is first thrown out in 1 Cor. 15. 56; there the mention is casual, and has not very obvious relation to the context, though beneath the surface we discern a close connection. A few months later the thought is worked out in the Epistles to the Galatians and to the Romans. (See Rom. 7. 7 to 25.) Law is the great educator of the moral conscience; restraint is necessary in order to develop the conception of duty. This is equally the case with the individual and with the world at large. With the latter, as with the former, there is a period of childhood, of nonage, a period in which external restraints represent the chief instrument of education."

Paul proceeds to illustrate his point by a concrete case, making reference to the tenth commandment: "For I had not known coveting except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet." Herein, as Bruce remarks, Paul made a great discovery. Heretofore his conception of law was something that had to do merely with outward ordinances, having no reference to the inner life, though a study of the Old Testament Scriptures will show that this conception was too narrow. The fifty-first, one hundred and sixteenth, and one hundred and thirtieth psalms express an earnest cry for the need of inner as well as outer righteousness. When he came to the great discovery that covetousness was sin, that the internal life was essential to salvation, that the mere external obedience to the commandment was not a full satisfaction of the law's demand, then a new vision came to him, and his legalism, by which he had been dominated so long, was doomed. Henceforth he has a new conception and must have a new Master, as legalism as a system had failed to accomplish its purpose.

Again, it was the law which destroyed his self-complacency and showed him his real condition. Verse nine: "I was alive apart from the law once, but when the commandment came sin revived and I died." What part of Paul's life this satisfactory state, "I was alive," refers to is not certain. It has been supposed by some to mean his childhood state, the state of comparative innocence, when he recognized no sense of responsibility and had no consciousness of being a sinner. It may refer

to the whole period of his religious life before the law had revealed to him his true condition. Paul did not know, when on his way to Damascus to destroy the church of Christ, his own real state before God. Persecutor as he was, he was satisfied with his condition; he felt no sense of wrong-doing; we have no reason to doubt he was satisfied with this life of his which was lived under the law. But when the commandment came all this was changed. Sin, which had hitherto lain dormant, was aroused through the law, and the commandment which was intended to promote life for man—that is, the life of God among men, the life that was in harmony with God's will and law—proved to result in his death—moral death. This does not refer to physical death. It showed him the strange and surprising inconsistency between the law and his own life. Calvin remarks, "Before a νόμος is either given to man from without, or develops itself from within, sinfulness exists indeed as a disposition, but it is dead, that is, it is not as yet become an object of consciousness inasmuch as no contest between his sinfulness and a commandment could as yet take place within him." So that the law, which was intended for life, resulted in his case in "a moral state which he calls death."

In the eleventh verse the apostle says that it was not the commandment that wrought the ruin, but it was merely the instrument which sin used to accomplish its foul purpose, for sin "finding occasion through the commandment, beguiled me and through it slew me," which refers to the condition in which he was brought as before stated, in verse ten, "I died." It was through the commandment that the conscience was awakened into activity and man knew that he was a sinner, and finally was driven to come to Christ as the Saviour.

Paul represents sin as a deceiver, who beguiled men, leading them astray by false promises; it deceives men as to the consequences that follow from it; it promises blessing and happiness; it promises that they shall have larger visions; it promises that they shall have successful lives. If men knew the results that were to follow each individual case of sin, or their general life of sin, they would turn from it in dismay. It is against the deceptions which sin employs that the apostle protests in this verse. The fault is not with the law, it is the sin which has entered into the world and uses the law for man's destruction.

The result of Paul's discussion in verse twelve is to establish the high character of the law: "The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and righteous, and good." Higher eulogy cannot be placed upon any utterance than that which Paul here pays to the law. It is holy; it is a law worthy of the holy God, a law which was in harmony with his character and holiness. It is not only a law worthy of God, but it is a righteous law. It sets before men that which is right. Its mandates must be strictly kept; its penalties must be rigidly enforced; rewards and punishments are inflicted under the rule of law with strict and impartial justice.

It is not only holy and righteous, but it is good. The word "good" has been thought to be another expression for the word "righteous." The clear distinction which Paul makes elsewhere (see Rom. 5. 7) contradicts that view. He would not add a word which did not bear a dis-

tinct meaning. Paul also declares that the law is good. The law was intended for the good of men. Its purpose is beneficent.

What, then, is the service which the law renders to the world? First, it holds up the ideal life. No improvement has been made upon the law of Sinai except that which was made by the Master himself when he said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." "On these two commandments," said the Master, "hang all the law and the prophets." It is this ideal that is held up before mankind and in the midst of the burdens and anxieties of life beckons them on to higher living; it is a schoolmaster to train us and lead us to the heights on which God would have us walk.

Further, it serves to awaken the sense of sin. There is something in human nature that fights against the command and it stirs up in the human soul a consciousness of sin; it becomes a great awakener and, therefore, a means of bringing sin to the minds of men, so that sin is shown to be exceeding sinful. The law leads men to despair of self-righteousness and to turn to the great Deliverer, Jesus Christ. When men compare their own lives with the divine law they realize how very far they are from it. As man looks into the face of the great Mosaic law and recognizes its spiritual import he does not behold himself as righteous but as a violator of the law of God, and he realizes the truth of the statement of the apostle that by the law is the knowledge of sin.

The law in itself has no saving power. It can reveal sin, but it is helpless to rescue man from his sins. And here we find the need of the power of the gospel. Paul says: "I am not ashamed of the gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. 1. 16).

Men cannot do without law. It is God's method of unfolding to man his duty; it keeps before him that which is right and distinguishes it from that which is wrong. But it is not that in which man can trust for deliverance; he must be rescued through another, even Jesus Christ, "who came into the world to save sinners."

Law, noble as it is as a system, has not been successful in keeping man from sin. External sin may be repressed in its manifestation by external force, but the seat of sin, the corrupt heart of man, requires something more than this—it requires power; and that is furnished by the gospel of Jesus Christ. It was because of the failure of legalism that the apostle's mind was turned to Calvary and that the persecutor of Jesus, on the way to Damascus, became his most devoted follower and disciple.

In the sixth chapter and the fourteenth verse of this same epistle, "For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace," we behold the paradox of Christianity which many fail to understand, that the overthrow of sin and the establishment of righteousness is not to come through the law, because it has no saving power, but through grace. It is worth while for us to consider whether this great thought has not its application to present-day life. It seems to the writer that it is just taking hold of many people—a thought they have not

understood before—that the world's wrongs are not to be remedied by law. Laws must be made, and enforced, but the real remedy for the sins and woes of men is to be found in the great Pauline doctrine of Grace. The attempts to use gracious methods in our prisons; the attempt to restore the vicious by trusting them; the attempt to place in their hands the means of restoration to confidence and hope—above all the attempt to join them to Jesus Christ, is the great boon brought into the world by the Master himself, of which in all his writings Paul is the great expounder.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

A NEW VERSION OF THE FLOOD AND THE FALL OF MAN

An event of more than ordinary interest to biblical students has recently been brought to public notice. This is the discovery, among the cuneiform tablets of the Nippur Collection in the University of Pennsylvania, of a new Babylonian account of the Deluge. A fragment of the account was first discovered by Stephen Langdon, of Oxford, in the autumn of 1913. In July, 1914, the authorities of the museum of the university announced that they had succeeded in restoring the entire tablet, which contains six columns averaging more than forty lines each, or more than two hundred and forty lines in all. Professor Langdon's preliminary reports of this discovery are found in the June and November numbers of the Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology. An early and full account is promised in a forthcoming volume. While considerable portions of the tablet are damaged beyond recovery, nevertheless enough of the narrative remains legible to give us a good idea of the main outlines of the legend and of its special features.

The poem appears to be a hymn addressed to Nintub, or Ninharsag, the mother goddess who, according to the theology of Nippur, created man from clay. It opens with a description of Paradise, the prediluvian land of bliss. In Mount Dilmun Enki, the water-god with his consort, Damkina, abode in peace:

> The Mount of Dilmun is pure, the Mount of Dilmun is holy.
> Alone in Dilmun they lay down,
> Where Enki with his consort lay down,
> That place is pure, that place is holy.

Round about the sacred mount lay the land of Dilmun, the home of prediluvian men. Here all is peace. As in the ideal society described in the remarkable prophecy of Isaiah, the beasts of the field are at peace with each other and with man. Men are sinless and know nothing either of disease or old age. Here in Utopia they lived through the long ages before the Deluge:

> The kite shrieked not, kite like.
> The lion slew not,
> The wolf plundered not the lambs.
> The dog approached not the kids in repose.

The birds of heaven [forsook?] their young,
The doves were not put to flight.
Oh, disease of the eyes, "Thou art the Sick Eye," men said not.
As to the old woman, "Thou art an old woman," men said not.
As to an old man, "Thou art an old man," men said not.
"A man has changed a canal," men said not.
The prince withheld not his wisdom.
"A deceiver deceives," they said not.

After this description of the state of life in the land of Dilmun, the consort of Enki speaks to her lord in praise of Dilmun as the Mecca of the land of Sumer, thus identifying the land of paradise, the home of the pious of the sinless age, with the whole of the land of the Sumerians:

"A city thou hast founded, yea a city founded, and a fate thou hast given.
In Dilmun a city thou hast founded, yea a city founded and a fate hast given."
"Let thy city be the home which assembles the land of Sumer.
Let Dilmun be the home which assembles the land of Sumer."

It is exceedingly interesting to find here, in a poem written at least two thousand years B. C., or eight hundred years before the migration of Israel from Egypt, an account of a land of primeval bliss, or Garden of Eden, situated by the waters of Babylon.

At this point the poem brings in the episode of the flood. Enki, the god of Dilmun, addresses Nintub, the mother goddess. For some offense, the nature of which is not disclosed, Enki is angry with men and utters an oath, swearing that he will cause mankind to perish in endless sleep. Here follows the story of how the flood will occur, beginning on the first day of the first month and ending on the ninth day of the ninth month.

Enki describes in vivid terms how man, fashioned from clay by the mother goddess, will dissolve in the flood, like tallow. Nintub, apparently with the approval of Enki, assembles certain pious ones on the shore of the river who prepare and enter into a ship whereupon the flood begins:

Her herald the divine anointed one called.
The sons of men who were pious she was not wroth against.
. . . . . .
My king who was filled with fear,
His foot alone upon the boat set.
Two humbles as watchmen he placed on guard.
Doubly he caulked the ship; torches he lighted.
Enki devastated the fields.
The fields received the waters of Enki.

Here again the tablet repeats the description of the flood and the whole story of how Nintub rescued the king.

After the flood the hero is addressed under the title of Tagtug, the Sumerian equivalent for Noah, according to Professor Langdon, and dignified by the determinative which signifies a god. In other words, the king is elevated to the rank of a divinity during his natural lifetime.

The section of the tablet containing this address is badly damaged, but when it becomes legible again we find the hero and his two pilots tending a garden. They build a temple for Enki and irrigate the barren land. The deluge has ruined the primeval paradise; the land has become barren and consequently man must toil.

Now Enki calls the divine Tagtug to the temple he has built, to receive a revelation of important secrets. The nature of these secrets the imperfect tablet does not clearly disclose.

The next episode is that which appears to give an account of the real fall of man. Nintub, who now takes the title of Ninharsag, by her herald calls the pious ones who had escaped from the deluge into her presence and gives them instructions apparently concerning the kinds of plants that may be eaten. Seven different plants that may be plucked and eaten are enumerated. While it is not so stated, we infer that the plants not enumerated are forbidden.

We are now told how some one, presumably the king, approaches the cassia plant, plucks, and eats. Thereupon Ninharsag, in the name of Enki, utters a curse, pronouncing death upon man while the gods sit down in the dust to weep:

. . . . . the cassia plant approached.
He plucked, he ate.
. . . . . the plant, its fate she had determined; therein she came to it.
Ninharsag in the name of Enki uttered a curse.
The face of life until he dies not shall he see.
The anunnaki in the dust sat down [to weep].

We seem to have here the doctrines concerning the origin of human misery and the loss of longevity, which constituted the fundamental fact of the fall, as they were held in Nippur.

The hymn concludes with an account of how Ninharsag provides eight divine patrons of culture who preside over the several chief enterprises and arts of civilization and who comfort men and aid them in bearing their hard lot after the fall. These patrons remind us of the patrons of civilization given in the early chapters of Genesis.

From this brief outline it will be seen that we have here an ancient document of first rate importance. Being of Sumerian origin, it evidently must be dated about 2000 B. C. The literary form and the wealth of ideas indicate that this is a highly developed form of the legend and that at a very remote age the minds of men were deeply occupied with religious and moral problems. Thus the tablet furnishes an informing witness to the great antiquity of the Babylonian legends concerning the beginnings of life and of civilization.

The fact that the Babylonians possessed two versions of the flood legend has long since become a commonplace, but up to this time only one of these versions has been discovered in anything like a complete form. Happily, we have now in this poem an exemplar of the other version containing a brief but informing sketch of the three important themes: paradise, the flood, and the fall of man. It appears that the two versions represent two quite different sets of doctrines as they were held

respectively in the north at Nippur and in the south at Eridu. Of the latter the famous Gilgamesh epic is a notable expression. In this new Sumerian document we seem to have a worthy representative of the Nippur version.

With the recovery of these two versions we are now in a position to illustrate the biblical account by a comparison with a much larger and richer body of ancient ideas.

1. Our new version gives us an interesting and suggestive description of paradise. As we have already seen, this primeval land of bliss is the home of real men living under the ideal conditions of the sinless age. When we read that there no harm is done by bird or beast or man and that sickness and old age are unknown, we can hardly escape the impression that we have here a foregleam of the famous words of the prophet, "The wolf shall lie down with the lamb, . . . and the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain."

2. If Professor Langdon is correct in identifying the word Tagtug, the name of the hero of the flood, with the word Nuhu, the Babylonian equivalent of Noah, we have in this tablet the first cuneiform parallel to the biblical Noah. The account diverges, however, very radically from the Scripture in identifying the flood hero with the person involved in the fall.

3. The biblical narrative seems to agree with our document at another point in the length of the period of time assigned to the flood. In the latter the deluge begins on the first day of the first month and ends on the ninth day of the eighth, giving a period of eight months and nine days. According to the biblical account, the full period of the flood is given as one year. If, however, we count only from the seventeenth day of the second month, the date on which the rains are said to have begun, until the first day of the tenth month, the date to which the waters are said to diminish, we have a period of eight months and thirteen days, or if we read with the LXX the twenty-seventh day instead of the seventeenth, eight months and three days. At any rate the duration of the deluge in this northern version is quite extended as compared with the brief period of seven days allowed in the Gilgamesh epic.

4. This new version also represents man as a free agent who brings about his own fall by a deliberate act of disobedience in eating of the forbidden fruit in violation of a simple direct prohibition. With this view the Scriptures agree as against the southern version, in which man seems to be a mere plaything of the gods and is led unwittingly and against his will, through the caprice of the jealous deities, to bring ruin upon himself. The Bible, however, like the Gilgamesh epic, introduces a serpent in the story, but in a different manner and connection.

5. After the flood Noah planted a vineyard and became a husbandman. Likewise in this Nippur legend the hero of the flood and two companions are found irrigating the field and cultivating a garden. As Noah built an altar to the Lord, so they build a temple to Enki.

6. Our account also agrees with Genesis in representing the for-

bidden fruit as causing the loss of the primeval longevity, which in the Babylonian view appears to be the essential fact of the fall. In this they both part company with the southern legend, in which the hero is translated to a place among the immortals.

7. Finally the biblical and Nippur accounts are at one in representing the gods as providing a group of patrons of industry and art to aid man in his new and difficult task of reclaiming the earth from the desolation wrought by the flood, and to comfort him in his unhappy lot. Of course as in the case of the fall, this event is introduced in the era after the flood.

The real value of this document, however, does not consist in the discovery of another parallel to the early records of Genesis, nor merely in the contribution it makes toward our understanding of those narratives, valuable as that may be, but rather in the new and unexpected information it gives us concerning the history of human thought, for it shows that already, as early as the third millennium B. C., and perhaps earlier, men were considering the problems of sin, of personal responsibility and free will, and were even then developing opposing systems of doctrines and recording them in literary productions of a high order.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Faith's Certainties. By J. Brierley, B.A. 12mo, pp. 288. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

We erred in thinking that no more of Brierley was to come, that the volume we noticed several months ago was the last. To the grateful joy of a host of his readers, here are twenty-eight more essays. Whether it be our susceptible mood at the moment, or the pathetic interest of a Last Time, it is a fact that no volume of Brierley's ever appealed to us quite so much as this one, which is saying a great deal. Interest, timely pertinence, helpful stimulation, rich suggestiveness, fill this book with *value* from beginning to end. Here are his latest writings, and the delicate thread of his life must have been almost at breaking-point when some of these essays were penned. Yet there is not the slightest trace of any failure of his marvelous powers. The intelligence is as clear and keen, the heart as warm and sensitive, the insight as sure and penetrating as ever, while the sense of humor, the genial consciousness of the ironies of life, seems positively to grow more vivid as the writer feels himself coming close to the mystery and the revelation we call death. In spite of infirmities, "J. B." was joyous and fearless and full of hope to the end, because his confidence was strong in the Goodness that is the Soul of all things, in the Fatherhood that controls the lives and destinies of men. Nothing could daunt his faith, for he always saw so clearly how much there is to fortify belief in God. That is the underlying conviction and inspiration of this series of essays, which therefore fitly bears the

title of Faith's Certainties. What this dubitating age needs and what the pulpit must give, is CERTAINTIES, unmixed with doubts. First, last, and all the time, affirm, do not deny, always strengthen faith, never weaken it; dwell on Faith's Certainties. Let the redemptive note ring through all our preaching: our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us"; "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself"; man's need of salvation; the Cross the solvent of all human ills, and the Seat of Authority. Declare always to every man, as Browning did, "I say the acknowledgment of God in Christ, accepted by thy reason, solves for thee all questions in the earth and out of it, and has so far advanced thee to be wise." As Browning is the preachers' poet, so Brierley is the preachers' essayist, and gives us stuff which will help to fill our preaching with glowing confidence, buoyant certitude, downright and everlasting affirmation. We say to every preacher we can reach, Brierley will fill your mouth with arguments; *buy this final volume of his essays.* And, to make our advice convincing, nothing can be more effective, nothing can profit the publishers more than to transcribe here what is said on The Evangelical Root, which is Methodism's root. Listen to Brierley: "Protestantism, looking at it on the world scale, seems just now in a somewhat bad way. On the Continent it is at the lowest ebb. In France, where it was once a power, Saint Bartholomew dealt it a blow from which it never recovered, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was a stroke hardly less crushing. It drained the country's veins of some of its most precious life-blood. The work of the encyclopædists of the eighteenth century, and the Revolution which followed, completed the business. Among masses of the French people the very instinct of religion seems to have been extinguished. Says M. Fouillée: 'The religion of the French peasant is a disguised paganism, or religious indifference.' In Germany, the land of Luther, Lutheranism is a confessed failure. It offers the spectacle of empty churches, of an ever decreasing supply of candidates for the ministry, of an appalling growth of materialism and sensuality. People are tumbling over each other in their eagerness to cut every visible connection with the church. Those who remain as its professed adherents treat its ceremonies and obligations with contemptuous indifference. Everywhere on the Continent, one may say, the movement is backward rather than forward. In England, as compared with these other lands, we note one enormous difference. In the eighteenth century, so disastrous spiritually to the Continent, we had the vast movement of the Evangelical Revival. What that meant in its saving power—saving, not only in the religious sense, but socially and politically, to the whole English-speaking race—no statistics can compute, no, and no imagination can well exaggerate. One wonders what had been the difference to Europe if France and Germany had seen their Wesley and their Whitefield; had seen their masses stirred as ours were, by that mighty gospel? But in England we have to ask, Where does the movement stand to-day? Here, too, are signs of decadence. Here, too, we have the spectacle of emptying churches, of growing indifference, of disheartened workers. The great missionary effort, full of fight at the front, finds weakness at

its base; a lack of enthusiasm, a lack of supplies. It is time for us all to take stock of this position, to note what is lacking. What we want, above all things, to get at now is the secret of that old Evangelic movement—what gave it its conquering power. About it, as an historical fact, there is, of course, one thing to be recognized. There are things in it that are no longer alive, and that can by no process be resuscitated. History does not repeat itself. When a thing is dead, it is dead, and there is no raising it from the grave. But there is this to be remembered here. We may put it in Carlyle's words: 'The old never dies till this happens, till all the soul of good that was in it gets itself transformed into the practical new.' The old Evangelism has, we say, some things in it that are dead; but its soul, what and where is that? Can we catch that and transform it into the effectively new? We have to recognize that its views of creation, of human origin, of inspiration and revelation, of the universe as a whole, were prescientific, and will never again recover their hold. What we have learned there is not to be unlearned. We cannot go back upon ascertained truth. What the men of the past proclaimed on these points they proclaimed with perfect honesty. They have received these views and had no evidence to the contrary. We have received that contrary evidence, and the mind, by its very constitution, cannot go against evidence. Moreover, the larger realm of knowledge into which we have entered has radically changed the form of some of the great Evangelic doctrines. We now see creation, revelation, atonement, and salvation as processes rather than as separate facts, though there are great outstanding facts as parts of the process, as distinct registers of a given advance. But what most of us need now to see is that none of these changes touches the essence, the soul, the root of the Evangelic Gospel. The things, the powers, by which our fathers won back England to religion, are there, intact, and need only to be used to win a new victory. Let us try and find out what these things, these forces, were. The first thing we find there is an overwhelming sense of the reality, the nearness, the supreme importance of the spiritual world. Is it not a noteworthy thing that in Germany to-day, where Protestantism is retreating all along the line, the one religious system that is holding its own, and gaining ground, is the Roman Church? Surely it is not difficult to guess the reason! Romanism, with all its monstrous assumptions, has nevertheless something solid to offer. It has body and blood in it. In place of negatives, which never yet fed a starving man, it offers affirmatives. It tells a man he has a soul which needs saving, and that it can save him. It makes the spiritual world real to him, as real as his hat or his hand; and tells him it is the biggest thing in life. And the poor fellow, feeling he has a soul, which he would fain keep warmed and fed, faced with the deathly cold of the State Church, faced with the brutal denials of Social Democracy, turns shivering to the only warm hearth that is in sight, to the cupboard which offers something to eat. The actively spiritual which Rome offers Germany to-day was in essence what Wesley and his coadjutors offered the English proletariat in the eighteenth century. They did not begin, let it be observed, with social reform,

though there was more desperate need of it then than there is now. They did not discuss political questions, though if ever there were big political questions it was surely then. Think of what was happening in that century! England had lost the United States. In return she had wrested Canada from the French, and had conquered India. Then had come the French Revolution, which shook every throne in Europe. For its tremendous reaction on England you need to read the debates, the newspapers, the memoirs of the time. Yet, as you study the inner life of the great revival, the astonishing thing is that you find so little reference there to all this hurly-burly outside. Read the journals of Wesley, the lives of the Methodist preachers, the letters and memoirs of Berridge, of Fletcher of Madeley, of Grimshaw and others of the Evangelical clergy. These people are all full of something else; they make their people full of it. It was not outside things but inside things they were busy about. They were sure that was the proper order. They had caught the meaning of that traditional saying of Jesus which Origen reports: 'Pray for the great things, and the small shall be added unto you; pray for the heavenly, and the earthly shall be added unto you.' To get a man's soul right with God; to get society's soul right with God, that was the way of getting everything else right in this world. It looks sensible; it was sensible. Have we in our day found any better order of procedure? Is our present method of busying ourselves about everything else than the center doing as well, from the Christian point of view, and from the material point of view, as did theirs? When we, as they did, put first things first; when we put the spiritual world at the top of life; when we believe, as they did, in the spiritual values as the supreme values, we shall get other people to believe in them—not till then. There is another thing to be noted in that early movement. To-day philosophy, with science following it, is occupied supremely with the question of personality. We find personality to be the final, ultimate thing in the universe. It is to its completer expression that nature incessantly works. It is back of her as the explanation of her movement; it is front of her as her constant goal. It is the key of history; all its great eras hinge on personalities; begin with them, end with them. The early Evangelicals had no particular philosophy on this subject. But their instinct, and still more their experience, had struck on the truth, and they used it with glorious results. They found their religion in personality; in a supreme Person. In an age which had dissipated doctrine into a vague and far off Deism, a God remote from the world, they electrified the masses with the preaching of Jesus Christ. They preached him as making God near, actual, almost visible. They saw in him all that God means and all that man means. It was just what the weary world had so long been searching after. What a yearning of the old world is expressed in that word of Seneca: 'We ought to choose some good man, and always have him before our eyes, that we may live as if he watched us, and do everything as if he saw.' The Evangelical strength was that it had refound Christ; it had refound that rapture of the early Christians in the discovery of a Life divine, brought in visible form to their own lives, a Life divine

which was also human, in whose unsearchable riches, accordingly, all humanity could share. Here, we say, the Evangelic fathers had struck the true philosophy and the true religion. The world to-day has nothing to compare with it. These men did good business, for they brought to the market what they knew to be the pearl of price. They drew men's attention to the highest point which had been reached in human life, and bid them attach themselves on to that, realize its uplifting, saving power. They could not lift themselves without a help from what was beyond themselves. No man can lift himself by tugging at his own braces. So they showed the way up by pointing to One who could lift them, because his own hold was in God. In him they were in contact with 'the holiest among the mighty; the mightiest among the holy.' They put into practical operation the truth which Goethe preaches in 'Wilhelm Meister,' where, speaking of a broken crucifix, he says: 'I cannot help recognizing in this crucifix the fortunes of the Christian religion, which, often enough dismembered and scattered abroad, will ever in the end gather itself together at the foot of the Cross.' Another thing which distinguished this movement, and made for its success, was its note of urgency. A man's own salvation was for him the chief thing; to be settled here and now. In this matter they did not hesitate to bring in the motive of fear. Have we not been, in our day, a little too squeamish, more squeamish than the facts of life warrant? These men had a doctrine of hell which was crude enough. William Law, the High Church saint who was John Wesley's first inspirer, found it too crude to his later reflection, and came to Boehme's view, who regarded heaven and hell as states actually deciding all our thoughts and actions, not a mere future palace and prison. However they phrased it, what they meant by hell, by 'the wrath of God,' was the plain, incontestable fact that the universe turns a very ugly face toward sin, toward wrong being and wrong doing. The state of things brought always the worst consequences, now and always. To get a man out of that was worth some strong language. When a man is in a wrong and dangerous position a thorough shaking up, even by wholesome terror, may be the best thing for him. He will do things then that surprise himself. Tell a man who says he cannot move a step farther that within six yards of him lies a mine of dynamite that will explode in five minutes, and he will run like a deer. Well that he can! There is a moral condition, that of millions to-day, where nothing but a good fright will rouse. And if you put 'hell and damnation' for all that system of things which punishes guilt and the abandonment of the good, are the words too strong? It *is* hell and damnation, and those early Evangelicals knew it and said it. And the medicine griped and worked. But the main point of this urgency was in the business of saving; the damning was part of the saving. These men believed the worst about sin. They believed the best about sinners. They were glorious optimists. They told the roughs they preached to that heaven was close at hand and they could enter it there and then. God, so far from having a grudge against them, was ready not only to forgive them but to treat them to his best. And numbers took them at their word and found it all true. These

Evangelicals were evolutionists without knowing it. They believed in the next step. They believed in variation, and that its finest possibilities were in the human family. They believed in a divine root in man, which, given its chance, would show itself and change and glorify its whole nature. And as soon as the people got hold of that they began to sing. The Methodist hymns were the outburst of a new joy that had come to English hearts. They sang in their meeting-houses, in their workshops, in their homes. And when people are singing over their work you may leave off pitying them. And we say that this movement, purely religious, purely spiritual, was, within the range of its influence, the best solution of the social question that has yet been offered. The little communities that were formed under this influence offer us the secret of the true social life. Here was the ideal community, a band of men and women united by a spiritual tie, by a common interest of faith, hope, and love—of the deepest things of the heart. If there is any other way of creating a true social life we should be glad to hear of it. It has not appeared so far. The social reformer, who proposes to put everything right by a redistribution of property, must be a very naïve sort of person. So is the educationist, who thinks that the social problem, the art of living together, will be solved by a better brain-drill. When you have got everybody well housed, well clothed, well fed, and well equipped mentally, what have you done? The biggest scoundrels abroad to-day are people who have got all this. You may endow a man with all the powers that modern civilization, its wealth, its culture, can offer, and you have absolutely no guarantee that he will not use them as weapons with which to arm his wickedness. Social reform of this sort is beginning from the wrong end. It is to build without having prepared your materials. It is as if you should use clay before making it into bricks; timber that has never been seasoned. That is why all the socialisms of yesterday and to-day have failed and will fail. Nothing can be done with men communally until they have been effectively dealt with individually. It is when men's hearts have been set to the right tune; when they have been brought into a right relation with life's highest and holiest, and sworn allegiance to that; when they have learned religion's secret of faith and love—it is only out of such materials that you can build an enduring, a happy world. Napoleon even, when he came to rule France, had found that out. Said he to Roederer: 'How shall we get morality? There is only one way—it is to reestablish religion.' If the church is to flourish, and if the nation is to flourish—in the best sense—we shall have to get back to the old evangelical root. We shall have to get back its conquering faith in God, its conquering faith in men; get back its hardihood, its simplicity, its sense of urgency in dealing with souls, its belief that men, properly met with the spiritual claim, will yield to it and start on the way upward. What is the use of sermons that mean nothing, and that do nothing? Surely, by this time we have learned what the work of the church really is. Its social work is spiritual work. Its duty in the social fabric is, above and beyond all else, to prepare the material to be built into it. Not by pottering at this or that architectural idea; not by fancy

essays at social town planning, but by turning the clay into bricks. It is only when you have got souls, individual souls, into shape that you can build them into the City of God."

Quiet Talks About the Crowned Christ. By S. D. Gordon. 12mo, pp. 258. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, 75 cents net.

From S. D. Gordon, the Quiet Talker, have come eleven books and seven booklets; talks on Power, Prayer, Service, Jesus, Personal Problems, World Winners, the Tempter, Home Ideals, Following the Christ, and now the Crowned Christ. When an author keeps up a stream of publication for many years, there is danger of its running pretty thin. This volume is a series of studies in the Book of Revelation, intended to be practical and helpful. The Preface says: "Crowning the Christ is an intensely practical thing, whether taken in the *personal* sense or the *world* sense. He has been crowned in the upper world. With wondrous patience and graciousness he pleads for the personal crowning in our lives. Some day—no one knows just when—he will begin to *act* as the crowned Christ *in all the affairs of our earth.* God is intensely practical. Jesus was never concerned about speculation nor mere discussion; he was too intent on helping people. The Bible is wholly a practical book. It is concerned only with helping us. It does not tell us all the truth there is; we shall be constantly learning more in the future life. But it does tell us all we need to know now. And its purpose in telling us what it does is wholly practical—to urge us to right choice, and to lives that square with the choice. This is the purpose that decided just what truth should be told in the Book." Joseph Addison Richards's poem introduces the book:

"When God sought a King for His people of old,
He went to the fields to find him;
A shepherd was he, with his crook and his lute
And a following flock behind him.

"O love of the sheep, O joy of the lute,
And the sling and the stone for battle;
A shepherd was King, the giant was naught,
And the enemy driven like cattle.

"When God looked to tell of His good will to men,
And the Shepherd-King's son whom He gave them;
To shepherds, made meek a-caring for sheep,
He told of a Christ sent to save them.

"O love of the sheep, O watch in the night,
And the glory, the message, the choir;
'Twas shepherds who saw their King in the straw,
And returned with their hearts all on fire.

"When Christ thought to tell of His love to the world
He said to the throng before him,
'The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep—'
And away to the cross they bore Him.

"O love of the sheep, O blood sweat of prayer,
O man on the cross, God-forsaken;
A shepherd has gone to defend all alone
The sheepfold by death overtaken.

"When God sought a King for His people, for aye,
He went to the grave to find him;
And a shepherd came back, Death dead in His grasp,
And a following flock behind Him.

"O love of the sheep, O life from the dead,
O strength of the faint and the fearing;
A shepherd is King, and His Kingdom will come,
And the day of His coming is nearing."

We extract a few bits from here and there, indicative of the practical quality of this book: "'Blessed is he that *keepeth the words* of the prophecy of this book.' Reading, heeding, obeying, watching, living up to, this is the earnest plea peculiar to this book. Clearly our Lord Jesus desires earnestly that it be read. And he expects us to understand it. And he pleads with us to live in the light of what he tells us here. He that willeth to do shall know what he ought to do. He that doeth the thing he does know will know more. And that more done will open the door yet wider into all the fragrance of a strongly obedient life, and into a clear and clearing understanding of the Lord Jesus himself. He that brings his life bit by bit up to the level of the earnest plea of this special revelation, as bit by bit it opens to him, will find his understanding of it wonderfully clearing. Obedience is the organ of understanding. Through it there comes clear grasp of the truth. A single recent illustration of this comes from Korea, that land that gives us so much of the romance of missions, as well as so much of its pathos. Dr. James S. Gale, of Seoul, tells of a Korean who had traveled some hundred miles to confer with him about Christian things. He recited to Dr. Gale the whole of the Sermon on the Mount without slip or error. After this surprising feat of memory, the missionary said gently that memorizing was not enough; the truth must be practiced in daily life. To his surprise the Korean quietly said: 'That's the way I *learned* to memorize. I tried to memorize, but it wouldn't stick. So I hit upon this plan: I would memorize a verse, then find a heathen neighbor and practice the verse on him. Then I found it would stick.' A recent incident is told of a man whose name is a familiar one in the financial world, who died a few years ago. He was the executive head of one of our country's great railways and a man of remarkable largeness of insight and grasp, and of unusual power of execution. He dealt in hundreds of millions as easily as most of us deal in dollars, and his rugged honesty has never been brought into question. His greatest achievement bulks big in the material structure of one of our great Eastern cities. But his gigantic tasks ran his strength to ebb tide, and then it was seen that the tide was running out. As he lay in the sick chamber a minister called, whose ministry had touched large num-

bers of the men in the railroad of which the sick man was head, and in the course of conversation tactfully asked: 'Are you a Christian, Mr. Blank?' 'Yes,' was the quiet, prompt reply that rather surprised the minister. 'How long have you been a Christian, Mr. Blank?' 'Two days,' came the answer as promptly and quietly. Feeling that there was an interesting story under these answers, the minister gently pressed the question. Then the story came out. 'You know William, who handles freight out here at ———?' the sick man asked. 'Yes.' "He showed me the way.' 'William' had been a worthless, drunken man of the 'down and out' sort. He had been converted at some mission and been radically changed. He had gotten employment at one of the freight-handling stations of this railroad system. It was rough, hard work, but he had gone at it earnestly in his purpose to live an honest life. And in his quiet, earnest way he was always seeking a chance to speak to men of Christ as a personal Saviour, until he became known throughout that part of the system for his simple, earnest piety. As the sick man realized the seriousness of things for him he had sent for this William. The president of the road whose capitalization ran into hundreds of millions sent for the rough-handed freight handler. And William in his simple, earnest way had pointed the sick man to Christ. And the man of millions had made a new sort of transaction. Christ and he had an understanding. And as the sick man told the minister the story he paused, and then added, '*I have given my strength to the secondary things.*' This was the judgment of this shrewd man of big affairs as the new light had come into his life at its close. Happily he had gotten the readjustment of values in time for readjustment of personal relationships. But his life's strength was gone. If we might get the readjustment that would put secondary things in second place, and put wrong and useless things clear out, *in time to be of some use to our blessed Lord.* The love-spirit means personal loyalty to Jesus, purity of heart, holiness of life, steadiness of purpose, and the exquisite gentleness of patience in our conduct toward all others. Recently I was told a simple incident of one of the truly great Christian men of our generation. He was at the head of one of the largest concerns of our country, employing thousands of men, but never knowing any labor troubles. I remember the impression made on me a few years ago at the time of his death, by the remark made to me by two different men of this man's city, men that I think did not know each other, or maybe very slightly. As I spoke of him each man said in a subdued voice, 'O, everybody in ——— loved Mr. ———!' This incident was told by his son. The two were on a train together. The father rose and went forward to another part of the train. As he went out a man sitting opposite came over and spoke to the son. His flashy manner of dress and the fact that he seemed to have been drinking suggested the sort of man he was. He said to the son: 'Wasn't that Mr. So-and-so?' 'Yes,' the son replied. 'Well,' the man said, as though talking half to himself, 'if there were more men like him, there'd be fewer like me.' And he turned to his seat and sat as though absorbed in his thought. The son, in speaking of it after his father's death, said it was one of the tenderest memories he had of his

father. The common crowd on the street and our Lord Jesus are united in one thing: they want *more men like him*. Jesus our Saviour. Then there'd be fewer of the other sort. A bishop of the American Episcopal Church, widely known for his saintly character, his culture, and long years of tireless service, was visiting in the South. In the town there lived a judge of wide repute for his scholarly learning as well as for his culture and uprightness. Now he was seriously ill, and had requested an interview with the bishop. He asked the bishop to talk to him about personal religion. And the clergyman talked to this thoughtful, scholarly judge in choice philosophical language about the fatherhood of God, the character of Christ, and the essential harmony of man's true nature with God. The judge listened attentively for some time. Then he apologetically interrupted his visitor, and said: 'Bishop, I'm dying. Won't you please talk to me just like you'd talk to my black boy, Jim?' And the bishop could, and did. He told him in simplest talk that he was a sinner. Jesus died to save sinners. His blood washes away our sins. We must take Christ as a Saviour, just trust him, as simply as a child trusts its mother. So he talked. And the judge listened. And the tears came, and the peace. He came as a child, and trusted, and he knew the peace that passeth understanding. It was the simple telling of the simple story of the Saviour who died, and the simple, child-like acceptance of that Saviour. The scholarly bishop helped the learned judge best, in the crisis of his life, by talking as simply as to a child. If we might only be simple enough to be true to this Jesus who died, during the remnant of waiting time that remains." A venerable Anglican archbishop finds his private devotions returning to the simplicity of his childhood and ending with the prayer his Wesleyan Methodist mother taught him:

> Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
> Look upon a little child.
> Pity my simplicity;
> Suffer me to come to Thee.

The following practical bit is a good close: "A dear missionary friend told of a simple experience that meant much to him. We were walking together in the town in Korea where his mission work is. His school was the center of the recent troublous times in Korea, and the storm seemed to rage about his own person at its outburst. As we talked all his native teachers and several of his older students were in prison. The experience he told me was of earlier days in this country, but had come back to his memory as a great refreshment during the troublous times. He was a professor in a small college in our Middle West. Special funds were being raised for extension. He was to ask a certain man of wealth for a large donation. He planned and prayed much, and at last went to see the man in another city by appointment. He had a keen sense of the responsibility of his task. As he entered the building where the man's office was he was greeted cordially by a young man whom he remembered as a former student, to whom he had been friendly in some time of minor need. But he had not connected him in his mind with this wealthy man, whose son he was. Now as the former student learned of his professor

friend's errand, he said with all the confidence of a son on good terms with his father: 'Come right in; father's here.' As they stepped into the man's office the son said, simply: 'Father, this is an old friend of mine. He's all right. Give him whatever he wants.' And the father, busy at his desk, with barely a look at the appointed visitor, reached one hand over for his checkbook, and simply said: 'How much do you want?' My friend, taken completely by surprise at the unexpected turn of events, managed to name the large sum he had been thinking and praying over so much. And before he could quite recover from his surprise, he found himself outside walking up the street with the coveted check in his pocket, praising God for such an answer to his prayers." And now, put God for the rich father and Christ for the introducing son, and then ask what you will, and it or something better shall be done unto you. This is practical.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Where No Fear Was. By Arthur Christopher Benson. 12mo, pp. 256. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

The author of fourteen previous volumes adds this one to his list. Rebecca West, writing in The New Republic, says: "When Mr. A. C. Benson presents the world with the unprovoked exudations of his temperament, we may rejoice over the Hindu-like series of acquiescences which take the place of religion in donnish circles. The whole of modern England is busily unveiling itself to the satirist and giving him an opportunity to dispute the reverences and reticence it has ordained." In this cynical comment there is not one iota of sense; the context throws no light on her meaning. Benson is one of the most charming, serene, fluent, and limpid of present-day essayists. His meditations upon life are delicate, discriminating, pure, gentle, reverent, and often wise and helpful. A sensitive, cultivated, and devout nature pours itself out with engaging and confidence-inspiring candor. We think the number of his readers increases rather than falls away. This volume treats of man's susceptibility to fear, and the many kinds of fears, rational and irrational, which beset and goad us from infancy to old age; the influence of fear being illustrated from Benson's own experience and traced in the lives of others, such as Samuel Johnson, Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle, John Sterling, and Charlotte Brontë. The terror of vague fear is given in this extract from Pilgrim's Progress: "Thus they went on till they came to about the middle of the Valley, and then Christiana said, 'Methinks I see something yonder on the road before us, a thing of such a shape such as I have not seen.' Then said Joseph, 'Mother, what is it?' 'An ugly thing, child, an ugly thing,' said she. 'But, mother, what is it like?' said he. ''Tis like I cannot tell what,' said she. And now it was but a little way off. Then said she, 'It is nigh.'" In the Pilgrim's Progress the unreality of the spirits of fear is very firmly and wittily told. They scream in their dens, sitting together like fowls in a roost. They come paddling after the Pilgrim, they show themselves obscurely, swollen by the mist at the corners of the road.

They give the sense of being banded together in a numerous ambush, they can deceive eye and ear, and even nose with noisome stenches; but they cannot show themselves, and they cannot hurt. If they could be seen, they would be nothing but limp ungainly things that would rouse disdain and laughter and even pity, at anything at once so weak and so malevolent. But they are not like the demons of sin that can hamper and wound; they are just little gnomes and elves that can make a noise, and their strength is a spiteful and a puny thing. Shapes of Fear, The Use of Fear, Fears of Childhood, Boyhood, Youth, Middle Life, and Age are some of the subjects, with chapters on Simplicity, Affection, Sin, and Serenity. We take at random a few samples. The best protection against fear in general is to recognize in the world a loving intention of some kind: "If we merely think of God and nature as an inflexible system of laws, and that our only chance of happiness is to slip in and out of them, as a man might pick his way among red-hot plowshares, thankful if he can escape burning, then we can make no sort of advance, because we can have neither faith nor trust. The thing from which one merely flees can have no real power over our spirit; but if we know God as a fatherly Heart behind nature, who is leading us on our way, then indeed we can walk joyfully in happiness, and undismayed in trouble; because troubles then become only the wearisome incidents of the upward ascent, the fatigue, the failing breath, the strained muscles, the discomfort which is actually taking us higher, and cannot by any means be avoided." Speaking of our *vulnerability to fear* through our affections, there is this: "The Stoic imperturbability is an attempt to take a further step; not to fly from life, but to mingle with it, and yet to grow to be not dependent on it. The Stoic ideal was a high one, to cultivate a firmness of mind that was on the one hand not to be dismayed by pain or suffering, and on the other to use life so temperately and judiciously as not to form habits of indulgence which it would be painful to discontinue. The weakness of Stoicism was that it despised human relations; and the strength of primitive Christianity was that while it recommended a Stoical simplicity of life, it taught men not to be afraid of love, but to use and lavish love freely, as being the one thing which would survive death and not be cut short by it. The Christian teaching came to this, that the world was meant to be a school of love, and that love was to be an outward-rippling ring of affection extending from the family outwards to the tribe, the nation, the world, and on to God himself. It laid all its emphasis on the truth that love is the one immortal thing, that all the joys and triumphs of the world pass away with the decay of its material framework, but that love passes boldly on, with linked hands, into the darkness of the unknown. The one loss that Christianity recognized was the loss of love; the one punishment it dreaded was the withholding of love." The author illustrates freely from his own experience. He says: "Fear is the one thing which has always and invariably hampered and maimed me, whenever I have yielded to it, and I have often yielded to it. It can be called by many names, and all of them ugly names—anxiety, timidity, moral cowardice. I can never trace the smallest good in having given way to

it. It has been from my earliest days the Shadow; and I think it is the shadow in the lives of many men and women. I want in this book to track it, if I can, to its lair, to see what it is, where its awful power lies, and what, if anything, one can do to resist it. It seems the most unreal thing in the world, when one is on the other side of it; and yet face to face with it, it has a strength, a poignancy, a paralyzing power, which makes it seem like a personal and specific ill-will, issuing in a sort of dreadful enchantment or spell, which renders it impossible to withstand. Yet, strange to say, it has not exercised its power in the few occasions in my life when it would seem to have been really justified. Let me quote an instance or two which will illustrate what I mean. I was confronted once with the necessity of a small surgical operation, quite unexpectedly. If I had known beforehand that it was to be done, I should have depicted every incident with horror and misery. But the moment arrived, and I found myself marching to my bedroom with a surgeon and a nurse, with a sense almost of amusement at the adventure. I was called upon once in Switzerland to assist with two guides in the rescue of an unfortunate woman who had fallen from a precipice, and had to be brought down, dead or alive. We hurried up through the pine forest with a chair, and found the poor creature alive indeed, but with horrible injuries—an eye knocked out, an arm and a thigh broken, her ulster torn to ribbons, and with more blood about the place in pools than I should have thought a human body could contain. She was conscious; she had to be lifted into the chair, and we had to discover where she belonged; she fainted away in the middle of it, and I had to go on and break the news to her relations. If I had been told beforehand what would have to be done, I do not think I could have faced it; but it was there to do, and I found myself entirely capable of taking part, and even of wondering all the time that it was possible to act. Again, I was once engulfed in a crevasse, hanging from the ice ledge with a portentous gulf below, and a glacier stream roaring in the darkness. I could get no hold for foot or hand, my companions could not reach me or extract me; and as I sank into unconsciousness, hearing my own expiring breath, I knew that I was doomed; but I can only say, quite honestly and humbly, that I had no fear at all, and only dimly wondered what arrangements would be made at Eton, where I was then a master, to accommodate the boys of my house and my pupils. It was not done by an effort, nor did I brace myself to the situation: fear simply did not come near to me. Once again, I found myself confronted, not so long ago, with an incredibly painful and distressing interview. That indeed did oppress me with almost intolerable dread beforehand. I was to go to a certain house in London, and there was just a chance that the interview might not take place after all. As I drove there, I suddenly found myself wondering whether the interview could *really* be going to take place—how often had I rehearsed it beforehand with anguish—and then as suddenly became aware that I should, in some strange way, be disappointed if it did not take place. I wanted on the whole to go through with it, and to see what it would be like. A deep-seated curiosity came to my aid. It did take place, and it was very bad—

worse than I could have imagined; but it was not terrible! These are just four instances which come into my mind. I should be glad to feel that the courage which undoubtedly came had been the creation of my will; but it was not so. In three cases, the events came unexpectedly; but in the fourth case I had long anticipated the moment with extreme dread. Yet in that last case the fear suddenly slipped away, without the smallest effort on my part; and in all four cases some strange gusto of experience, some sense of heightened life and adventure, rose in the mind like a fountain—so that, even in the crevasse, I said to myself, not excitedly but serenely, 'So this is what it feels like to await death!' It was this particular experience which gave me an inkling into that which in so many tragic histories seems incredible—that men often do pass to death, by scaffold and by stake, at the last moment, in serenity and even in joy. I do not doubt for a moment that it is the immortal principle in man, the sense of deathlessness, which comes to his aid. It is the instinct which, in spite of all knowledge and experience, says suddenly, in a moment like that, 'Well, what then?' That instinct is a far truer thing than any expectation or imagination. It sees things, in supreme moments, in a true proportion. It asserts that when the rope jerks, or the flames leap up, or the benumbing blow falls, there is something there which cannot possibly be injured, and which indeed is rather freed from the body of our humiliation. It is but an incident, after all, in a much longer and more momentous voyage. It means only the closing of one chapter of experience and the beginning of another. The base element in it is the fear which dreads the opening of the door, and the quitting of what is familiar. And I feel assured of this, that the one universal and inevitable experience, known to us as death, must in reality be a very simple and even a natural affair, and that when we can look back upon it, it will seem to us amazing that we can ever have regarded it as so momentous and appalling a thing." The author, speaking of the Fear of Failure, says: "Failure very often brings a wholesome sense of incompetence. One may have an incapacity to believe in one's own inefficiency, and a sturdy persuasion of the malevolence of others. Here is a soil in which fears spring up like thorns and briars. 'Whatever I do or say, I shall be passed over and slighted, I shall always find people determined to exclude and neglect me!' I know myself, only too well, how fertile the brain is in discovering almost any reason for a failure except what is generally the real reason, that the work was badly done. And the more eager one is for recognition and success, the more sickened one is by any hint of contempt and derision. But it is quite possible, as I also know from personal experience, to go patiently and humbly to work again, to face the reasons for failure, to learn to enjoy work, to banish from the mind the uneasy hope of personal distinction. We may try to discern the humor of Providence, because I am as certain as I can be of anything that we are humorously treated as well as lovingly regarded. Let me relate two small incidents which did me a great deal of good at a time when I had a sense of self-importance. I was once asked to give a lecture, and it was widely announced. I saw my own name in capital letters upon adver-

tisements displayed in the street. On the evening appointed, I went to the place, and met the chairman of the meeting and some of the officials in a room adjoining the hall where I was to speak. We bowed and smiled, paid mutual compliments, congratulated each other on the importance of the occasion. At last the chairman consulted his watch and said it was time to be beginning. A procession was formed, a door was majestically thrown open by an attendant, and we walked with infinite solemnity on to the platform of an entirely empty hall, with rows of benches all wholly unfurnished with guests. I think it was one of the most ludicrous incidents I ever remember. The courteous confusion of the chairman, the dismay of the committee, the colossal nature of the fiasco filled me, I am glad to say, not with mortification, but with an overpowering desire to laugh. I have always been grateful for the humorous nature of the snub administered to me. Again on another occasion I had to pay a visit of business to a remote house in the country. A good-natured friend descanted upon the excitement it would be to the household to entertain a living author, and how eagerly my utterances would be listened to. I was received not only without respect, but with obvious boredom. In the course of the afternoon, I discovered that I was supposed to be a solicitor's clerk, but when a little later it transpired what my real occupations were, I was not displeased to find that no member of the party had ever heard of my existence, or was aware that I had ever published a book, and when I was questioned as to what I had written, no one had ever come across anything that I had printed, until at last I soared into some transient distinction by the discovery that my brother was the author of Dodo." Concerning Tennyson and his temperament, we have the following: "He was undoubtedly one of the first word artists who ever lived and wrote, but he was a great deal more than that; he was a great mystic, a man whose mind moved in a shining cloud of inspiration. He had the constitution and the temperament of a big Lincolnshire yeoman, with that simple rusticity that is said to have characterized Vergil. But his spirit dwelt apart, revolving dim and profound thoughts, brooding over mysteries; if he is lightly said to be Early Victorian, it is not because he was typical of his age, but because he contributed so much to make it what it was. While Browning lived an eager personal life, full of observation, zest, and passion, Tennyson abode in more impersonal thoughts. In the dawn of science, when there was a danger of life becoming over-materialized, contented with the first steps of swiftly apprehended knowledge, and with *solutions which were no solutions at all, but only the perception of laws*, Tennyson was the man of all others who *saw that science* had a deeply poetical side, and *could enforce rather than destroy the religious spirit;* he saw that a *knowledge of processes* was *not* the same thing as an *explanation of impulses*, and that while it was a *little more clear in the light of science* what was *actually happening* in the world, men were *no nearer* the perception of *why* it happened so, or *why it happened at all*. Tennyson saw clearly the wonders of astronomy and geology, and discerned that the *laws of nature were nothing more than the habits*, so to speak, of a Power that was incredibly vast, a Power which

held within itself the secrets of motion and rest, of death and life. Thus he claimed for his disciples not only the average thoughtful man, but the very best and finest minds of his generation who wished to link the past and the present together, and not to break with the old sanctities. Tennyson's art suffered from the consciousness of his enormous responsibility, and where he failed was from his dread of unpopularity, and his fear of alienating the ordinary man. Browning was interested in ethical problems; his robust and fortunate temperament allowed him to bridge over with a sort of buoyant healthiness the gaps of his philosophy. But Tennyson's ethical failure lay in his desire to improve the occasion, and to rule out all impulses that had not a social and civic value. In the later Idylls, he did his best to represent the prig as trailing clouds of glory, and to discourage lawlessness in every form; but he was more familiar with the darker and grosser sides of life than he allowed to appear in his verse, which suffers from an almost prudish delicacy, which is more akin to respectability than to moral courage. But he lived in a perpetual melancholy, feeling the smallest slights acutely, hating at once obscurity and publicity, aware of his renown, yet shrinking from the evidences of it. He could be distracted by company; but left to itself, his mind fell helplessly down the dark slope into a sadness and a dreariness which deprived life of its savor. *It was not that his dread was a definite one;* he was strong and tough physically, and he *regarded death with a solemn curiosity.* In later life, he became *very* pessimistic, and believed that the world was sinking fast into dull materialism, petty selfishness, and moral anarchy. He had less opportunity of knowing what was going on in the world than most people, in his sheltered and secluded life, with his court of friends and worshipers. And indeed *it was not a rational pessimism; it was but the shadow of his fear.* And the fact remains that in spite of a life of great good fortune, and an undimmed supremacy of fame, he spent much of his time *in fighting shadows,* involved *in clouds of darkness* and *dissatisfaction.* That was no doubt the price he paid for his exquisite perception of beauty and his power of melodious expression. But we make a great mistake if we merely think of Tennyson as a rich and ample nature moving serenely through life. He was 'black-blooded,' he once said, adding, 'like all the Tennysons.' Doubtless he had in his mind his father, a man often deeply in the grip of melancholy." Here is a passage about some who are so selfless that life no longer holds for them any fears: "One sometimes sees, in the faces of old family servants, in unregarded elderly relatives, bachelor uncles, maiden aunts, who are entertained as a duty, or given a home in charity, a very beautiful and tender look, indescribable in words but unmistakable, when it seems as if self, and personal claims, and pride, and complacency had really passed out of the expression, leaving nothing but a hope of being loved, and a desire to do some humble service. I saw it the other day in the face of a little old lady, who lived in the house of a well-to-do cousin, with rather a bustling and vigorous family pervading the place. She was a small frail creature, with a tired worn face, but with no look of fretfulness or discontent. She had a little attic as a bedroom, and she was not considered

in any way. She effaced herself, ate about as much as a bird would eat, seldom spoke, uttering little ejaculations of surprise and amusement at what was said; if there was a place vacant in the carriage, she drove out. If there was not, she stopped at home. She amused herself by going about in the village, talking to the old women and the children, who half loved and half despised her for being so very unimportant, and for having nothing she could give away. But I do not think the little lady ever had a thought except of gratitude for her blessings, and admiration for the robustness and efficiency of her relations. She claimed nothing from life and expected nothing. It seemed a little frail and vanquished existence, and there was not an atom of what is called proper pride about her; but it was fine, for all that. An infinite sweetness looked out of her eyes; she suffered a good deal, but never complained. She was glad to live, found the world a beautiful and interesting place, and never quarrelled with her slender share of its more potent pleasures. And she will slip silently out of life some day in her attic room; and be strangely mourned and missed. I do not consider that a failure in life, and I am not sure that it is not something much more like a triumph. I know that as I watched her one evening knitting in the corner, following what was said with intense enjoyment, uttering her little bird-like cries, I thought how few of the things that could afflict me had power to wound her, and how little she had to fear. I do not think she wanted to take flight, but yet I am sure she had no dread of death; and when she goes thitherward, leaving the little tired and withered frame behind, it will be just as when the crested lark springs up from the dust of the roadway, and wings his way into the heart of the dewy upland." John Sterling in his last illness, dying for many weeks, wrote two noble letters, one to his son, a boy at school. In that he said: "When I fancy how you are walking in the same streets, and moving along the same river, that I used to watch so intently, as if in a dream, when younger than you are—I could gladly burst into tears, not of grief, but with a feeling that there is no name for. Everything is so wonderful, great and holy, so sad and yet not bitter, so full of Death and so bordering on Heaven. Can you understand anything of this? If you can, you will begin to know what a serious matter our Life is; how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed; what a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature anyone comes to be, who does not as soon as possible bend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task lies first before him." The other is to Carlyle, and says: "I send a few words for Remembrance and Farewell. I am treading the common road into the great darkness, *without any thought of fear* and with very much of hope. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so sad as it seems to the standers-by."

Neighbors. Life Stories of the Other Half. By JACOB A. RIIS. 12mo, pp. 209. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, illustrated, $1.25.

OUR country has had few citizens as fine as Jacob Riis, the Danish immigrant. Seldom has the Creator molded and inspired a nobler nature.

This man set the high Christian example to his fellowmen. He pleaded the cause of the weak and friendless before the seats of the mighty. When priest and Levite passed by on the other side, he played the part of good Samaritan to the hurt and the helpless and the destitute. A great "Inasmuch as you did it unto these" welcomed him to heaven when he went. This book is fragmentarily biographic of many human lives, and autobiographic of the great human heart of Jacob Riis. He knew how the Other Half, or the Submerged Tenth, lives (or fails to live), and he compelled the prosperous to pay attention to the pitiful story until they lent a hand for the lifting up. Here are nineteen of his stories, every one steeped in warm blood and tears and glory. Here is a winter story of what the snowflake told. The first snowflake was wafted in upon the north wind to-day. I stood in my study door and watched it fall and disappear; but I knew that many would come after and hide my garden from sight ere long. What will the winter bring us? When they wake once more, the flowers that now sleep snugly under their blanket of dead leaves, what shall we have to tell? The postman has just brought me a letter, and with it lying open before me, my thoughts wandered back to "the hard winter" of a half-score seasons ago which none of us has forgotten, when women and children starved in cold garrets while men roamed gaunt and hollow-eyed vainly seeking work. I saw the poor tenement in Rivington Street where a cobbler and his boy were fighting starvation all alone save for an occasional visit from one of Miss Wald's nurses who kept a watchful eye on them as on so many another tottering near the edge in that perilous time, ready with the lift that brought back hope when all things seemed at an end. One day she found a stranger in the flat, a man with close-cropped hair and a hard look that told their own story. The cobbler eyed her uneasily, and, when she went, followed her out and made excuses. Yes! he was just out of prison and had come to him for shelter. He used to know him in other days, and Jim was not— She interrupted him and shook her head. Was it good for the boy to have that kind of a man in the house? The cobbler looked at her thoughtfully and touched her arm gently. "This," he said, "ain't no winter to let a feller from Sing Sing be on the street." The letter the postman brought made me see all this and more in the snowflake that fell and melted in my garden. It came from a friend in the far West, a gentle, high-bred lady, and told me this story: Her sister, who devotes her life to helping the neighbor, had just been on a visit to her home. One day my friend noticed her wearing an odd knitted shawl, and spoke of it. "Yes," said she, "that is the shawl the cook gave me." "The cook?" with lifted eyebrows, I suppose. And then she heard how. One day, going through the kitchen of the institution where she teaches, she had seen the cook in tears and inquired the cause. The poor woman sobbed out that her daughter had come home to die. The doctors had said that she might live perhaps ten days, no longer, and early and late she cried for her mother to be with her. But she had vainly tried every way to get a cook to take her place—there was none, and her child was dying in the hospital. "And I told her to go to her right away. I would see to

that; that was all," concluded my friend's sister; "and she gave me this shawl when she came back, and I took it, of course. She had worked it for the daughter that died." But it was not all. For during ten days of sweltering July heat that gentle, delicate woman herself superintended the kitchen, did the cooking, and took the place of the mother who was soothing her dying child's brow, and no one knew it. Not here, that is. No doubt it is known, with a hundred such daily happenings that make the real story of human life, where that record is kept and cherished. And clear across the continent it comes to solve a riddle that had puzzled me. Recently I had long arguments with a friend about religion and dogmas that didn't help either of us. At the end of three weeks we were farther apart than when we began, and the arguments had grown into controversy that made us both unhappy. We had to have a regular treaty of peace to get over it. I know why now. The snowflake and the friend's letter told me. Those two, the cobbler and the woman, were real Christians. They had the secret. They knew the neighbor, if neither had ever heard of dogma or creed. Our arguments were worse than wasted, though we both meant well, for we were nearer neighbors when we began than when we left off. I am not learned in such things. Perhaps I am wrong. No doubt dogmas are useful—to wrap things in—but even then I would not tuck in the ends, lest we hide the neighbor so that we cannot see him. After all, it is what is *in* the package that counts. To me it is the evidence of such as these that God lives in human hearts—that we are molded in his image despite flaws and failures in the casting—that keeps alive the belief that we shall wake with the flowers to a fairer spring. Is it not so with all of us? More stories filled with the spirit of Jacob Riis, who says: Three stories have come to me out of the past for which I would make friends in the present. The first I have from a rabbi of our own day whom I met last winter in the far Southwest. The other two were drawn from the wisdom of the old rabbis that is as replete with human contradiction as the strange people of whose life it was, and is, a part. If they help us to understand how near we live to one another, after all, it is well. Without other comment, I shall leave each reader to make his own application of them. This was the story my friend the Arkansas rabbi told. It is from the folk-lore of Russia: A woman who had lain in torment a thousand years lifted her face toward heaven and cried to the Lord to set her free, for she could endure it no longer. And he looked down and said: "Can you remember one thing you did for a human being without reward in your earth life?" The woman groaned in bitter anguish, for she had lived in selfish ease; the neighbor had been nothing to her. "Was there not one? Think well!" "Once—it was nothing—I gave to a starving man a carrot, and he thanked me." "Bring, then, the carrot. Where is it?" "It is long since, Lord," she sobbed, "and it is lost." "Not so; witness of the one unselfish deed of your life, it could not perish. Go," said the Lord to an angel, "find the carrot and bring it here." The angel brought the carrot and held it over the bottomless pit, letting it down till it was within reach of the woman. "Cling to it," he said. She did as she was bidden, and found herself rising out of

her misery. Now, when the other souls in torment saw her drawn upward, they seized her hands, her waist, her feet, her garments, and clung to them with despairing cries, so that there rose out of the pit an ever-lengthening chain of writhing, wailing humanity clinging to the frail root. Higher and higher it rose till it was half-way to heaven, and still its burden grew. The woman looked down, and fear and anger seized her—fear that the carrot would break, and anger at the meddling of those strangers who put her in peril. She struggled, and beat with hands and feet upon those below her. "Let go," she cried; "it is *my* carrot." The words were hardly out of her mouth before the carrot broke, and she fell, with them all, back into torment, and the pit swallowed them up. Story number two: In a little German town the pious Rabbi Jisroel Isserlheim is deep in the study of the sacred writings, when of a sudden the Messiah stands before him. The time of trial of his people is past, so runs his message; that very evening he will come, and their sufferings will be over. He prays that his host will summon a carriage in which he may make his entry into town. Trembling with pride and joy, the rabbi falls at his feet and worships. But in the very act of rising doubts assail him. "Thou temptest me, Master!" he exclaims; "it is written that the Messiah shall come riding upon an ass." "Be it so. Send thou for the ass." But in all the countryside far and near no ass is to be found; the rabbi knows it. The Messiah waits. "Do you not see that you are barring the way with your scruples to the salvation you long for? The sun is far in the west; do not let it set, for if this day pass, the Jews must suffer for untold ages to come. Would you set an ass between me and the salvation of my people?" The man stands irresolute. "Ten minutes, and I must go," urges his visitor. But at last the rabbi has seen his duty clear. "No Messiah without the ass," he cries; and the Messiah goes on his way. Story number three: Once, so runs the legend, there lived in far Judean hills two affectionate brothers, tilling a common field together. One had a wife and a houseful of children; the other was a lonely man. One night in the harvest time the older brother said to his wife: "My brother is a lonely man. I will go out and move some of the sheaves from my side of the field over on his, so that when he sees them in the morning his heart will be cheered by the abundance." And he did. That same night the other brother said to his workmen: "My brother has a houseful and many mouths to fill. I am alone, and do not need all this wealth. I will go and move some of my sheaves over on his field, so that he shall rejoice in the morning when he sees how great is his store." And he did. They did it that night and the next, in the sheltering dark. But on the third night the moon came out as they met face to face, each with his arms filled with sheaves. On that spot, says the legend, was built the Temple of Jerusalem, for it was esteemed that there earth came nearest heaven. Jacob Riis, the Dane, translates from the Danish of Johannes Jörgensen, this parable of The Strand from Above: The sun rose on a bright September morning. A thousand gems of dew sparkled in the meadows, and upon the breeze floated, in the wake of summer, the shining silken strands of which no man knoweth the whence

or the whither. One of them caught in the top of a tree, and the skipper, a little speckled yellow spider, quit his airship to survey the leafy demesne there. It was not to his liking, and, with prompt decision, he spun a new strand and let himself down straight into the hedge below. There were twigs and shoots in plenty there to spin a web in, and he went to work at once, letting the strand from above, by which he had come, bear the upper corner of it. A fine large web it was when finished, and with this about it that set it off from all the other webs thereabouts, that it seemed to stand straight up in the air, without anything to show what held it. It takes pretty sharp eyes to make out a single strand of a spider-web, even a very little way off. The days went by. Flies grew scarcer, as the sun rose later, and the spider had to make his net larger that it might reach farther and catch more. And here the strand from above turned out a great help. With it to brace the structure, the web was spun higher and wider, until it covered the hedge all the way across. In the wet October mornings, when it hung full of shimmering raindrops, it was like a veil stitched with precious pearls. The spider was proud of his work. No longer the little thing that had come drifting out of the vast with nothing but its unspun web in its pocket, so to speak, he was now a big, portly, opulent spider, with the largest web in the hedge. One morning he awoke very much out of sorts. There had been a frost in the night, and daylight brought no sun. The sky was overcast; not a fly was out. All the long gray autumn day the spider sat hungry and cross in his corner. Toward evening, to kill time, he started on a tour of inspection, to see if anything needed bracing or mending. He pulled at all the strands; they were firm enough. But though he found nothing wrong, his temper did not improve; he waxed crosser than ever. At the farthest end of the web he came at last to a strand that all at once seemed strange to him. All the rest went this way or that—the spider knew every stick and knob they were made fast to, every one. But this preposterous strand went nowhere—that is to say, went straight up in the air and was lost. He stood up on his hind legs and stared with all his eyes, but he could not make it out. To look at, the strand went right up into the clouds, which was nonsense. The longer he sat and glared to no purpose, the angrier the spider grew. He had quite forgotten how on a bright September morning he himself had come down this same strand. And he had forgotten how, in the building of the web and afterward when it had to be enlarged, it was just this strand he had depended upon. He saw only that here was a useless strand, a fool strand, that went nowhere in sense or reason, only up in the air where solid spiders had no concern. . . . "Away with it!" and with one vicious snap of his angry jaws he bit the strand in two. That instant the web collapsed, the whole proud and prosperous structure fell in a heap, and when the spider came to he lay sprawling in the hedge with the web all about his head like a wet rag. In one brief moment he had wrecked it all—because he did not understand the use of *the strand from above.*

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Life of Andrew Martin Fairbairn, D.D., D.Litt., LL.D., Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. By W. B. SELBIE, M.A., D.D. Large 8vo, pp. viii, 456. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $3, net.

THIS life of one of the most notable thinkers of the Christian Church should be read by all preachers, not only for the sake of the man, but also because of the very remarkable message which his life has to the Church. Many men who are occupying important positions as teachers in theological seminaries and as preachers in central pulpits throughout the English-speaking world were trained by Principal Fairbairn. A striking testimonial to this fact was given a short while ago in "Mansfield College Essays," which were prepared by the men who studied or taught in Mansfield College during the twenty-two years of his principalship. Among the writers of these essays are C. Silvester Horne, Selbie, Bartlett, Peake, Gray, Garvie, Robinson, and Souter. These names are associated with important theological and religious books, and their readiness to acknowledge Fairbairn as teacher and leader is indicative of much. Dr. Fairbairn held very high views concerning the Christian ministry. It is prophetic in its character. Preaching is the speech of a man who knows men, speaking a veritable word of God in the speech which those who hear can understand. It is interesting to know that this learned thinker was very popular with the working people as a preacher. At Aberdeen, Bradford, Oxford, and elsewhere he delivered popular lectures on profound religious subjects and was listened to by earnest and enthusiastic congregations of working people. His volume Religion in History and in the Life of To-day consists of lectures which were delivered to the workingmen and which created quite an impression. It is a book that deserves careful study by preachers who desire to make a winning appeal to thoughtful men. It is not surprising that Dr. Fairbairn was so keen on theological education. He rendered signal help on behalf of this cause throughout the land and brought the subject before churches in its most favorable light. He taught his students to despise the sciolist and the "cheap Jack." He had no use for the half-baked conclusions of superficial men. Christianity must be represented by the best thought of the age, and only men who give days and nights to the earnest study of this subject are qualified to speak about it from the pulpit. It is no doubt a very high ideal, but the cause of Christ must not be misrepresented by impressive and enthusiastic thinking. Dr. Fairbairn's interest in education was not confined merely to theology. He was a member of the Royal Commission on secondary education, and he took a very vigorous part in educational controversies, in the interest of religious freedom. As a controversialist he was a hard hitter, as Cardinal Newman, for instance, found to be the case. His conception of the Church as an evangelical agent of the kingdom of God is set forth in his volume Catholicism, Roman and Anglican. These chapters deal with the New Testament ideal of the Church, which can be realized only by setting forth the gospel of the grace of God in a positive and creative fashion. As a constructive thinker he reached his conclusions by long historical and critical processes. The

notable series of books by him are a splendid monument to his scholarly contributions to Christian thought. The Place of Christ in Modern Theology was published in 1893, and has passed through over twelve editions. This is the work of a theological pathfinder, and is of the greatest value for an understanding of the conceptions of Christ held by the Church during the centuries. It is a book which every preacher should have by him and use in interpreting the character and mind of Jesus Christ. The Philosophy of the Christian Religion is another of his massive and masterly treatises representing the ripe fruit of a laborious life of incessant and vital thought. Professor Denney said of this book that "It is full of knowledge, experience, reflection, criticism; there is a largeness of mind in it, answering to the greatness of the subjects treated, which grows upon the reader, and makes him slow to dissent; and it is animated throughout by that moral passion without which it is impossible to think to purpose about a moral world. There are even charming touches of autobiography, which without obtruding the author's personality, make us feel that what he is writing about is as real as his own life." This great and good man was the sympathetic friend of preachers. An interesting autobiographical touch is seen in the following letter to Principal Garvie, at the time an obscure preacher: "Do not be despondent in your ministry, or expect great things to happen in a single year. Through seventeen long years I knew what it was to suffer the sickness of hope deferred, and the number of times I got such things said to me as the local editor said to you were enough, if any man believed them, to make him discontented with the humdrum and apparently resultless toil of a laborious rural pastorate. Dear Dr. Garvie, do not look at things in too impatient or even too expectant a way. Part of the discipline that fits us for future life is bearing a yoke that we would rather not be forced to carry. Then do not think too much of the impatience or the little superficial grumblings of a neglected one here and there; these things come to us all; but behind lies the sense that in serving the little ones we are serving the Master, and the little ones do not always know that they are served." This letter recalls to mind The Letters of Marcus Dods, and the noble way in which he held fast to his ideal, in spite of so much indifference and neglect. We cannot refrain from quoting a testimony by Professor A. S. Peake, of Manchester University, when he presented Dr. Fairbairn for the degree of D.D.: "It is with singular pleasure that I present, for the first degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred in this university, my former teacher and colleague Dr. Fairbairn. His services to theological science time would fail barely to enumerate. With a profound belief in the trustworthiness of reason and the rationality of history, it has been the main passion of his life to understand and interpret religion. Intimately acquainted with the comparative study of the various forms it has assumed and with the course of philosophical speculation, he has risen from the mass of intricate detail to large and luminous generalizations in the philosophy of religion. An alien in no part of the dominion ruled by the queen of sciences, he has been especially distinguished as an exponent of historical and constructive theology. Himself a preacher

whose sermons have been characterized by solidity and depth of thought and by a massive and inspiring eloquence, he has labored to create a learned ministry, with an adequate technical equipment, based on a broad and generous culture." We do not hesitate to say that this is one of the most notable biographies of recent years. The numerous letters which are preserved in these pages, containing reflections and observations, are alone worth the price of the volume. Every preacher should read this volume, for it is a source of unfailing inspiration.

Letters on Life. By W. Robertson Nicoll. 16mo, pp. 277. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, 50 cents net.

The letters of Claudius Clear are familiar to a wide circle through many years in various volumes. This far from a new book is now selling its fifty-fourth thousand. These twenty-seven letters are on such topics as, The Art of Taking Things Coolly, Questions About Holidays, Vanity and Its Mortifications, Firing Out the Fools, Should Old Letters be Kept, The Man in the Street, The Zest of Life, Growing Old, Broken-Hearted, How to Remember and How to Forget. We chance on this word for preachers: The preacher's personality must obviously pervade and give color and flavor to his preaching. His whole heart must be in it. What he gets out of his own heart and experience and from direct observation of life will be more realistic, moving, and effective than what he gets second-hand out of books. The preacher should not in one sense talk about himself. I knew and revered one old minister who never used the first personal pronoun in the pulpit. But Mr. Myers, in his wonderful poem, "St. Paul," caught the true idea that without an inward disclosure to the heart there is no religion, and that if this disclosure is given no argument can ever shake its certainty.

> Lo! if some pen should write upon your rafter,
> *Mene* and *mene* in the folds of flame;
> Think you could any memories thereafter
> Wholly retrace the couplet as it came?
>
> Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest
> Cannot confound, nor doubt him, nor deny;
> Yea, with one voice, oh! world, though thou deniest,
> Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

The preacher must have this inward certitude and let it speak out. Dr. Nicoll's letter On Taking Things Coolly says: "The most wonderful story of coolness I have ever heard was that of Mrs. Burdock, who was hanged at the beginning of the century at Bristol for murdering an old lady. Mrs. Burdock was proceeding to the place of execution outside her prison followed by the usual procession of a clergyman, sheriff, and other officers. Suddenly the procession came to a pause. What was the matter? Rain had begun to fall, and Mrs. Burdock resolutely declined to move an inch without an umbrella. So clergyman, hangman, sheriff, and all were kept waiting till one of the party ran to the governor's house, to borrow the umbrella which was to shield Mrs. Burdock from the

storm for the remaining few minutes of her existence." One of these letters is a sermon on a text. It is entitled, When Three Stars Came Out, and begins thus: "Some four years ago I visited the hill town of Litchfield in Connecticut. The scenery that surrounds it is picturesque, and in some ways recalls Scotland more than any other part of America I remember.' But the associations of the town with the Beecher family are a permanent interest and attraction. Litchfield has been long a famous place, and round about it there have clustered as residents some of the most brilliant people in the United States. Mrs. Beecher Stowe tells us of having been repeatedly visited when in Paris by an aged French gentleman, Count ———, who in his youth, when his family was exiled in the first Revolution, had been placed there to be educated for the Bar. Though on his return to France he had moved in the highest circles, he dwelt in his conversation with Mrs. Stowe with enthusiasm on the society of Litchfield, which he pronounced to be the most charming in the world. The traditions of that old society are well maintained, and yet somehow the residents seem strangely unappreciative of the Beechers. In fact, America is not nearly enthusiastic enough about her choicest spirits, though I know that there is a strong impression to the contrary. I heard at Litchfield about the Indians who had their favorite fishing and hunting-ground in the lake streams and forests in the district. I heard about the proud associations of its inhabitants with the War of Independence, but nobody seemed to know that Mrs. Beecher Stowe had written about the place, both in the life of her father and in some of her most tender and beautiful stories. The site of the old Beecher homestead is still pointed out, but the building has vanished, and the church where Lyman Beecher, the father of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher, ministered has been replaced by a more pretentious building. I should like to have found the place where Henry Ward Beecher, then a little child, dug for his dead mother. He was too small to go to her funeral, and was told by some of the family that she had gone to heaven, and by others that she had been laid in the ground. Putting the two things together, he resolved to dig through the ground and go to heaven to find her. Being discovered one morning under his sister Catherine's window, digging with great zeal and earnestness, she called to know what he was doing. He lifted his curly head with great simplicity and answered, 'Why, I am going to heaven to find mother.' Many such beautiful stories are told of the place, but I have room for but one other. Lyman Beecher's family observed the Sabbath in the New England fashion; that is, it lasted from Saturday night to Sunday night. On Sunday night the children were allowed to begin playing as soon as three stars came out. I am going to draw a moral from this permission. It is this. We should begin to be happy as soon as we can, not waiting for a great noontide, not waiting even for a heaven crowded with stars. Let us make the most of the little we have, be happy as soon, as much, and as long as possible. *Let us begin to play when only three stars have come out.*" Then the sermon goes on: "I have spoken of the listlessness of many people who are well off and successful. Let me testify also to the wonderful courage and

patience of the great multitude who have little light in their life, but know how to make the best of that light. I know men who hold their situations by the slenderest thread, whose work is burdensome, whose salaries are small, who have troubles to meet them when they come home. But they have had the wisdom not to think overanxiously of the future, and to fasten their eyes on the few bright spots in the present. And they are happy and even buoyant. Surely theirs is the true wisdom. It is they who rebuke most impressively the sullenness, the ingratitude, the discontent with which many good gifts of God are received." To those who demand the sunlight of bright prosperity, Dr. Nicoll says that starlight may be better than sunlight. "One of the greatest sources of moral disorder is an exorbitant thirst for happiness. We must not expect from life more than life can give. Nor should it be forgotten that it is very hard to distinguish between starlight and sunlight. Many a man waits for the sunlight to let his heart go free, and when it comes in a victory more complete than he dared to dream of, he looks back and finds that the starlight that he let pass thanklessly was far better. On this I will quote a lovely parable, which will go home to the hearts of all who understand. It is a song of starlight and sunlight by one who had passed through both, and, looking back, knew that the first was the rarest and the dearest.

"I came into the City and none knew me;
None came forth, none shouted 'He is here!'
Not a hand with laurel would bestrew me
All the way by which I drew anear;
Night my banner, and my herald Fear.

"But I knew where one so long had waited
In the low room at the stairway's height—
Trembling lest my foot should be belated,
Singing, sighing for the long hours' flight
Towards the moment of our dear delight.

"I came into the City when you hailed me
Saviour, and again your chosen Lord:
Not one guessing what it was that failed me,
While along the way as they adored
Thousands, thousands, shouted in accord.

"But through all the joy I knew—I only—
How the refuge of my heart lay dead and cold,
Silent of its music and how lonely!
Never, though you crown me with your gold,
Shall I find that little chamber as of old!"

In a letter on The Happy Life is the following: "There is a content which it is possible to enjoy by suppressing capacity, by ceasing from thought, from interest, from effort, from ambition—the content that comes to those who are perfectly satisfied if they can eat comfortably and sleep comfortably, and escape disturbance. But even without Christianity man was noble enough to discover that this was unworthy. In his remarkable essay on the Ancient Stoics, Sir Alexander Grant rightly lays stress on the profound truth which Seneca preceived—the truth, namely, that

the mind and the will evoked into consciousness, and provoked even by suffering, are a greater possession than the blessings, if they were attainable, of a so-called golden age and state of nature. The old picture of mankind in a state of innocence, dwelling together in some far-off island, where every impulse was virtuous and every impulse was to be obeyed, was rejected by the Stoics. They said that in these primitive times there was, in fact, no wisdom. If men did wise things, they did them unconsciously. They had not even virtue; neither justice, nor prudence, nor temperance, nor fortitude. Seneca railed at the actual state of the world, but he saw that the remedy was placed rather in the power of the will, in the effort to progress, than in dreams of a bygone state of innocence. Amongst modern writers the most powerful exponent of this view, so far as I know, is Mrs. Oliphant. The burden of all her teaching is that it is infinitely better to live rather than to exist, even though life be full of agonies and failures and regrets. She, too, had her own sharp sufferings, and perhaps at last her indomitable spirit yielded and she felt it was good to die. Yet to the last she held to it unwaveringly that these sufferings had been good for her, that blessings had come with them and after them, and that they had awakened in her thoughts and feelings which it was good to have aroused, thoughts and feelings which to leave dormant would have been to impair vitality. It is not wise, it is not right that we should be willing to contract and deaden our natures, to see them shrink, dwindle, draw themselves within meaner lines every day, simply because their development is accomplished at the cost of inevitable and even, it may be, very sharp sorrows. In the second place, there can be no doubt that the way to happiness can only be found if it is not deliberately sought. To seek happiness is almost always to miss it. Always in the long run there is something higher, nearer, and more commanding than our own happiness. There are the claims of duty and of love. I do not know whether, for practical purposes, we can express it better than by saying that we ought to seek in the first place the happiness of others; and, as has been finely said, we shall discover that, if we bring happiness into the lives of other people, we shall not be able to keep it out of our own." In the same letter is this: "Compare two lives. In the one life a man sets himself to enjoy what is best, to see the best and to know it, to have all the pleasurable experiences that are within his range, to experience the delights of stimulating conversation, to let out the hours of each day to his own advantage. Another turns his back upon such things. He fulfills his daily task, and in the hours that are at his own disposal he seeks to uplift the wretched and the poor. You look at his life and you can see how impoverished and stunted it has been on many sides. You observe how as the years pass this voluntary work of his assumes greater and greater proportions in his mind. He begins to be more absorbed with it even than with his business. Though he does the allotted work well, his heart is elsewhere. I should like you to take the two lives and compare them at seventy. You will then find which has been the best and the most rewarding, which has stored up most sunshine in the passing. The first as the end draws near is apt to be

weary. The best of life's pleasure is gone, the familiar faces have vanished or grown rebuking and old, a few poor japes are all that remain out of the brilliant conversation. The other is peaceful, with a mellow light lying over it, and not without some humble assurance that it has not been lived altogether in vain. But you say the highest life is neither of these. The highest life must of necessity bear upon it the print of the nails. There must be sacrifice in it. In that curious book, now apparently forgotten, Renan's Philosophical Dialogues, there is a noteworthy passage on immortality: 'As for myself, I do not precisely demand immortality; but I should like two things—first, that my sacrifice to goodness and to truth should not have been offered up to blank and empty space. (I do not want to be repaid for them, but I want them to fulfill some purpose.) And secondly, that what little I have done should meet with somebody's acknowledgment. I want God's esteem, if nothing more. This is exorbitant, is it? Do we reproach the dying soldier with taking an interest in the issue of the battle, and wishing to know whether his general-in-chief is pleased with him?'" Also there is this: "I read lately the Life and Letters of F. W. Robertson, and came to the conclusion that the happiest period of his life was the time when he was fairly laid aside from work, suffering very much, and with the prospect of death before him. That was, I have no doubt, because he had got rid of his heavy responsibilities. After much knowledge of chronic sufferers, I believe they are not unhappy if their natures are sweet, and sound, and unselfish, and I believe much of their happiness lies in the fact that they are no longer urged and tormented by their own consciences to do this and to do that. We need not be very sorry for the old woman in the workhouse, who greatly desired a message of God's will for her, and could hear nothing but this: 'Lie still and cough.'" Here are some views on Holidays: "What kind of holiday does most good? I think, certainly not the holiday you enjoy most, but the dull holiday. I have greatly delighted in foreign trips, moving from one city to another, viewing the sights and taking long railway journeys. I have also had foreign holidays when I had a great deal of congenial society. These, however, have not yielded me much physical benefit. As a rule I have found myself exhausted when I began work, with no spring of physical or mental energy. The holidays that have done me good are brief holidays, such as I have had sometimes in the Riviera, in places where I knew nobody, and had next to no conversation, but was content simply to be outside, steeping myself in the sun and going to bed at ten o'clock. Even in the Riviera, which, whatever people may say, is one of the loveliest places in the world, I have grown weary of the incessant sunshine and the tideless sea, and the lazy, weary people with their hands 'red with the blood of murdered time.' And yet I have found on my return that I could work with redoubled vigor, that I did not rebel, that I wakened each day happy to think of what had to gone through. A holiday in a country village, spent in lounging about, varied by occasional drives, or walks, is most profitable, if only the weather is good."

Robert McEntyre

METHODIST REVIEW

MAY, 1915

ROBERT M'INTYRE

Scotland has well earned her reputation of bringing the greatest of her sons out of the humblest abodes. We have learned full well that if we would look for the birthplace of her poets, her theologians and scholars, her masters in any craft in church or state, we must expect to find our way to the lowliest roofs. Thus, when we would find the birthplace of Bishop Robert McIntyre, we must go to such a place as Burns, recollecting his own origin, drew in his Cotter's Saturday Night. When we are told that Robert McIntyre was born in Selkirk, we may know in advance that his father was a weaver. Selkirk is near the Tweed, famous for its cloths; it is a comparatively short walk to the south from Abbotsford; it is in the midst of the Scott country, and the Scotch looms, and in the middle of the last century had little else than the making of cloth on which to subsist. The father then was a weaver, and very poor. He was a Presbyterian, with a Presbyterian mother of his children. In patience, mildness of manner, and spiritual beauty, this mother taught her sons the catechism, the Scriptures and the habit of prayer. Robert was none too healthy as a child, but in the rough gymnasium of poverty and toil he attained a physique which, never weakened by any vicious habit, promised him length of days. Always master of himself, urbane, and optimist, hearty in laughter, in later years a mystic, beyond the reach of pecuniary need, it would seem that he should have passed far beyond the allotted stadium of threescore years and ten; and that it proved otherwise, shocked the church with sorrow and

surprise. The deadly carbuncle, which in a day, as it were, burrowed to the vital cord in Jeremiah H. Bayliss and Daniel A. Goodsell, also found in Robert McIntyre its fatal mark; and in our hospital in Chicago, August 30, 1914, at the age of sixty-two years and ten months, he met his end.

We have already recorded the poverty in which Robert McIntyre was born. To better the condition of his family, the father joined the stream of emigrants to America. To get the necessary funds, the father auctioned off all their household effects. The lad was seven. He has remarked how he did not realize the pinch of their poverty until he saw a man carrying away his little wagon, about his only plaything. He ran after him screaming; he was quieted only by the assurance that a better one awaited him in the land the great ship would fetch him to—a promise future hardships never made good.

On arriving in Philadelphia, the father found business conditions depressed. He wandered all day searching for a job; he came home at night so depressed at sight of his empty larder and the wistful eyes, he could but weep. Often the future Bishop went to bed hungry. And when Christmas came, he could not understand that the wagon, the promised toy, never appeared. His mother, weakened under the burden, fell sick; she died. In her last moments she called the lad to her and made him promise never to touch intoxicating liquors. Every Scotch mother will understand that. In the face of pressure from every side, he kept his pledge. When he was large enough to begin a trade, he was apprenticed to a brick layer. The very first day he was sent for the customary bucket of beer. When it had been passed around, it was pressed upon him. He would not drink. He was immediately persecuted. But he told his story of his mother's death and the promise she exacted. He was not discharged. His master threatened that any workman who imposed upon him for his fidelity to that vow would himself be instantly discharged. This fidelity to an ideal, no matter where it led him, and utterly without thought of its consequences to himself, was a primal trait of Robert McIntyre till his latest breath. He was without bluster. He knew no tricks of the mock-hero and poseur, but when the moment

came, he was all there, no lion braver, no saint more silent in victory.

He was not twenty when the great fire laid Chicago in ashes. His bricklayer's trade took the young man there: he helped rebuild the Tremont Hotel; and later found his way to Saint Louis, where he laid brick in the walls of Lindell Hotel. Later still, when the inner compunction thrust him into the ministry and he was sent to the hardest appointment in the Illinois Conference, he brought that brick mason's trowel into action again, laying the brick, as he whistled and laughed, into the walls of Easton church. He never hid that trowel. It hung always in his study. We do not recall whether it was suspended by a blue ribbon, but certainly he thought it his prize. Near it hung a little crown of long, needle-like thorns, he had purchased at Golgotha. No greater impulse to eloquence could thrill him into excitement than the sight of those two emblems, and the thought that his Leader, who wore the thorny crown, had also handled the rough tools of the Galilean carpenter shop. He was a member of the Bricklayers Union when he died. He never screened the fact that his hands had been calloused by manual labor; if ever he did glory a bit, it was when he took a squint at that trowel, or lustily cried "Mort" when he wanted a helper to step a little faster to his aid. The smell of the soil was as dear to him as the heather in bloom. It kept him unspoiled by fame amid the bowings and incense of appreciation and even adulation; it kept him natural, human, and simple.

Robert McIntyre would not have been a true Scot had he not had the Scotch "ha'e ma doots," the Scotch proclivity to cross-examine ideas, the Scotch liking for solid books. And the young bricklayer was quickened in his sometimes savage cross-questionings of providence and theology by his memory of the mental sufferings of his father, the heroism of his mother, and the early death of both, leaving him, while only a child in years, the head of the household of five little children. "My brother's heart was softened and his thoughts turned toward religion, but I became rebellious and soon plunged in skepticism," is his testimony. He carried Tom Paine in his jeans to his day's job, and devoured it while his fellow workmen were eating their lunches or passing

around the pails brought back from the nearest bar. He says: "I lapsed into a blank atheism and declared that a God who would rob a poor helpless family of its natural support was no God at all." He scoffed at the Bible. He scorned the church. He tried to hinder others in the way of salvation. He became in habit a Pharisee, pointing to his own clean life in comparison with the failings of certain who outwardly professed the name of Christ. When the Light broke on him, he repented bitterly of his Pharisaism. His own words, thirty and more years after his conversion, were: "Shame flushes my face as I recall my mean censure of struggling church members, and a sinking sense of my ignorance and cruel misjudgment of humble folks far better than myself."

But this experience, proud, flinty, bitterer than the loneliness of the midnight Scottish moor, was brief, and its influence deepened his character, his sympathies, and his optimism forever afterwards.

It was a cold February night in 1877, and young McIntyre, then twenty-six, was threading the wind-swept pavements of Saint Louis. He passed the First Methodist Episcopal Church, South, where he heard singing, and went in. Dr. Bushong, of Central Methodist Episcopal Church, happened to be present, and was invited to preach. The sermon hit the young skeptic like an arrow. "For the first time," he said long afterward, "I saw sin as it is, and the sight shook me like an aspen." The tides do not run more vehemently up Solway Firth than the tides of conviction ran up the stony shores of his spirit. Faith surged up, his mother's dying prayer, her word of anxious blessing, his sense of sin, his need. He went again. He records his experience: "When the call for penitents was made, I was deeply convicted, yet in stiff-necked defiance, I refused to go; I had often ridiculed the 'altar,' and would not surrender. I was violently exercised. A psychological storm raged within; my deepest nature seemed rent and torn. I held fast to the seat and said: 'If I get out to the street I will keep away from this place.' Thus I struggled, pale and trembling, until the preacher raised his hand for the benediction. Then I heard a voice saying: 'Young man, if you leave this place unsaved, you are forever lost.' Then the flood of pent up feeling

burst the dyke, and I ran to the chancel and fell prone. I recalled nothing for some moments, but soon heard above my sobs the sweet old hymn: 'Come to Jesus just now.' A mountain of guilt pressed me to the floor. I could scarcely live; my spirit seemed to rive my very flesh. With laboring breath I prayed the Deist's invocation, 'O God help me!' A stately, white-haired woman heard my plea. She said, 'You don't pray right; God can never hear you while you pray that way. Pray this way, and God will hear you: "Lord, help me for Jesus' sake!" ' I did it, and on the word, the mountain fled away, and a sea of heavenly love swept over me. I, even I, was pardoned, reborn, adopted. I saw the Father's face over me. I knew the Father's arms under me. I felt the Father's heart against mine. All the world seemed new, and all the dear ones round me rejoiced as with streaming eyes I tried to tell, in my first stammering rapture, what a glorious Redeemer I had found. I slept but little for joy that night, and the next morning I preached my first sermon in my boarding house, while we waited in the sitting room for the breakfast bell. I said to the men who knew me as foremost in opposition to the gospel, 'Friends, you know my past, how outspoken I was against religion; now I am a Christian, converted last night, and resolved to serve Jesus with a glad spirit and obedient will. I hope I have your good wishes, and that you will go with me on the heavenly way.' Some wished me well, and shook my hand fervently, some scoffed at me, even as I prayed for them. Then I tasted the bitterness I had given others, and thus began the pilgrimage of one who goes 'sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.' "

That was in 1877. He hurried to Vanderbilt University. The next year he entered the itinerant ministry of the Illinois Annual Conference on trial. The story goes that when he was consulted as to his appointment, he answered: "The hardest place you have, please." He got it. He was read out by Bishop Merrill for the little town of Easton, and there it was his trowel sang again as he tapped the bricks in the rising wall of a little church, destined to be, if not a shrine, at least an inspiration for many a year to not a neighborhood merely, but to a Conference and a denomination. Some one has said, "He asked for the hardest

place. He got what he wanted. But he made the desert to which he was sent to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Robert McIntyre's rise was rapid. Gifted with an eloquence and an elocution which enchanted the greatest multitudes, he was rapidly advanced from the lowliest place to the highest. He did not change. He was the same man. The ladder he went up was not built by the disparagement or envy of others. Rather it was the upward pull of a "watchful waiting" church. He was sent to Marshall, Charleston, Urbana, the seat of the State University, all in the Illinois Conference, and then in 1888, at thirty-six, and only nine years since he entered the ministry, to Grace Church, Chicago. This shocked him. Not accustomed to self-flattery, forgetful of his wonderful oratorical powers till then really untested, and never given to a turkey-cock spreading of his feathers, he feared a failure in this, the then most responsible church in Chicago. It would be a pleasing, but possibly improper, lifting of the curtain to speak of the bolstering effect of his domestic life at that moment. It is a fact that it was the faith his wife had in his power of mastery that first quieted his fears. For that matter, in that particular—an ideal home life—he was singularly blessed. He made a discovery: the principal difference between the congregation which packed the little church in his earliest charge on the prairies and his new semicathedral was, as he said, "in Chicago there were more of them." That was all; and the secret he never forgot. He discovered that at bottom all human hearts are human; they are alike. As he said, all art, all great fiction is founded on that. Elemental feeling belongs to humanity, whether in Topsy, or Enoch Arden, or Jean Valjean, or Burns, or the tragic pictures of Euripides and Shakespeare. The human heart is human. That is the secret of Buddha. That it is which makes the story of the Nazarene of Gethsemane and Calvary melt the heart of king and pauper; that guarantees to it, as Renan has exclaimed, its compelling immortality. Robert McIntyre discovered that what had won in Easton won in Chicago. And because the bricklayer, orator, pastor, bishop, keenly felt it and never forgot it, he was able to sweep all heart strings.

Just before he went to Chicago, the young clergyman,

impressed with its meaning to his ministry, felt the need of looking on Palestine, on Bethlehem, Nazareth, Bethany, Jerusalem,

> "Those holy fields,
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
> Which over fourteen hundred years ago were nailed,
> For our advantage, on the bitter cross."

But a few weeks before he was stricken with his fatal malady, sitting side by side on the spacious porch of the Oklahoma City episcopal mansion, and under an Angelus sunset on the prairie, he told this writer of his experience, yes, of his steerage experiences—sensations the outbreak of the European convulsions had but a few weeks before prepared us to understand. There was a quiet laughter as he spoke, and paced the porch: but, said he, even that means of travel paid. It recalled to him not his own early poverty, but what his father and mother had undergone to better the life of their children. And as for Egypt and Palestine, on his lips those who heard his wonderful word-pictures were transported there by his hypnotic spell. The street cars lined up to move the congregations. When he went to Denver for four years it was the same. In the famous auditorium of Trinity Church, with its wonderful Tiffany glass, and its organ then without a superior in this hemisphere, Robert McIntyre preached, as Bishop Walden testified, to the greatest Methodist congregation on the planet. It was then that the University of Denver admitted him to the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The sermons of Dr. McIntyre were pictures; and by that we do not mean they were empty, polysyllabic bubbles, that exploded while you looked at them and left no memory except that of a verbose, auto-intoxication, delivered sing-song, sound-foam, signifying nothing. Quite the contrary. Dr. McIntyre first firmly grasped a fact. He dug at the roots of its meaning. He grasped principles. Then he interpreted, or rather he translated, those principles by pictures, into what men see, and feel. Was not that the method of the Preacher from Galilee, who "spoke in parables, and without a parable spake he not unto them"? Wherein Dr. McIntyre was unusual was his etching power; he did not draw his pictures with a sloppy whitewash brush, nor with a sesqui-

pedalian vocabulary. His words usually were simple Saxon. But once after a subject, whether the creative days of Genesis, the pyramids, the Wyandotte Caverns, the Chicago Fire, or the delicious strawberries, he took his palette in hand, and with sure stroke, where every word was a color, quickly made you see exactly what he was seeing, feel exactly what he was feeling, moved with the emotions which were swaying him. Truth with him was not an abstraction; albeit could a Scotchman avoid a syllogism? Truth was stated as one might state a theorem. But immediately, like Aaron's stick, it budded and blossomed; and the blossoms were not tied on, they grew out of the vitality in the rod itself. The blossoms he disclosed simply showed how vital, how beautiful a common stick could be. He was with words as Turner was with his colors.

Dr. McIntyre was a phrase maker. In this—each after his kind—he was like Bishop Fowler, who would work for hours on a phrase—and never forget it. Can one forget such McIntyrian mots as "thin as mountain mist and blue as a Saxon baby's eyes"? He was creative, but he was not, like that magician now in the Episcopal Board, spontaneous and intuitive, but who scarcely dare trust himself to repeat from memory even the Lord's Prayer. Dr. McIntyre, created as Angelo created with mallet and chisel, plus labor, or as Tennyson, his manuscript blurred with many corrections. His imagination was wonderful. Not inexact, not bewildered, not aurora chasing, not false; but exact, definite, so exact that he was able to describe the wonder in detail, until you saw it exactly—and possessed it forever.

His lecture on the Wyandotte Caverns, not his most frequent, but by far his greatest lecture, is an example. In it he described the little candle in the vast, cavernous gloom, the fight of the little flame with the encompassing darkness, billows of darkness surging against the little light. We never heard the lecture save only once, and that, it seems, a lifetime ago; but we feel as we write the chill, the everlasting and omnipotent midnight of that vast cavern, enraged and trying to overwhelm that little candle. That was Robert McIntyre's power. He was absolutely conversational in his elocution. Thus he did not overwhelm you.

Thus he led you to the brink of the precipice before you knew it. If you drew back and caught your breath, it was because you had the sensation of being there, and being there alone.

At the risk of being tiresome, we are going to linger on this subject for another paragraph, not more to analyze Robert McIntyre than to be of possible help to such of our younger readers as are forming their habits and methods of public speaking. Bishop McIntyre once confided to this writer what it was that made his descriptions so effective. He said: "I made the discovery that I could not make my congregations and audiences feel what I was describing by defining simply the object I had in hand, the height of a precipice in feet. For example, I found that I made them see the precipice I was describing when I described how I *felt* when I was looking down into the vortex myself. They might wonder—and yawn—when I told them it was so many feet to the bottom of the precipice; but they drew back when I described how I approached the edge, the cracks in the rock, the sticks, the edge, and how my brain reeled as I hung on and leaned out over the cracked edge there under the sky." This is worth thinking through. It requires the real artist's self-restraint in such description—it is but a short distance in oratory from artistic reserve to bombastic and maudlin declamation; but, after all, that is the secret; it is the hypnotic clue to power, and happy is he who, after much discipline, is sufficient thereunto.

From Denver, where Dr. McIntyre tested every inch of Trinity auditorium in days before stringent fire regulations regulated the places permissible for chairs and standing room, he went back to Chicago. He went to Denver in 1892. He filled all the down churches; and had those churches begun fifteen minutes after Trinity began, their pastors might have mistaken why it was that their own congregations came in late. In 1896 he went to new Saint James, Chicago, and there repeated his record.

It was understood that during certain weeks in the summer, Dr. McIntyre was free to take his message abroad through the land. In consequence, few lecturers had so wide a popularity. He drew vast crowds. His lectures were homely, as well as brilliant. Whitcomb Riley's poems were on his tongue's end. In fact the mental

affinity was such that in a sense, at least, Robert McIntyre entered the same field of art, if he did not, indeed, compete for Riley's laurels. A volume of poems was the result. It bears the title, At Early Candle Light—and no title could be more apt. The book is full of what men and women think of "between the dark and the daylight," when the spirit shakes off the shackles and dust of the real, the tug, the fate, the garish day, and flies free across field and darkening woods, across sunset meadows and clover blooms, brooks and fire flies in the dusk, to what and whom it loves. Here are some of the titles in the book: "Knee Deep," a poem of the marshes and the frogs piping among the water lilies, "Knee deep, knee deep!" "When the Gold Is on the Willow," a song of the brook, in which the naked feet of the boy wade; "The Country Road," leading past the odorous fields, with a tribute withal to the weaver's lassie, and that road near the Tweed, where he cooled his weary heart in the turf; "Mirror Lake," an interpretation of Yosemite; Gordon, "Dead in Khartoum"; and one of his very best, "Logan of Illinois"; "Our Whyte Ladye," Frances Elizabeth Willard; "Brave Daughter of Democracy"; "On the Timber Line"; "Four Feet on the Fender"; a remarkable poem, "The River of Lost Souls," born of the cañon of Las Animas; "The Whistling Boy." There are fifty and more poems; almost without exception they are perfect in form. The poet favored the dactyl, which is the natural movement, not only of the horse's feet, but of gay rural narratives. In his use of meter, McIntyre sometimes suggests Kipling, in whose very lines you can hear the roll of the drum and the stroke of swords.

At Early Candle Light opens with this poem:

> This fell to me, to strike the strings
> Of mine own harp with strenuous hand;
> Refreshed to tell the joy that rings
> Through all the course of common things,
> Believing some would understand.
>
> No tale is here of those old days
> When warriors went in armor dress;
> Melodious words and honeyed lays
> Seem all too smooth to fitly phrase
> The making of the mighty West.

Here winds the woodbine, wet with dew,
And here the canes of cat-tails grow;
Here lift the bells of larkspurs blue,
And morning-glories such as grew
From out the loam of long ago.

And may I not quote one stanza from his poem, "The Whyte Ladye"—written immediately after Frances E. Willard passed from earth:

Doth thine anointed vision see,
Brave daughter of democracy,
How Church and State together bow
Above thy casket, weeping now?
They loved thee so, best of our best,
Thou Miriam of the mighty West;
Who dauntless led thy deathless band
"For God, and home, and native land."

There is always a cumulative movement in his ideas in his poetry, generally a braiding together of the temporal, and physical, and the spiritual—a certain transcendentalism that ran to the heart and meaning of things.

At this period Dr. McIntyre wrote also his one novel, A Modern Apollos, a composite made up largely of the influences on his mind of his lectures on the war and the mysterious cave. It is graphic, but as a work of art it has psychological defects and will scarcely survive. Some poems, however, will live.

But all the while those who weighed the psychology of Robert McIntyre realized that still something was lacking in his ministry—there was needed a deeper note, a something that comes not from study, from art, no, not even from supreme natural endowments. There is an enduement that is not of earth; a beauty, a power that are alone from heaven. Man is capable of art: but unction belongs to a deeper baptism—a deeper consciousness of the riches of love in Christ Jesus. Men said, "What will Robert McIntyre accomplish when he enters deeply into the holiest place and receives the vital power?" The moment came. A serious throat difficulty attacked him during his Saint James pastorate, Chicago, and in 1901 he resigned and sought to help his infirmity by a change of climate. This took him to Los Angeles, where he

purchased a home. While Dr. McIntyre was residing there, Dr. R. S. Cantine, so long the pastor of First Church, died. Dr. McIntyre was asked to be his successor. A year and more had elapsed since leaving Saint James; his throat was healed; and in October, 1902, the invitation to First Church was accepted. In January, 1904, Dr. Charles B. Allen, who had been led to Christ by Rev. Henry A. Buchtel, conducted Pentecostal services in First Church, Los Angeles. He preached the full gospel, the full measure of perfect love. Dr. McIntyre seemed strongly moved. On him, too, the dawn of a new day broke—and with it the new power. Baptized with this power from heaven, a new man emerged. The people saw it, heard, and believed. He would say every night to the evangelist: "Go ahead, Charles; God bless you to-night. Don't forget the 'double cure.' There are many here who need it." He, himself, henceforth had one message, permeating, illuminating all his preaching—the blessedness, the power, of full salvation, the riches of love in Christ Jesus. When he left First Church for that loftiest task and dignity assigned him by the General Conference of 1908, in his final sermon he recounted these things. He told his experience. He ended: "I have told you of sanctification. . . . Holiness is in the Bible, in the Old and New. The Bible is a holy book; in fact, the word holy is on the outside of it. It is the Holy Bible, and it was sent to make this world holy. . . . This is my final word to you, my beloved people. I hope to meet you in heaven. I want to meet you all there, and I never can without holiness, for 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord.'" And so it came about naturally, as the sunrise follows the morning star, that Robert McIntyre became known, not as Robert McIntyre the orator, but as Robert McIntyre the saint.

The General Conference of 1908 met in Baltimore. Robert McIntyre was present as a visitor. Five hundred and twelve votes were necessary to elect a bishop. On the first ballot Robert McIntyre got only 181. On every succeeding ballot he steadily grew upon the Conference. On the sixteenth ballot he was elected, and on Sunday, May 31, presented by his well-loved and devoted classmates in the Illinois Conference, Dr. Christie

Galeener and Dr. A. W. Adkinson, of the Southern California Conference, he was consecrated a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Of Robert McIntyre, the bishop, but little is to be said, for but yesterday he was walking among us, and we need scarcely be reminded of what is clearly seen. As a bishop, he was after his kind. The practical nature of the Scot made him deeply interested in the affairs of the church, and yet there was the detachment, the aloofness, of one whose thoughts sought the cloister, on the platform rather than the map of detailed stratagem. He was ready to dedicate churches, raise debts, and uniformly he was victorious; he was ready to render aid as opportunity might offer. And he did. But he was not one to sit down, pencil and slate in hand, and calculate, devise small details—even if the small details were the small hinges on which great doors of opportunity might swing. That he left to those who understood, as he felt he could not know the local factors, persons, strategy. He would willingly lecture to help the financial stress; he would be present and give the enterprise his blessing, but the midnight lamp burned above the mystic, the thinker, rather than the calculating man of affairs. He was the Mazzini of the campaign rather than the Garibaldi. His administration of the Annual Conferences was careful, thoughtful, but a trifle too deliberate to arouse enthusiasm; his insight into human nature, however, appeared equal to his office. If anywhere he failed at this, it was in this, that he simply could not and would not hear disparaging estimates of brother ministers. In a few instances this led to a conclusion that the subsequent record did not justify. As a presiding officer he grew; his memory retained the parliamentary labyrinth of any pending question; it was pleasing to observe him unravel a parliamentary tangle. Once in General Conference in Minneapolis, a question on which there was some feeling came up, and the contest was too swift for his deliberate type of mind. In consequence, the Conference took the bit, and for a few minutes ran wild. But what of that? In that tornado he needed not a better understanding, but a louder mallet, and a more imperious temper. However, that is all forgotten, or if recalled, is understood.

Bishop McIntyre's first episcopal residence was Saint Paul. That quadrennium was his novitiate. After four years, he and Bishop Quayle exchanged episcopal jurisdictions and residences. He took upon his heart every interest of the young State of Oklahoma, the University, the churches, the hospital, prohibition, the trying frontier; he visited the District Conferences, he dedicated churches, he lectured to pay church debts, his door stood wide open for all who would lay upon his heart their needs. At the same time, it is to be said that what he brought to this jurisdiction was not initiative so much as it was inspiration. He lifted men rather than their problems, and as he went to and fro, there remained always the afterglow of sanctity

His home life, always beautiful, grew more beautiful with the years. Rich, simple—as Milton translated the untranslatable line of Horace, having "the rich ornament of simplicity." He loved the prairies of Oklahoma, their far dawns and sunsets, just as he had loved the cañons and crags of Colorado, or the swish or boom of the ocean in California. He loved the free moving West; he ardently desired to strengthen those who carried the weight of the evangelization of the frontier. And on a day in the late autumn of 1914, it fell that the deadly carbuncles attacked him. He was taken to our hospital in Chicago. He grew decidedly worse. Bishop McDowell called. "How are you, Bobby Burns?" he asked. "Oh, Marse Chan," said the sick man, recalling the name he used to give his old comrade in their Colorado days, "I have in my episcopal area too many comforters." He would smile still, though death was in the room. There was a prayer, another smile, and silence.

Of course he could smile, and, like Gilbert Haven in that, just a bit even while death shuffled toward the bed. And why not? Death to him was but an incident, another promotion. He had lived a stainless life; he had fought a good fight; he had kept the faith; he had dreamed, and he had followed the gleam, leading thousands to a closer walk with God. And now, with a smile for a well-loved comrade, like men who part for the night, he spoke a phrase that obliterated twenty years. "Marse Chan" cannot forget. The body was taken to Oklahoma City, where services

were held, and in time to beautiful California, from which he had gone into the episcopacy, and there it sleeps.

In one of the two or three sermons by Bishop McIntyre that have been preserved, he says: "I sometimes think that when the day of judgment comes to me, I will have to bank on one of the Beatitudes for all my hopes, and that is this, 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' I can claim that. If I ever get into heaven, it will be through this gate, for I have hungered and thirsted for more and more of divine good. That is my prayer, and that is my hope. God our Father will always appreciate our efforts. I may merely have muddled affairs in my anxiety; but He will take the will for the deed, and appreciate what his little ones do, and the great God will stoop down and kiss us and say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the Father's house.'"

It is so. And it is not "at early candle light"; it is the early dawn with Robert McIntyre; and the light in which he walks is the light of the Lamb on the throne.

Claudius B. Spencer

TWO INTERPRETERS OF HISTORY: A SIGNIFICANT INTERCHANGE BETWEEN PRUSSIA AND ENGLAND

It is a strange conjunction that placed a diplomat of Prussian ancestry at the head of the British embassy in Vienna during the crisis of last August and at the same time has given to a blue-blooded Englishman, son and grandson of distinguished British naval men, the role of literary exponent of German might and glory. Among the signers of the pathetic appeal of German professors and authors to the outer world demanding fairness for Germany the name of Houston Chamberlain will be found. His second wife, whom he married some eight years ago, is a daughter of Richard Wagner, the composer, whose biography he has written with a devotee's enthusiasm. His exposition of Kant and Kantism he regards as the best thing he has published. But the book which has made him known, and was received with positive delight in Germany when it came out sixteen years ago, is his Grundlagen des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts, a brilliant philosophy of history extending to twelve hundred pages. So highly does the German Kaiser value its inspiring qualities that he advised every high-school boy in Germany to get acquainted with it. Five years since an English translation appeared, The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century, with an introduction by Lord Redesdale, of the British diplomatic service, who as plain Mr. Mitford wrote the classic Tales of Old Japan. The book is written to prove that there is a divinely commissioned superior race in history, the German or Teutonic, whose destiny is to rule the world. It must be noted here that Mr. Chamberlain, although he writes German as fluently as a German—eloquently, indeed—was not born in Germany, nor did he receive his early education in that country. He was born in Dickens's town of Portsmouth, went to school at a French *lycée,* and afterwards attended the English public school of Cheltenham; so that his German cult was a later influence, strongly as it has affected him.

If Houston Chamberlain has been a gift and a boon to modern

Germany, interpreting his ideals, equally so was Christian von Bunsen, better known as the Chevalier Bunsen, a gift from Prussia to England. The meeting eighty years ago at Rome of Thomas Arnold, whose influence as headmaster of Rugby was to be so incalculable on young English manhood, and Bunsen, then secretary to the Prussian Embassy, was fraught with the deepest import. The Prussian Minister was the great Niebuhr, whom Bunsen later succeeded. Both Niebuhr and Bunsen were profound thinkers and men of imagination who could throw the flashlight of philosophical insight upon the history of the past. Once and again the German mind has fructified in a wonderful way the more practical English type. It was so with John Wesley and the Herrnhuters; with Coleridge; and with Thomas Carlyle. Some one has remarked of John Henry Newman that if he had come into contact with German thinking at the critical period of his manhood he would never have entered the Roman Catholic Church. For thirty years from this time the relations between London and Berlin were to be close and friendly. The friendship between Arnold and Bunsen ripened, and there is a permanent record of it in the Letters to Chevalier Bunsen scattered throughout Dean Stanley's fine biography of the great schoolmaster. Arnold called one of his daughters after his Prussian friend.

It seemed only natural that these two countries, Prussia and England, Protestant and progressive, should follow a common European policy. They fought together in the tremendous struggle against Napoleon and triumphed together at Waterloo. Germans like Niebuhr were friendly to England and Englishmen. It is interesting to read the account of Arnold's first interview with Niebuhr: "He expressed repeatedly his great affection for England, saying that his father had accustomed him from a boy to read the English newspapers in order that he might early learn the opinions and feelings of Englishmen. On the whole, I was most delighted with my visit." This interview took place in the year 1830. Some five years later Arnold pays a remarkable tribute to the excellence of the Prussian government. "The French government," he says, "is, I think, the most truly liberal and 'advancing' that exists in Europe, next perhaps to the Prussian, which is one

of the most advancing ever known." In his journal of date, July 23, 1841, just a year before his death, he writes: "Much as I like coming abroad I am never for an instant tempted to live abroad; not even in Germany, where assuredly I would settle if I were obliged to quit England." A time was approaching when his friend Bunsen would have a career in England as Prussian Minister. In Arnold's Life and Correspondence there is a letter dated Rugby, June 13, 1840, addressed to the Chevalier Bunsen at Berne. It opens with a reference to the recent death of Frederick William III, who had reigned for forty-three years, and the hopes raised by the accession of his son, Frederick William IV: "The extract which you wrote out for me is, indeed, glorious, and fills one with thankfulness to God who has raised up such a king in a great Protestant country at this momentous time; when the great enemy in his two forms at once—Satan and Antichrist, the blasphemy of the Epicurean Atheist and the idolatry of the lying and formal spirit of priestcraft—is assailing the church with all his might. May Christ's strength and blessing be with the King and with you, that Prussia may be as the mountain of the Lord, the city of God upon a hill, whose light cannot be hid." The new king was a well-meaning man, with strong evangelical leanings. He had a high regard for Bunsen, and meant to use him to further his policy.

The Chevalier Bunsen was a self-made man. His father was a farmer, who was compelled by poverty to enter the army. Born at Kolbach in northern Germany in 1791, he studied at the universities of Marburg and Goettingen. There he formed the acquaintance of one of the American Astors, with whom he traveled in south Germany and who invited him to visit this country. He was a diligent student of languages, European and Oriental, and went to Berlin to lay before Niebuhr his plan of research. So favorable an impression did he make, that Niebuhr took him as secretary when he went as envoy to the Papal Court. This was in 1817, and in the same year Bunsen married an Englishwoman, Frances Waddington, daughter of a Welsh landholder of Llanover, Monmouthshire, a woman of wealth, culture, and ability who later published his Memoirs.

As soon as he became king Frederick William set to work on a favorite project of his. Since his boyhood he had been interested in the condition of Christians in Syria, where France, as representing the Roman Catholic Church, and Russia, as representing Greek Catholicism, wielded political influence. Why should not Protestantism also be represented in the Holy Land, and show herself the protector of the oppressed of her faith? He resolved to secure if possible the cooperation of Protestant England, whose sovereign was a youthful queen happily wedded to a German prince and, therefore, easy of approach in such a matter. Victoria, moreover, was an evangelical Anglican, with the same religious preferences as his own. Indeed, he envied her the well-ordered Anglican Church, with its elaborate ritual and dignified bishops and clergy. It happened that the Prime Minister was Lord Melbourne, the easy-going Whig, with Lord John Russell as his most active colleague. They regretted the isolation of England in foreign affairs and were also ready to follow a pro-Protestant policy. When, therefore, the capable and accomplished Bunsen arrived on a special mission from his king, and talked friendship and alliance between the two leading Protestent nations of Europe, he was well received. His particular project was to establish a joint bishopric at Jerusalem, with oversight of Christians in Syria, Chaldea, Egypt, and Abyssinia. The scheme would unite Episcopalians, Anglicans, Lutherans, Scotch Presbyterians, United Evangelicals, Baptists, Wesleyans, Independents, and other Protestant bodies. The Prussian and British governments were to contribute each the sum of seventy thousand dollars, the London Society for the Propagation of Christianity among the Jews fifteen thousand dollars, while a balance of sixty thousand dollars was to be left to voluntary contribution. Bunsen arrived in June of 1841, and by October of the same year an Act of Parliament was passed providing for the consecration of a bishop or bishops in foreign lands, with "spiritual jurisdiction over the ministers of British congregations of the United Church of England and Ireland, and over such other Protestant congregations as may be desirous of placing themselves under their authority."

At this time John Henry Newman was turning his face

Romeward, and the policy of consecrating a "schismatic prelate" where there were already historic episcopates was abhorrent to him. But others who were more or less with him, as belonging to the High Church party in the Anglican Church, like Bishop Wilberforce, were won over for the time being by Bunsen's persuasive personality and supported the project. Gladstone drew back, though favorably impressed at first. A suitable man for the post was found in a Jewish convert named Michael Solomon Alexander, a native of Posen, who had won the confidence of Anglicans. Brought up a strict Hebrew, he went to London in the year 1820, and was converted to the Christian faith some years after. He was a good scholar and linguist. Having been ordained by the Bishop of Kildare he went to Prussia, under the auspices of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and labored at Dantzig and in its neighborhood for a time. Then he returned to London and became professor of Hebrew at King's College, an affiliated school under Anglican auspices of the University of London. Bishop Alexander was consecrated for his office at Saint Paul's Cathedral, and soon after sailed for his post in the East. On the whole he proved a prudent and successful bishop. Readers of Kinglake's unique Eothen will remember references to Alexander and his household in the chapters on Jerusalem. He died within three years, when on his way across the desert to Cairo. Alexander had been appointed from Westminster; his successor was the choice of the Berlin government. Bishop Gobat, a native of Berne in Switzerland, served for the long term of thirty-three years and did praiseworthy work in the founding of an orphanage and other charities. But he was less successful in avoiding criticism for proselytizing, and he received little encouragement from English visitors in his episcopal functions. When he died, in 1879, a successor, Dr. Barclay, was appointed from London, who survived only two years. At his death the Berlin authorities refused to nominate a successor, and the bishopric fell into abeyance. For long, indeed, it had outlived its usefulness. The last expiring effort of evangelicalism in the Anglican community, it was ignored and disliked by the English hierarchy who had been trained during the Oxford movement.

That great university had never shown much sympathy with the Protestantism of Luther, with his coarseness, his unsatisfactory ethical and political views, his lack of sweetness and light; defects of magnificent virtues. Indeed, the Oxford movement may be regarded as a narrow reaction against a narrow historic Protestantism. Associated as German Protestantism was coming to be with a harsh and unspiritual rationalism, it had aspects that were repulsive to devout English churchmen of the Gladstone type.

Meanwhile in Germany evangelicalism had lost ground, and the men of 1848 who rose up in rebellion to secure popular rights were cold or hostile to revealed religion. Evangelical though King Frederick William was politically, he held as firmly to the tenets of absolutism, the God-given rights of the hereditary king, as his Hapsburg fellow sovereign at Vienna. The school of Niebuhr—who remarked that the logical result of 1517 was 1688, that is to say, that if the people demand a religion after their own convictions they must have a government that will bend to their will—was discredited at Berlin, and Liberalism and Evangelicalism fell together. When Frederick William died, in 1861, he was succeeded by a brother who was a blunt soldier. His guide and mentor, Otto von Bismarck, had little use for either Puritanism or Liberalism, and he fought a long political fight that was crowned with victory because of the triumphs of Sadowa and Sedan. No wonder the Berlin government refused to appoint a successor to Alexander and Gobat. Protestantism as a national force was practically dead in the country of Luther, and was replaced by the new gospel of Kultur.

Bunsen made such a favorable impression on Queen Victoria that it secured his appointment as Ambassador at her court for the next thirteen years. His king was anxious to favor Western influences rather than a closer alliance with the reactionary imperialism of Vienna and Saint Petersburg, and he cultivated English friendship. Bunsen was well fitted for such friendly offices; he was a man of genius, of real learning, and of finished culture. It was during this period that he published his great work Gott in der Geschichte, which appeared in an English translation in 1868 as God in History. It is Hegelianism from the Christian stand-

point; the work of the Holy Spirit in the progress of civilization. These thirteen years at the Court of Saint James, where he was the most popular German Minister who had ever held such a post, brought him into complete sympathy with English ideals. Moreover his accomplished wife was an Englishwoman. It is not, therefore, surprising that three of his five sons should have settled in England, taking the family name of De Bunsen. The second son, Ernest, married a Miss Gurney, and gained considerable reputation as an author. His son Maurice entered the British diplomatic service and was occupying the responsible position of Ambassador to Austria-Hungary when the present war broke out.

And so the scion of a Prussian Liberal-Evangelical family, transplanted to the more congenial soil of England, represented the British Empire at the most critical post during the negotiations that preceded the present war. Sir Maurice's grandfather had done his best during the crisis preceding the Crimean War to induce King Frederick William to throw in his lot with the Western powers, but in vain. He handed in his resignation as a result, and spent the last six years of his life in retirement. With his death ended abruptly the period of English-Prussian friendship. The Princess Royal of England, who married in 1857 the heir to the Prussian throne, father of the present Kaiser, had her life embittered by the intense anti-Liberal and anti-British spirit at Berlin, fostered by Count von Bismarck. Her son, now Kaiser, early broke away from his mother's influence and became ultra-German. Later on he treated his mentor, Bismarck, as he had treated his mother—ungratefully. She was a woman of high spirit and brilliant mental qualities, thrown into a singularly difficult position. Like the young bloods of his time, the Kaiser, then Crown Prince, prided himself on his aloofness from England. It is said that when he lost any blood he would remark, "There goes some of my English blood; I should like to get rid of the whole of it." And yet it has come to pass that he recommends for the mental provender of German school boys a book written by a blue-blooded Englishman, son of a British admiral. How comes it that Houston Stewart Chamberlain, of English and Scottish parentage, a native of Portsmouth, trained at an English public school and a

French *lycée,* should be an exponent of German militarism to-day, a signer of the egregious professorial letter of last autumn? His book, Grundlagen des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts, is a brilliant piece of writing, a masterpiece of historical fencing, and transparently sincere; breathing the enthusiasm of a convert. It is the outcome of a new current that has come into historical thought during the last century, the Germanic cult, based on the study of philology and race origins. Philology, a study to which Chamberlain is devoted, and in which he is a master, is not yet a century and a half old. Begun by an Englishman, Sir William Jones, who discovered Sanskrit in 1782, seeing in it the clue to the scientific explanation of languages, it was worked out in detail in German universities. Scholars were asked to go back to prehistoric times to get English and Dutch in its purity. The men who conquered at Waterloo were of the same ruling race, the Teutonic, the fair-haired people who had swept over Europe in the early Christian centuries and gave Gothic rulers to the various countries of Europe. The first product of English letters, so it was declared, was not Chaucer's Italianate stanzas but the alliterative verse of Beowulf, a product of heathenism, breathing the spirit of ruthless Vikingism. Too long had Europe suffered from the obsession of French culture and ideals; the higher learning and truth lay with the people who resided between the Rhine and the Oder. To know the history of the German race and its ideals is to know what is most valuable in a complete education! Several prominent English scholars and thinkers became inoculated with the germ, Thomas Carlyle and Edward Freeman among them. What was not Teutonic or German in English life and institutions was interpreted as second-rate and comparatively worthless. The cult flourished like a mustard plant in Germany, becoming a dominant political force.

A recent writer on modern Germany remarks on the difference between the style of argument in the British House of Commons and the German Reichstag. The equivalent of such a word as Weltanschauung, world-conception, is never heard at Westminster, although German politicians argue on the platform from such theoretic premises. Their theory of the world is supposed to

mold their political opinions. Bunsen, a consistent Evangelical and a hungerer after intellectual consistency, believed he had found such a Weltanschauung in the teachings of the Hebrew prophets, whose work was epoch-making. God is not to be regarded as outside the drama of history, the calm spectator of the doings of the nations. He is immanent as well as transcendent, and acts and suffers with men. Moreover there is a solidarity of man in suffering, which gives a moral aspect to the nation. Religion is as emphatically of the nation as of the individual; and this is God's teaching in history, his method of working to an end. Among his English friends Bunsen found friendly ears; men who, while they did not theorize on world-conceptions, had a keen political instinct. Who would imagine that Thomas Huxley, the champion of an Evolution that was supposed to overturn the bases of religion, was a devout reader of Isaiah, and had he lived long enough intended to produce a work on Hebrew prophecy emphasizing the principle of national righteousness? "Would that God might enlarge Japheth," remarks Bunsen in his quaint way, "so that he might dwell in the tents of Shem." This was exactly Huxley's intention in producing his book. Matthew Arnold at an early period in his career as an official of the Education Department actually did write such a book. It was strongly borne in upon the most serious minds in England that Isaiah and his fellow prophets had a message for the England of their day on the awful danger of national apostasy, "and a message for the world," added Bunsen; these prophets have the Weltanschauung for all times. Such is the philosophy of his great treatise, translated into English by Miss Winkworth a few years after his death. He profoundly regretted the lack of such a living doctrine in the church in Germany. "The church in Germany," he declared, "has fallen and is destroyed because faith no longer exists in collective masses." It had become an individual concern, with no national bearing or interpretation. And if the individual is the final unit in the domain of religious life then the ultimate reality in the world of nations is force. Bunsen saw the issue very clearly from the philosophical side, as his English friends sensed it from the political side. He was as the poles asunder from Immanuel Kant in the placing of

his fundamentals. On the one day in the year that the faculty of the University of Koenigsberg went in a body to worship in the town church that great philosopher turned at the church door and returned home as an individual to his study. Bunsen, on the other hand, considered that the salvation of Germany depended in great measure on having a live church worship and discipline. He himself brought out a hymn book that greatly pleased Dr. Thomas Arnold. His three propositions for improving existing conditions were agreement on a living theological expression of the points of faith, congregational discipline, a common form of worship in which all would take part. All of which agrees well with Methodism and Wesley's ideals. But the German professor to-day, accepting the other Weltanschauung with all the professional thoroughness, declares that *Aller Methodismus is vom Uebel;* the system breeds weaklings. Chamberlain, a thorough Kantian, is the exponent of anti-Hebraistic Teutonism, and scorns Bunsen's ideals.

At Oxford University Matthew Arnold did a little to stem the Teutonic current of thought that marked the earlier half of the century, with his lectures on Celtic literature, and Jowett and his school at Balliol kept true to the Platonic, Hebrew, and Romance ideals and the sane traditions of Christendom. The English exponent of High-Germanism was not trained at either of the two great English universities, but was cosmopolitan in upbringing. Inheriting from his maternal grandfather, Captain Basil Hall, of the British navy, a distinct literary quality, Houston Stewart Chamberlain received an international education. So well acquainted was he with French that he wrote his first book in that language, Notes sur Lohengrin. From Geneva he moved to Dresden, where he plunged into the intricacies of the Wagnerian music and also interested himself in the great musician's philosophy. In 1892 he wrote Das Drama Richard Wagners, followed in a few years by a biography of Wagner, whose daughter Eva he was to marry. When his Grundlagen des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts was first published, in 1899, its success was phenomenal, and when it appeared in English dress twelve years later it made quite a sensation and received a warm welcome, too warm a welcome, in many

quarters. In a sympathetic Introduction Lord Redesdale speaks of "its deep learning, the sympathy with knowledge in its most varied forms, a style sometimes playful, sometimes ironical, always persuasive, always logical, pages adorned with brilliant passages of the loftiest eloquence." He calls the book "the story of the rise of thought, of religion, of poetry, of learning, of civilization, of art; the story of all those elements of which the complex life of the Indo-European of to-day is composed—the story of what he calls 'Der Germane.'" The word cannot be translated German, for the equivalent of German is Der Deutsche. It is applicable to the whole race, known as Aryan, whose unity has been a discovery of modern philology, a race which centuries ago, from its home in the western Asiatic uplands, spread over Europe, and likewise sent an offshoot into the peninsula of Hindustan. The term includes Hindus, Persians, Slavs, Kelts, and Scandinavians, as well as Germans. Wherever this race went, he declares, it showed its superiority; but the special preeminence was reserved for that particular branch of it known as Teutonic. The Teuton was beyond all question debtor in a profound way to the life-work of three ancient peoples, the Greek and the Roman, both Aryans, and the Jewish, which was Semitic.

For Homer Chamberlain has an abounding admiration, as divine above all other poets, the first prophet of our Indo-European culture. But for Plato and Aristotle he has but a qualified respect, the one as a moralist, the other as an encyclopedist; but neither of them a thinker or a metaphysician. They began the decadence of the Hellenic hegemony. The poetry of Greece was the dawn of all that is beautiful; but the later quest after the Logos, the divine manifestation, which has given us the fourth Gospel, was a mere will-of-the-wisp; the five centuries when it occupied the attention of the metaphysical and religious world were so much lost time. The Greek himself he rates low, as immoral, deceitful, without patriotism, dignity, sense of duty, or self-sacrifice. From the examples he adduces I would gather that, because the Greek of history lacked those qualities which build up a permanent state, he was defective in that Kultur, or "method," which is the goal of the modern German seeker after wisdom. Originally a devotee of

Cosmos, he was spoiled, according to the Grundlagen, by contact with Oriental thought, Hebraistic and Babylonian.

It is worthy of note that a dominant mind of the day, a Belgian, Maurice Maeterlinck, whose volume of essays, Wisdom and Destiny, is alive with the most spiritual thought and illumination, draws from Plotinus, among the greatest of the Neo-Platonic seekers after the Logos, much of his inspiration. What to Chamberlain is moonshine to Maeterlinck is full of warmth and helpfulness.

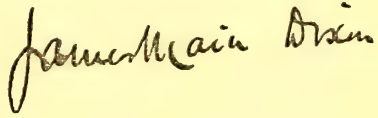
To Chamberlain Saint Paul the apostle is an enigma. While he sympathizes with the apostle who evoked the wrath of the orthodox Jews by his admission of uncircumcised Gentiles within the Christian fold, he deplores his doctrinal teaching, which fastened upon the heathen converts an antiquated ultra-Jewish theology. Jesus Christ, whom Chamberlain declares to be a glorious Hellene in his superiority to Jewish law and Jewish race prejudices—he even would have us believe the Galilean was in fact an Aryan, one of the chosen race—Paul asserts to be "from the seed of David according to the flesh," a Jewish Messiah. The idea of a Jewish Messiah as the Saviour of the world is to the last degree abhorrent to this Teutonic writer. When Paul proclaims that Israel is "the people of God, the good olive into which the branches of the wild olive tree, the Gentiles, may be grafted," Chamberlain flatly objects. His intense anti-Semitism leads him to find in the Old Testament only dreary forebodings, a view of the world as gloomy as that of the Buddhists. He is thus in the opposite camp not only from Calvinists and Puritans, who build their faith upon the Scriptures "from cover to cover," but also in the opposite camp from modernists like Huxley and Tyndall, who declared themselves one in spirit with the devout Hebrew prophets, and from a freethinker like Ernest Renan, who looked upon the Jew as the chosen channel for the religious enlightenment of the world. This position Chamberlain categorically rejects; he has no respect whatever for the teachings of the Old Testament, nor for those of the New which are based upon them. Christ, a Hellene, fell a victim to Jewish arrogance and venom. For Calvin, the greatest constructive mind of the sixteenth century, who may be said to have saved

the Reformation, and whose leaven is working wholesomely to-day in all really republican and democratic countries, he has no use whatever. In his first volume he refers to him once, and then because of the ever-to-be-regretted burning of Servetus. As well rate Cromwell by the Wexford massacre, or Nelson by his Naples *faux-pas!* It was Calvin's wonderful influence that made Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, and the New England colonies nurseries of the soundest democratic principles; wherever he has stamped his thought democracy is safe. He had the world-conception of the Hebrew prophets as no moderner ever had; if we reject this Weltanschauung there is only one other world-conception, that of imperial glory and race domination, Macchiavellianism, in fact. Chamberlain accepts the theory, but, with a strange blindness, calls it "democracy." Let me quote from the last paragraph of his Introduction:

> The nineteenth century is the triumph of method (the method of growing better and happier). In this more than in any political organization we see a victory of the democratic principle. Men as a whole have risen a step higher, and have become more efficient. . . . Compulsory education, followed by the imperative struggle for existence, has provided thousands to-day with the "method" to enable them, without any special gift, to take part in the common work of the human race, as technicians, industrials, natural investigators, philologists, historians, mathematicians, psychologists. Just consider what was meant by "philology" a hundred years ago! Where was there such a thing as true "historical investigation"? We meet with exactly the same spirit in all spheres which lie remote from science; the national armies are the most universal and simple application of method, and the Hohenzollerns are in so far the democrats of the nineteenth century that they set the fashion for others: method in arm and leg movement, but at the same time, method in education of the will, of obedience, of duty, of responsibility.

Democracy and the goose-step made one; what next? It is almost a *reductio ad absurdum* of Chamberlain's whole argument. Bunsen sought for truth rather in the Puritan chapel and prayer meeting, in the Christian home and the Christian assembly, in a system of discipline carried out in the spirit of the old Hebrew prophets, who desired to see a holy nation, a peculiar people who trained themselves to serve the Lord in all the pursuits of life. He believed in the polling-booth rather than the parade ground, in a government and rulers at the call of the people rather than in

regiments at the call of their war-lord. Just eleven years ago the successor to the mantle of Benjamin Jowett at Oxford, Professor Lewis Campbell, a profound Platonist, under whose training I am proud to say I came at an impressionable time, remarked in a private letter: "My chief fear (for Europe) is from the Bismarckian, that is, Macchiavellian, policy of Germany. The shade of Bismarck is the Macchiavelli of modern politics." Of this policy Houston Chamberlain is the inspired prophet, giving it a world-wide interpretation. The Englishman's book is as unsound and fallacious as it is brilliant and captivating.



A MESSAGE FROM PETER

The early Romans had an exalted conception of the native dignity of man. They would allow no brand to be fixed on the brow of a Roman freeman, where God had already planted his own "image and superscription." That high ideal of manhood Christianity extended to slave, barbarian, and outcast alike—not suffering the lowest prodigal to forget that even though "lost" he is still a "son." Under these conditions one can better understand the sudden revulsion of feeling which evidently beset the apostle Peter when, on his visit to the Roman centurion, "Cornelius met him, and fell down at his feet, and worshiped him." This self-degrading offer to him of homage such as is due only to God seems to have filled Peter with horror and indignation. He promptly "raised him up" with a sharp protest: "Stand up. I myself also am a man."

These words were not only immediately characteristic, they remain perennially pertinent and significant. They are characteristic, since Peter was not only "a man," but more than any other apostle, a typical man—vividly illustrating in his recorded life the frailty of humanity as "compassed with infirmity." Bitter experience had taught him to distrust himself. He had needed to be "sifted" of headlong impulsiveness, of arrogant self-confidence, and of undisciplined self-will. He was a "rock" indeed; but full of seams, refractory to the chisel, and even explosive to the touch. Yet with all his conspicuously obtrusive faults Peter was, at heart, a manly man. The very contradictions of his nature only proved him the more genuinely human: "God's first-born son; first-born in grandeur and in grief." He denied his Master, but when Jesus "turned and looked on him" he "went out and wept bitterly." He had given abundant occasion for distrust, yet he dared to tear open his bosom, challenging the deep-reaching eye with the words, "Thou knowest that I love thee." He cringed and fell before the maid servant's accusing finger, but he was bold as a lion before the Jewish magnates who would forbid him to "obey God rather than

men." He became "bewitched," and was betrayed into "dissembling," by the sensuous attractions of the faith of his childhood. But the humiliation he suffered, through open rebuke, did not prevent his later reference to the man who rebuked him as "our beloved brother Paul."

"Stand up," said Peter; for with articulate speech the upright posture is the distinguishing characteristic of man. By it he rises from among four-footed and creeping things into unique and masterful preeminence. He thereby sets free the artistic hand and lifts the balancing and reasoning brain, which, through the measuring eye, "looks before and after." It seems to have been no accident that in his first miracle Peter "took" the prostrate lame man "by the right hand and raised him up." The typical significance of God's having "made men upright" seems never to have escaped the notice of Peter. It is he who, in his epistles, while modestly calling himself a "fellow-elder" denounces the "lording it over the charge allotted to them" on the part of his colleagues. It is he who cautions against "false teachers," "uttering great swelling words of vanity," who "with feigned words make merchandize of you," "promising them liberty, while they themselves are bond servants of corruption." Their doom is like that of "the angels who sinned"—nay, worse; for they are more presumptuous; "as creatures without reason, born mere animals to be taken and destroyed, railing in matters whereof they are ignorant." It is he who emphasizes the duty to "honor all men" while ignoring the claims of these self-exalting pretenders. One cannot fail to catch the echo of these ringing words of Peter in the language of Gregory I, commonly known as Pope, but as yet wearing no tiara and claiming only to be local bishop of Rome. Gregory denounces any man who may dare to "call himself 'universal bishop' or desire to be so called; . . . (adding that) in his elation, he doth forerun anti-Christ, . . . (and that he) imitates (Lucifer) who, despising the legions of angels constituted in fellowship with him, did endeavor to break forth unto the top of singularity, that he both might be subject to none, and alone be over all." He indignantly repudiates the assumption of such a "haughty title, . . . a title of superstition and pride." Should such a supremacy be

allowed, he adds, "if one falls the whole falls; but far from me be this folly, far from my ears be this levity."

With what precision of aim, and how heavily, do these hammer strokes fall upon the guilty head of Pope Innocent III, for instance, who audaciously proclaimed himself "more than man, less than God, . . . the judge of all, to be judged by none." And upon the even guiltier head of Julius II, who allowed himself to be called "another God on earth." (When Herod became thus blasphemous "the angel of the Lord smote him . . . and he was eaten of worms.") But by degrees this "title of superstition and pride" has become so commonplace that even the cautious Cardinal Newman can bring himself to speak of "our most Holy Lord, Pius IX," and Leo XIII can by direct implication, in one of his formal Encyclicals, exalt himself as "another Christ."

To bring the matter still closer to our day, let us recall the ceremonial which inaugurated the reign of the present Pope. It is thus described in the daily press, "The Pontiff was clothed in a flowing white robe, red slippers, and high stock with a broad red cravat. Cardinal Della Volpe placed over his shoulders a red stole, embroidered with gold. The Pope then mounted the throne to receive the homage of the Cardinals. The Cardinals *first kissed the feet* and then the hands of the Pontiff, who administered the *accolade* and pronounced the benediction." This kissing of the feet of the newly elected Pontiff might seem a trivial act of courtesy only, easily dispensable. It is in fact a recognized confession of absolute serfdom, and as such centrally significant. It has come to be traditionally accepted that the vote of the conclave, even when secured through intrigue or simony, instantly endues the before insignificant prelate with supernatural dignity. He is officially reminded that he has become "Father of Kings and Princes, supreme Ruler of the Universe, and Vicar of Jesus Christ on Earth." Before such august claims, if accepted, mere man must needs renounce his human prerogatives and prostrate himself in adoration. So completely is the Pontiff supposed to be suffused with divinity that even his dead body is thought to remain instinct with it. Pius IX had, as a ruler, long ceased to command the respect or affection of his subjects. Yet, when his dead body lay in state in the

Vatican, multitudes hastened to kiss the dead foot, which had been left protruding through the grating that sanctity might be obtained from its touch. There was a certain hideous grotesqueness in the mingled reverence and absurdity of what followed. The jeweled aristocracy pressed their dainty lips, without hesitation, upon the flesh which, although decaying, they reckoned too sacred to become corrupt. But they took pains first to avoid the danger of infection, by wiping off the polluting touch of the unwashed lips of the humble *contadini* who had just preceded them.

We are told that, when the new Pope's acceptance of the office was formally announced, "the canopies over the thrones of the (other) Cardinals were lowered." Immediately these dignified and venerable prelates rushed to the foot of the pontifical throne, each anxious to be first to "worship" there. Thereupon, and as the final act of the elaborate ceremonial, the new "successor of Peter" was officially invested with the "Fisherman's Ring."

Nobody pretends that this profusion and complexity of pageantry can be traced to a fully outlined New Testament pattern, but it is soberly urged that it is a normal development into explicitness of what lay implicit in the conduct and words of Peter. To object to such progressive "enrichment of the service," says one writer, is as unreasonable as to complain that modern clothing has advanced from the primeval simplicity of the Eden fig leaf. One might fairly reply that the fig leaf, however scanty in pattern, was at least of divine origin and graceful in design. He would be a hardy disputant who would venture to deny that some modern fashions at least, which are almost equally scanty in pattern, are more nearly diabolical in origin, and thoroughly disgraceful in design.

But passing this quizzical attempt to discover, in the New Testament at large, a germinant Romish ritual, there is a lurking, although unconscious and unintended element of satire in coupling the name of Peter with the formalities and splendor of royalty. "Thrones" and signet "rings" and "soft clothing" belong to those who dwell in "king's houses." They consort well with the memory of Herod, but not with that of John the Baptist nor with that of Peter, who much resembled him. He, the blunt, rough-handed

Galilean fisherman, would be more likely to have said, with honest Oliver Cromwell, "Take these baubles hence." How can they claim to be legitimate "successors of Peter" who, under the pretense of "developing" his words, transform his injunction to "Stand up. I myself also am a man," into its precise opposite, "Bow down and 'worship' me," for "I am more than man"? The Vatican decree of infallibility in 1870 brought to a cutting edge the gradually sharpening assumptions of divine attributes advanced by successive Popes. It severed the last sinew of erect manhood in the hierarchy at least. In accepting it reason, conscience, and will dropped into a mangled heap at the foot of an absolute and irresponsible autocrat. The impartial testimony of Lord Acton, the illustrious Cambridge Professor of History, himself still a devotee of the Catholic faith to which he had been precommitted by long ancestral attachment, may be safely accepted at this point. In an article in the North British Review for October, 1870, he recounts in detail the struggle of nearly one hundred of the prelates assembled in that council to prevent the passage of the decree which, they prophesied, would, if enacted, "put an end to the conversion of Protestants, and drive devout men out of the church." They denounced the dogma itself as involving "an absurd contradiction founded on ignoble deceit." One of the bishops "protested that he would rather die than proclaim it." Lord Acton himself says the decree was forced through the council by lying, appeal to forged documents, and destruction of those that were adverse, by various forms of trickery and by direct intimidation. He regards it as treading under foot the facts of history, the authority of Scripture, and the testimony of tradition—in a word, as formally proclaiming a palpable lie. Yet, in the end, these protesting prelates, who believed themselves to have been fraudulently overridden and victimized by papal intrigue and threat, without a single honorable exception prostrated themselves before the despotic wrongdoer whose claims they had rejected as false and profane, and promised to maintain as true what they had persistently and vehemently denounced as a lie. The learned and acute Cardinal Newman, who was not a member of the council, had in advance deprecated the projected action as devised and

urged by "an arrogant and insolent minority" (the Jesuits), and as destined to "make the hearts of the righteous sad, whom God had not made sad." But even he, at a later date, with evident reluctance but resolutely, set about defending what he plainly saw to be indefensible in itself. He, therefore, was forced to resort to the subtly casuistic methods of those very Jesuits whom he distrusted and feared—seeking to explain, by explaining away, the natural sense of the words.

Meantime his rival, Cardinal Manning, a hearty Ultramontane, was gloating over the undisguised reduction of the Catholic world to mental slavery. Henceforth, he said, "The appeal to history is treason to the church;" for "Dogma has conquered history."

It must not be concluded that the hideousness of this solemn farce has never been suspected by its participants. It is told of Pope Pius VII that, when approaching death had plucked away the veil and uncovered hidden realities, he shrank back from being called "Holy Father," saying plaintively, "No! No! only a poor sinner." Count Montalembert, one of the foremost champions of the Catholic faith, deplored, on his death bed, "the abyss of idolatry into which the French clergy had fallen." He said he longed for "a dyke against this torrent of servile fanaticism which threatens to swallow all." The recently published autobiography of George Tyrrell gives a most pathetic and instructive revelation of the struggles of a brave and honest soul to reconcile conscience with adhesion to Romish tenets. His self-analysis is as unflinchingly candid as it is keen and skillful. After many misgivings, and vain struggles to free himself from what he himself calls the "tentacles of an octopus," he died a devout Catholic but a bitter anti-papist. Two or three extracts from his voluminous records of experience and meditations may partially illustrate the anxieties that beset his attempt to pass "between Scylla and Charybdis," as he styles it in a later volume:

> This popolatry is getting quite grotesque. An Italian association addressed him the other day as 'the sole fountain of truth.' The German bishops, at the end of their conference, broke out into a sort of Gloria in Excelis Pio. . . . Of course if the Pope is God there is an end to it. . . . If he is not God there may be cases where obedience to him would be treason to conscience. . . . The root error was in 1870. Condense

all power into the hands of one man, who may be a fool or a knave, and what can you expect. . . . Sooner or later the historical lie of the Papacy must be realized by every educated Romanist, and in that day the whole church must be Old Catholic.

Again:

If one identified the church with the clerical world one would become a Free Mason. Its moral and religious rottenness is simply endless and unfathomable. . . . Mendacity seems to have eaten into the heart of the whole system. . . . What is the sorcery or love-potion by which the Babylonian harlot gets so many men to believe in her, work for her, and to suffer intolerable ingratitude and injustice at her hands? If Rome is not the 'Mother,' she is certainly the 'Mistress' of the churches.

And yet again:

Rome cares nothing for religion—only for power, and for religion as a source of power. She feels that Modernism is only religious; that it would sacrifice every remnant of her political power to the cause of religion.

And once more, as especially pertinent here:

Already . . . the American Roman Catholic is becoming blind to the interpretation of authority current among the traditional theologians of the church. Saturated with the democratic principle, he tends irresistibly to invert the hierarchic pyramid, carefully balanced on the Pope as its apex, and to set it firmly on its base again; to represent it as built up from the earth, not as fallen headforemost from the skies . . . this lies at the root of what is condemned at Rome as Americanism.

These words of one who knows thoroughly through sad experience, and who represents a considerable constituency, are well worth pondering. In their light it might be well to reread an article, which appeared in one of the July numbers of Harper's Weekly, entitled, "Are we in danger of another anti-papal panic?" With singular inconsequence the writer proceeds in his first sentence to desert the problem proposed, affirming that "we are in for another fierce anti-Catholic crusade." This he spends his strength in deprecating as "a visitation of religious rancor and intolerance" which is in itself intolerable. Now "anti-Catholic" and "anti-papal" are by no means equivalent terms. An anti-papal panic has, in fact, already begun among Catholics themselves, with which Protestants may well sympathize as a legitimate outcome of "Americanism." Moreover, a "panic" is not a "crusade." It is due rather to the apprehension of an adverse crusade. Such a cru-

sade has been distinctly organized by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. For the announced aim of the "federation of Roman Catholic societies" is to "make America Catholic" through mastery at the polls. The question is, therefore, not one of religious intolerance, but of political control. And at this point the American people are more in need of an electric shock than of an opiate. They have quieted themselves with the frequently asserted and well-established fact that the wastage of actual communicants in the Roman Catholic Church greatly outstrips its gain through immigration; that is, that there is little fear of America's becoming religiously Catholic. One Irish prelate is even said to have warned his parishioners that, in a religious sense, "America is the road to hell." Yet the increase in the population registered in the census as "Roman Catholic" is reckoned by Dr. Carroll the "miracle" of our history. If we may trust the investigations of the Central Christian Advocate, "Roman Catholics are in the majority in the city councils of more than 15,000 cities and towns in the United States."

In the interests of pious Romanists, as well as of the republic at large, it is worth while to heed the cautious words of Gladstone, out of experience: "It may be that those who, even if too roughly, challenge the proceedings of the Vatican are better promoting the church's interests than such as court its favors and hang upon its lips." "My object . . . has been to warn my countrymen against the velvet paw and smooth and soft exterior, of a system which is dangerous to the foundations of civil order."

The Vatican decree he stigmatizes as "the legal extinction of right and the enthronement of will in its place." He aptly cites from Homer the couplet:

> On the day that makes a bondman of the free
> Wide-seeing Zeus takes half the man away.

MISSIONARY BISHOPS

The founding of our first foreign mission, in Liberia in 1833, led to the policy of electing Missionary Bishops—Bishops limited territorially to certain definite fields. The Liberia Mission was so remote and the climate so unhealthful that effective Episcopal supervision from America was regarded as impracticable, if not impossible. To provide for a local Episcopacy the General Conference of 1856 sent down to the Annual Conferences an amendment to the Constitution of the Church, which was approved by the requisite majority, providing for the election of a Missionary Bishop for any foreign field and limiting his jurisdiction to the field for which he was elected. The Liberia Conference was authorized, under the direction of the Bishop in charge and the Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, to elect a Bishop for Liberia and the General Superintendents were instructed to consecrate him to that office. In January, 1858, Francis Burns was elected, came to America, and was consecrated October 4, 1858, at Perry, N. Y., at the session of the Genesee Conference, by Bishops Janes and Baker, assisted by five elders. Bishop Burns rendered effective service by extending the work in Liberia and inspiring the church with missionary zeal. He declared that aggressiveness "is a condition of both our spiritual life and growing usefulness." His official career was brief. His health having failed, he returned to Baltimore, where he died April 4, 1863.

The General Conference of 1864 authorized the Liberia Conference to elect a successor to Bishop Burns and John Wright Roberts was chosen in 1866, and was consecrated in Saint Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, by Bishops Scott and Janes, assisted by Henry Boehm and Drs. Harris, Carlton, Holdich, and Porter. Bishop Roberts possessed the qualities needed for leadership in such a difficult mission field as Liberia, and he greatly stimulated evangelistic zeal, education, church extension, and all other departments of the work. He died two days after

the opening of the Liberia Conference, January, 1875, with all its members gathered around him.

Nine years later, at the General Conference of 1884, the Committee on Episcopacy reported that "by a unanimous vote the Committee recommended the election of a Missionary Bishop for Africa." On May 21, at the forenoon session, the Conference decided to allow ten minutes for nominations and made the election of a Missionary Bishop for Africa the order of the day for the afternoon of the same day at two o'clock. Six names were announced, and among them was that of William Taylor, a lay delegate from the South India Conference. During the noon interval the name of William Taylor was so generally and favorably mentioned that it was a foregone conclusion that if a ballot should be taken he would be elected. His name had long been a household word in world-wide Methodism. He had been a "flaming torch" not only in Africa but also on the Pacific Coast, in England, in India, and in South America. He had been quite erratic in his methods and had given our missionary authorities no small amount of perplexity. Having located some time previously he was footloose and could go anywhere. It was understood, indeed, that he located in order that he might be free from Episcopal authority. As the Conference was convening for the afternoon session Bishop Wiley said to the writer, "Is this Conference going to elect Brother Taylor Missionary Bishop for Africa?" I replied, "It looks very much that way." He said, "Well, that will be very strange." I replied, "If he is elected the Bishops should be particularly thankful, as they have not been able to control his movements. When they have assigned him to a given point he has straightway taken ship for another, possibly on the opposite side of the world. If he is elected Missionary Bishop for Africa the General Conference will have jurisdiction over him and the Bishops will have no further responsibility." The reply was, "Well, I think there is something in that." After some skirmishing, with a view to indefinite postponement, the ballot was taken and William Taylor was elected Missionary Bishop for Africa.

Not an Experiment. In the Quadrennial Address to the General Conference of 1888, read by Bishop Merrill, our Missionary

Episcopacy was said to be "more of an experiment than a fixed policy," but upon what ground it was regarded as an "experiment" does not appear. It was admitted in the address that "in 1856 the Constitution was amended by due process," so as to provide for the creation of a Missionary Episcopacy, and that the amendment "did not restrict its application to Africa." Even had the amendment been restricted to Africa it would not have been an "experiment," but a fundamental law; applicable perpetually to the "Dark Continent" unless repealed by due process. "Experiments" if not satisfactory are short-lived, and are not imbedded in constitutions. That this provision has been satisfactory is abundantly demonstrated by the fact that it has now been in force fifty-nine years and its application has been extended to Southern Asia, Japan, and Korea, and that the number of effective Missionary Bishops has increased from one in 1884 to seven in 1912, during which period two have died and one has resigned. In 1888 this "experiment" was extended to India and Malaysia, and James M. Thoburn was elected. In 1896 Bishop Taylor was retired and Joseph C. Hartzell became his successor. During his twelve years of Episcopal service Bishop Taylor did more than any other man, except David Livingstone, to turn the attention of America and England to Africa as a great needy mission field. His successors, Bishops Hartzell and Scott, have successfully carried forward the work he laid down. In 1900 Edwin W. Parker and Frank W. Warne were elected Missionary Bishops for Southern Asia; in 1904 William F. Oldham and John E. Robinson were added to the list for Southern Asia, I. B. Scott for Africa, and Merriman C. Harris for Japan and Korea. In 1908 Bishop James M. Thoburn was placed upon the retired list.

In 1912 William F. Oldham was elected a Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions and ceased to exercise the prerogatives of a Missionary Bishop, and John W. Robinson and William P. Eveland were elected for Southern Asia. There have been a total of thirteen Missionary Bishops, four of whom have died, one is retired, one has become a Corresponding Secretary, and seven are effective.

The success that has been achieved under the supervision of

our Missionary Bishops is a sufficient vindication of the policy that was imbedded in the Constitution of the Church in 1856. In India, which by reason of its caste system and numerous races, languages, and dialects is one of the most difficult mission fields of the world, where our Missionary Episcopacy has had its best opportunity, our success has been the greatest. The achievement in Africa, Southern Asia, the Philippines, Japan, and Korea, largely because of continuous intelligent Episcopal supervision, has led to the assignment by the General Conference of General Superintendents for successive quadrenniums to South America, Europe, and China, and probably to the Episcopal Area plan inaugurated for America in 1912. Bishop Bashford is closing his third quadrennium in China, Bishop Lewis his second in the same field, Bishop Nuelsen his second in Europe, and Bishop Stuntz his first in South America. The policy of continuous Episcopal supervision on the foreign field is now definitely established, and must be continued by either increasing the number of Missionary Bishops or by providing a sufficient number of Central Superintendents.

Fears have been expressed that continuous Episcopal supervisors on the foreign field and the Episcopal Area plan at home may lead to a Diocesan Episcopacy, and do away with our Itinerant General Superintendency. But there is no cause for alarm. There are a few preachers still living who served in the pastoral itinerancy under the two years' limitation, and then the term was extended to three years, later to five years, and later still the time limit was removed entirely—and still the itinerancy remains. The assignment of a General Superintendent to a given area for a quadrennium, or a succession of quadrenniums, will not disturb the Itinerant General Superintendency in the least.

Efficiency is the keynote of to-day, and it is being demonstrated that it can be best secured on the foreign field and at home by practically continuous Episcopal supervision.

A B Leonard

THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF JESUS

The uniqueness of the character of Jesus is expounded in the nature and content of his consciousness. The abounding proof of his divinity, as also the exhibit of his perfect humanity, is to be sought in the record of that consciousness. That record is in the Gospels and in those other writings which have equal authority with the Gospels. To account for the historic Christ through a study and analysis of the personality of Jesus as portrayed in the Gospels has been accepted as the crowning task of Christian thought. Each century has contributed according to its light and the means at its command. While apologists have uniformly accepted the arguments of history, as they have unfolded about the name and the kingdom of the Nazarene, the last appeal has been to the contemporary accounts of the manifested life. There the truth abides, and from thence the ultimate proof is to be drawn. To affirm that a new method of approach to the central doctrine of Christology is needed would be boldness itself, nor does the case wholly justify it; but the truth calls for a caveat against the methods of the critical school as a whole. In dealing with the Christ consciousness, this ultimate matter of the Gospels, the tendency has been to climb up some other way than that made necessary by the Life which is in the Gospels. A divine problem calls for a divinely awakened sympathy. Criticism, in this field, must be as much of student consciousness as of philosophical method. The record itself imposes this. The chief claim of the New Testament to distinction from all other forms of literature is in an essence and power inseparable from the statements of the fact and doctrine which it contains. The doctrine of the consciousness of Jesus is the key to the meaning of the gospel, nor is it less the key to the secret in which are hid all its blessings as experienced both by the individual and the race. With the vital apprehension of this doctrine will come the perfect enlightenment, for herein is the hiding of the ultimate intellectual life, as also whatever transcends it in the spiritual life.

Consciousness has always been a tremendous word with philosophy, but it is a word which remains yet to be fully defined in its higher application. The rigid and deadening finality of the past seems to have been this: What is not cognized in human consciousness is not capable of being verified, and must therefore be relegated to the penthouse of the unknowable. This has too plainly meant that philosophy is to meet consciousness upon a traditional ground, one determined by the hard-and-fast records of past experience. Instead, therefore, of testing revelation upon its chosen ground, and seeking to know whether there be not evidence of another and higher consciousness in which the facts and essence of the gospel become naturally and logically cognizable, the traditionists have constantly dwarfed the mighty possibilities of intellectual and spiritual apprehension under a narrow and often inapplicable process. When the investigation of Christianity shall be so ordered as to proceed with the data of the Christ consciousness as an experience designed to be attainable by the whole race, then will those hitherto unclassified elements in religion which are necessary to man's perfection here and hereafter fall into categories answering not only to the normal Christian mind, but also effective in the conduct of a true Christian philosophy. To say that philosophy has found itself debarred through categorical limitations from entering upon this investigation is to say that the philosophers have not chosen to pitch their tents upon the highest ground. The viewpoint from which the contents of the New Testament—the record of the Christ consciousness—are to be regarded is not a choice of criticism or taste, but is such as the writing itself forces upon the mind. To a degree determined by his own preparedness or capacity this viewpoint is realized by each reader. The rationalistic demand that the Christian Scriptures be placed upon a critical level with other literature is at once and forever an impossibility; not, indeed, that these writings do not respond to and stand the test of the severest critical treatment, but there is that something manifest in the order of their statements, and in the facts and experiences affirmed by them, which compels the critical judgment to assume an exceptional attitude and to express itself in exceptional terms.

The underlings of the Sanhedrin who, being sent to apprehend Jesus, returned with the protest, "Never man spake like this man," uttered a formula of spontaneity which has been repeated in varying terms by every sober rationalist and every honest Deist since the completion of the canon. And it is to the same end, in establishing the correctness of this observation, whether examples be sought in the devout responsiveness of such believers as Augustine and Thomas à Kempis or in the rancorous attacks of such destructivists as Celsus and Porphyry. The argument is satisfied in bringing into view the fact that criticism, despite its frequent boast, has never been able to deal with the Christian oracles in the dispassionate manner in which it is wont to pass upon the merits and claims of other forms of literature. The claim, or implication, of sanctity in the Sacred Writings does not itself sufficiently explain their effect upon the critical intellect. By the spiritually unenlightened the tokens of sanctity are but dimly perceived, and may be altogether missed; but all experience agrees that in the written evangel there is met an immanence which invariably challenges thought and sets its processes in unwonted channels. The purpose of the present writing is to show that this immanence is a process of the personal consciousness of Jesus which dwells in the Word, not mystically, but vitally, and is projected therefrom, and awakens an answer in men, in a sense kindred to that in which the incarnate Logos was manifested in the days of the regeneration. The argument, in short, is this: Jesus having removed himself from the limitations of his earthly life, during which his consciousness was manifested in many extraordinary ways, is succeeded by a universal and continuous manifestation of himself in the Word, from which, in even more extraordinary ways than during his earthly life, his consciousness affects and engulfs the lives of men. A successful exposition of this doctrine of the Christ consciousness will discover the secret power of the gospel and make plain the law of the spiritual life. Christian experience can only be effectively explained as an attainment by the Christian to the consciousness of Jesus. It is thus that faith, which is the means by which this consciousness is attained, and into which it is merged, has cognition of those things

which lie beyond the range of sense, in the noumenal or spiritual realm. Nor is the apprehension of this doctrine a path to personal experience only, it is the highway which is to lead, through a logic as unassailable as it is divine, into the realm of the absolute in religious thought, a problem with which Christian philosophy has struggled since the age of Athanasius.

At top and at bottom the Christian religion is built on and in the personality of Jesus. Christianity is not only faith in the personal Christ, it is the conscious realization of what that personality is; an apprehension through a miraculous, but spiritually normal, experience of the two natures in the unity of the one perfect Christ. These two natures, united into one personality, translate the divine consciousness not only into terms of human apprehension but also into modes of human realization. Thus it is that the newly created nature of the regenerated man expresses, in its degree, the Galilean consciousness, the active life, of the Son of man. This expression, when perfected in the race, is to be the true revelation of God and his universe. The issue now to be made is susceptible of a simple statement: The intellectual and spiritual needs of men call for either a new philosophy or a new consciousness. It will be found in the end that the demand is for both; for, since philosophy is but the record-keeper of consciousness, when the new and larger consciousness emerges it will be attended by a faithful amanuensis in the form of a new philosophy. The apprehension of prophets and apostles who received and verified the elements of revelation suggests an attainment as well as an enduement. The basis of scriptural inspiration was an illuminated and active consciousness, as a result of which, as a content, noumenal concepts became both possible and natural, at least under conditions of inspiration; and this is no less the basis on which scriptural teachings are transferred to the believer's life. The consciousness of the revelator is alike the consciousness of everyone who through faith receives and appropriates the revelation. The subjective mind of Saint Paul as a disciple did not differ from his mind as a chosen medium of revelation. The direct message of the Spirit made the revelation. In both offices the mind was normal. This indicates what is to

be the final intellectual and spiritual state of the world, a state in which the whole race of man is to be identified with the spiritual church. The medium of this identification is to be the attained consciousness of Jesus.

The consciousness of Jesus is not another name for his divinity, nor yet a synonym of his humanity; it is the identification of the life of that harmonious personality resulting from the unity of Godhood and manhood, "whereof is one Christ." It is the life and activity of that personality revealing both the proper and eternal selfhood of the Son of God and the nature and attributes of the Son of man. It is the explication of humanity and the manifestation of divinity. From the earliest recorded manifestation of this consciousness in the Gospels to the last scene, which presents his person in the Apocalypse of Saint John, there is no sign of conflict, or absence of unity, in either the emotions or mental processes of Jesus. Tokens of the human are abundant and sympathetic, tokens of the divine are signal and overmastering, but of dissonance, incongruity, or conjunction of variants, there is never once an instance. No confusion of ideas, no adumbrations of thought, ever vexed his mental processes; no distraction of feelings, no refluent emotions ever arrested his convictions or caused his motives to drift. His ethical day was never dimmed by sense, nor was the light of his concepts ever quenched in clouds of aberration. Throughout the record we are guided by one unmistakable fact, and that is that the consciousness of Jesus developed normally. To the human side of his life the divine side was uncovered as his human powers ripened, but at each stage the exercise of these powers was full and the unity of the consciousness complete. Whatever the human powers in their stages laid hold upon the divine consciousness and the divine wisdom, always present, validated and expounded. The divine consciousness and the divine wisdom were always present as unchanged and unchanging character and life. At the dawn of the consciousness of the young Child the divine Selfhood was uncovered. With the first self-knowledge that came to the Son of Mary there came equally a knowledge of the divine Sonship. No reason for doubting this appears either in the letter and tenor of the gospel or in

the logic which the divine situation necessitates. Consciousness is the basis of intelligent life expounding the nature of a member of the human species; but here was a consciousness grounded in two natures yet expressed through an indivisible personality. To its capacity, the human consciousness could no more escape knowledge of the divine identity than could the divine escape its impinging human complement. And here begins the joy of our worship, as also the burden of our effort to apprehend Him of whom we have been apprehended.

By the unity of the consciousness of Jesus is meant that there were not two independent conceptual processes maintained in his mind, one human and the other divine; one finite, the other infinite. Also it is meant that his conceptual powers were never at any time incapable of taking hold upon other than phenomenal objects and their attributes. That is to say, there was never a time in the history of his consciousness when his divinity was wholly latent or lay completely beneath the activities of his human mind. At all times his cognitions were of the elements of his two natures expressed through the functions of the indivisible personality according as that personality had reached or was approaching its stages of fullness. The basis of the Christ consciousness is a Being of infinite wisdom and potency which became united to a universal sympathy and kinship developed through incarnation and experience. In this union there was a coalescence, but not an identification of Godhood and humanity, the extraordinary issue or manifestation of which was not only the Author of eternal salvation, but the Creator of all worlds and the Administrator of the whole realm of mortal being. This basis of the Messianic consciousness suggests, but does not expound, its nature and contents. A mystery within a mystery of the Life, it must itself be revealed in the evangel, in history, and in individual experience. At last it is a truth to be attained by individual and racial faith rather than to be advanced through philosophical reasoning. For, as the Messianic consciousness was revealed through a maturing human life, so the perfection of humanity is prophetically marked for the time when the race shall have attained to a participation in that consciousness.

The great creeds of the church, particularly that of Nicæa and its legitimate enlargements and historic successors, deal, though more or less indirectly, with this supremest of the Christo-centric doctrines. The Nicene tenets culminate in the symbolic terms which define the person of the Son, "very God of very God, begotten, not made . . . who came down and was incarnate and was made man." In this august formulary the grounds were laid for the intellectual apprehension of the Messianic consciousness; or perhaps it would be more proper to say that the grounds of intellectual faith in this doctrine are here defined, since no one competent to speak would be willing to admit that the metaphysical elements in the Nicene Creed are in any large sense an historical development. They are more truly a scholastic interpretation of the Gospels themselves. It is too much a habit with even orthodox critics and scholars to lay stress upon the simplicity of the gospel narrative, and the absence from it of metaphysical statements and implications. The spirit in which this is done is to the discredit of passages that occur in even the earliest of the Evangelists. From Saint Mark's "Gospel of the Son of God" to the Athanasian discourse on the *homoousian* may be, so far as the terms employed are concerned, a call the length of which time does not adequately measure, but in substance the two are a present and instant unity. Those who are at great and frequent pains to show how Saint Paul, for instance, developed the Synoptical figure of Jesus into a distinctively Pauline Christology would be much instructed if they gave the same pains to discover that the whole Pauline contour is not only instituted but advanced in the Synoptics. It is a subject concerning which the simplest statement that may be made impinges upon infinity. The post-resurrection section of the gospel data shows how fully the divine consciousness had been attained by and was expressed in the Risen Christ, and how boundless had become the mastery of his powers. Manifestly, no attribute or essential condition of his bodily human life had disappeared. The identity of the resurrection body with the crucified body was completely established, not only in the senses of the disciples, who both saw and handled it, but in the words of the Lord himself. Directly addressing

their senses of sight and touch, he said, "A spirit does not have flesh and bones, as ye see me have." Literalness could not be more completely affirmed. From the words every suggestion of picturesqueness is eliminated: they are the antipodes of the sacramental phrases: "This is my body . . . this is my blood." And yet that organism, of which such literalness was affirmed, served only as the vehicle of movements that betrayed the presence and fullness of the Absolute, but itself shared in the manifestation. The Nicene *homoousian* had its original in the records of a concrete fact.

The media of the direct expression of the Messianic consciousness were the functions of a bodily organism which, describing the stages of normal human growth, but with constantly accentuated vigor, and with perpetual invasions of the infinite, passed during its earthly manifestations beyond all the records and established limits of human experience and identified itself with the absolute. The last earthly experiences of Jesus, notably the passion, the ordeal before Pilate, and the long agony of the crucifixion, perfected his consciousness as to its compass, both in emotion and in thought, of the elements of the absolute. Three antecedent events show this process while under way. These were the baptism, the temptation, and the transfiguration. At the baptism of Jesus the consciousness of Messiahship was perfected, the subjective maturity being verified by the words and sign of Paternal recognition. In the struggles of the temptation the knowledge of sufficiency was confirmed, and in the transfiguration the whole personality stood self-revealed, the diaphanous body testifying not only its subserviency to the Messianic consciousness but its participation in it. In his post-resurrection experience the limitations were transcended of which Jesus had spoken during his ministry. Growth and suffering and death had carried him beyond the bourne of the finite. The human consciousness through which pain and suffering had driven their plowshare, and through which, with an endless procession of footsteps, the mysteries of God had walked, expanded with the resurgence of the Crucified. This was also the pledge and letter of absolute authority; in that omnific content consciousness and authority are one. "All power

is given unto me in heaven and in earth." With the absolute consciousness came the right to hold the absolute scepter.

In the human life of Jesus was seen a typing manifestation of the race consciousness, as there was there also the uncovering of the divine nature which was his by inheritance, and which, through joint heirship, is the heritage of everyone who receives the Christ. There is here an analogue worthy of mention and study. Each normal human life is an uncovering of the race consciousness, with such additions and enlargements as the valiant of thought and faith may conquer from phenomenal and spiritual environment. This indicates the path of true spiritual growth. Philosophy, as we have already seen, has too stubbornly considered human consciousness as fixed within bounds that admit of no extension. It has allowed too narrow a program to the powers which are called spiritual, or has sought to leave them unclassified in the categories. It is not sufficiently mindful of that which verily is, though it may not yet wholly appear. The limitations of the knowledge of Jesus affirmed in the gospel record were, as we now see, conditions of his growth, and not of his perfected being. The consciousness of perfected humanity will demand a categorical in keeping with its content. The law of Locke, deriving knowledge from two sources, impressions and ideas, was adroitly used by Hume in his argument against miracles. His logic ran thus: Human experience extends only to the impressions and ideas possible to consciousness; miracles contradict experience, and are therefore incredible. This was the short method of Deism in the eighteenth century. But the logic contradicts the logician. Who shall be the arbiter of experience? Miracles that contradict the common experience of mankind have been cognized by some men, and may be by multitudes of others. The future of the race itself cannot be less to its conscious self than one vast miracle of illumination. At every stage of his life the ethical consciousness of Jesus accorded with the divine will as already expressed in revelation. Its earliest manifested content was the undiminished spirit of the written commandment. "Wist ye not that I should be about my Father's business?" did not so much emphasize an exceptional claim upon the divine Fatherhood as

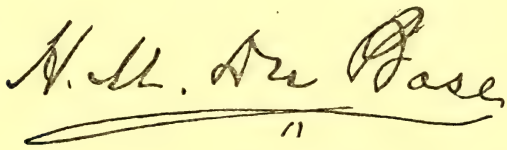
it did instant communion and fellowship in the divine will. But conformity to the expressed will, or written commandment. fruited into a higher stage of consciousness wherein was proclaimed the new and hitherto unwritten commandment of love. The propounding or settlement of the new commandment marked the point at which the mind of Jesus passed beyond the bourne of the Jewish consciousness into the realm of universal sympathy and kinship. Not, indeed, that this transition was delayed until the time of his speaking to his disciples the new and perfect commandment; it was one of his earliest attainments, the ripe fruit of the experience in which he gathered into himself the unity and triumphs of the spiritual race to be. In this he became the head of the race; not by edict or proclamation, but by having lived himself into its blood and consciousness, and then by leading the captivity of that consciousness a mighty march toward and into the absolute. The unity of revelation is demonstrable, and the evangel explicable, only on the supposition that the consciousness of the Son of man was the source alike of the old and the new commandments. The fulfillment of the law in him was not in the letter only, nor yet in the reverence shown by him for the spirit of legitimate ordinance, but rather in the coordination in him of the ethical and spiritual essence of the old and the new. The old and the new commandments describe the progress and unfolding of the consciousness of Jesus toward perfection. The new commandment does not differ from the old in its essence, but only in the subjective revelation and maturity which it supposes in those upon whom it was imposed. The old commandments are not annulled by the giving of the new, but are in force by so much more as is demanded in the revelation contained in the new.

The question as to whether Jesus apprehended all the laws and facts of the phenomenal universe has often been considered more interesting to the devout mind than important as a condition of understanding the gospel. At first blush the suggestion presents an aspect of plausibility, but it will not bear the test of inquiry. It falls before the plain statement of Saint Paul that "in him were hid the treasures of wisdom and knowledge"; nor

will it quadrate with the categorical affirmation of the synoptist that he knew perfectly what was in men. The credibility and efficiency of the gospel depend upon the absolute knowledge of its Founder. Knowledge that falls short of complete apprehension of the physical cosmos and its phenomena is not absolute; and, equally, apprehension of the nature and subjective life of man is incompatible with ignorance of the objective world in which man is confessedly the noblest factor. When Jesus knew altogether what was in man he knew equally whatever else was existent, or possible, in the universe. Our notions of knowledge are too rigidly confined to that which is secured through processes of education. Education is, at last, only a verification of the contents of consciousness. Consciousness has found, and will yet find, its larger way. The characteristic truth was uttered concerning Jesus when the Evangelist declared that he needed not that any man should teach him.

But how did Jesus know the world of phenomena? How did he cognize that vast and intricate whole of the knowledge of which the philosophies of men comprise but a figment? We have seen that he came to the absolute knowledge just as men come to their heritage of wisdom in those things which are relative and finite; namely, through the perfect uncovering of the divine consciousness. The Son of man was shut up to the law which governs all life. He was left to the processes which this law inexorably demands. From the first ray of dawning consciousness until the sun of his being burst with the light of the absolute the law of impressions cognized into ideas obtained; only underneath this transcendent responsiveness lay the potency and causality of the infinite. The human life of Jesus was a gradual and orderly uncovering of the God-consciousness which lay beneath those fleshly limitations in his birth at Bethlehem. The process of that uncovering had become complete at the hour of his ascension. The inspired Christian life, which is the normal life of the discipleship, is an orderly and constant uncovering of the Christ consciousness brought into it by the Spirit until the uncovering be complete. In that completion are all the things catalogued or assumed in the doctrine of Christian perfection,

never yet wholly realized in this life but to be an experience of the resurrection body. The attained knowledge of humanity is an original element or answer of its consciousness, and humanity is ultimately to be what that consciousness becomes, in itself, and through coalescence with the higher and diviner activities. New senses and new powers are not needed, but only the enlargement of those already active. Thus the knowledge of Jesus, an original element of his divine self, emerged through the activity of powers in no sense alien to those of men, but so enlarged through his larger consciousness that in all things he has achieved the preeminence. Our life is in him; a participation in that divine consciousness which he uncovered in his human life.



THE ANTIQUARY OF ANTOFAGASTA

I was spending a few hours between train and ship in one of the most dismal cities on the planet, Antofagasta, Chile, the shabby queen of a rainless desert where nitrates and borax are the magnets that draw men to a region upon which God seems not to smile; where water must be brought from fountains two hundred miles away, and where gracious showers, native fruits and flowers are but memories of more favored lands. Think of discovering a hero, a sort of a reincarnated "Old Mortality" of Scott, in such a place. Let me introduce you to the Antiquary of Antofagasta. He is a student and collector of Inca antiquities. He lives in a little cottage just beyond the railway yards, reached by wading through dust, dodging freight cars, crossing mazes of tracks. Hawthorne dreamed immortal romances in a custom house. Charles Lamb sang his prose poems amid the dry-as-dust environment of Temple Court, London. It was our good fortune to discover as gentle a spirit amid the more unromantic surroundings of a freight yard devoted to handling fertilizer. The wizard was engaged in summoning from their tombs the children of long-vanished civilizations, and recalling from remote ages mighty men as mysterious in their origin as the famed Melchisedek, king of Salem. When we were ushered into the museum of the cottage antiquary we seemed in the presence of an Aladdin with a wonderful lamp the rubbing of which would reveal treasures and times unknown. I wish it were in my power to reproduce the impressions of the hour spent in that cottage among the freight yards, to describe the objects seen there, and to share with you the revelation given us of the arts and origins of an heroic people. Through the magic mirror of the antiquarian we were permitted to see far into the past of America, where gifted actors played their parts on no mimic stage ages before Columbus launched his caravels or ever the fabled ships of Leif the Norseman sailed into the South from Iceland. Who were these mysterious Americans, coeval possibly with Hiram, king of Tyre, or the Phœnician

founders of Carthage? In vast ruins on Andean mountains we had seen the footprints of giants who could throw bridges across dizzy gulfs, fill a tooth, perform the delicate surgical operation of trepanning the skull, or, if the fancy struck them, rear temples like those of Thebes. Without iron or steel they forged tools of bronze and erected buildings that have defied earthquakes and ages of unrecorded time. Some of their cities they erected on beetling crags, heights where clouds are born and condors build their nests; cities that are the wonder of this age of engineering miracles. They built like Titans, they finished like goldsmiths. I saw a mask, made of beaten gold, as delicate in workmanship as it was perfect in portrayal of the human features. More remarkable was the suggestion that their embalmers possessed the art, unknown to us, of shrinking the skull of a grown man to the size of that of an infant.

Fiske, the historian, says that the Incas were of the stock of the Huron, Algonquin, and Mohawk. It is as likely that Karnak was built by Bushmen or Hottentots as that Cusco was the work of men of the stock that produced the Cheyenne and the Flathead of Montana. What Iroquois chief could have conquered a country extending from Colombia on the north to southern Chile, including the vast pampas of Argentina? Imagine a Cheyenne with the genius of Alexander for war, with the constructive statesmanship of a Bismarck, who could carve out an empire more extensive than that of the Pharaohs, weld together diverse peoples, create for them a common language, originate laws as remarkable as the Codex Napoleonis—in a word, conquer and blend into a national whole antagonistic races, teach them to speak a common tongue, and to forget war in becoming a happy pastoral people. Think of some Sioux war lord subduing half a continent, creating out of diverse tribes a nation "one and indivisible," such as the godlike Daniel Webster apostrophized in the frenzy of his oratory. Imagine this relative of "Lo, the poor Indian," waving his wand over a war-loving people until, docile as sheep, they settle down to practice a form of Socialism that in the last century became the pipe dream of the founders of Brook Farm and other iridescent bubbles of experimenters in the impractical.

Where the Transcendentalists of Boston failed the Incas of Peru succeeded. They verily worked miracles in statecraft. Their government was the perfection of paternalism. Capital and labor waged no wars in the Inca empire. Strikes and lockouts were unknown there. Competition and wages were not included in their scheme. Yet they were prosperous, industrious, contented. Trained soldiers insured immunity from invasion until their hospitality was betrayed by the treacherous Spaniard. Rebellion among a contented people was an undreamed emergency. The remotest borders of the vast empire were kept in touch with the capital by a system of roads, runners, signals, that enabled the brain of the government at Cusco to be familiar with everything transpiring either in Ecuador or far Patagonia. Engineering has rarely, even in the palmy days of Rome, evolved such a system of highways, bridges, tunnels, viaducts, and aqueducts as existed in the Inca empire when the Spanish Conquistadores, supposed children of the gods, arrived. Not only were the Incas expert in statecraft, they were among the most remarkable builders of cities, temples, and citadels the world has known. Luxor, Karnak, Baalbec must share their glories with Cusco, Machu, Picchu, Tiahuanaca. Whether building forts for defense, palaces for luxury, or temples for worship, their work was worthy its sublime Andean setting; majestic, enduring, cyclopean monuments of a vanished civilization. Verily there were giants in their days. We cannot agree with Fiske that the Inca was a scion of the stock that produced the Algonquin, or even that red man of American romance, the Last of the Mohicans. The antiquary of Antofagasta had been an eager searcher for the solution of the Sphinx riddle of the origin of the Inca and his forebears. He had found evidence that, as the Greek had preceded the Roman and the Egyptian had a civilization antedating that of Greece, so there had been at least three mighty peoples at work in the Andean regions of South America. As the Egyptians and Greeks were builders while the Romans excelled in statecraft, so had there been a diversity of gifts among the three ancient nations of South America; the Inca, with the Roman talent for governing men, being the last of the great empire builders. Whence came

these gifted peoples? One modern investigator declares his belief that they were the original inhabitants of the earth; that the beginnings of humanity on the planet were made among the Andean heights; from this exalted cradle of the race migrations went forth to people lands west, north, east, and south. Have we any suggestions more reasonable than those of Fiske, that the Inca and the Flatheads had a common origin, or the fancy of that other dreamer, that the shores of Lake Titicaca among the peaks of the Andes cradled the first family of the race? If these hypothetical guesses do not satisfy, why may not the theory be ventured that the ancestors of the Incas, or the first South Americans, whoever they may have been, came from Egypt, possibly in Phœnician ships? We know that Phœnician sailors circumnavigated Africa in the palmy days of the Pharaohs of Egypt. I was very much impressed by two pieces of pottery, very ancient, in the possession of the antiquary of Antofagasta. One had the face of an Egyptian in base-relief, the other showed features of an Ethiopian. Either specimen of portraiture on pottery if found among the ruins of Thebes or Memphis would excite no comment. How did these portraits of ancient inhabitants of Misraim reach Peru? Who taught the ancient Inca or his predecessors to execute correct likenesses of people separated from them by half a planet? Where a Genoese sailor succeeded in A. D. 1492 why should it be considered improbable that a Phœnician navigator visited the coast of South America 1000 B. C.? Some guessers at the possible solution of the Sphinx riddle of South America have intimated that maybe the first families reached Peru via the mythical Atlantis and the Isthmus of Panama. Guesses, all guesses! But much of science, philosophy, and history of the old style is based on hypotheses, another name for guesses. We must keep on guessing until we stumble on the clue to the maze.

But there is a more practical question: Can anything be done for the scattered remnants of a once gifted race? Will the lost tribes of the Inca Israelites be restored to their Zion among the everlasting hills? Query: Why have so many of them been strangely preserved? Four millions of the children of the people over whom the Incas ruled still speak the language of their fathers.

Amid persecution beyond the power of pen to describe these victims of Spanish cruelty have managed to maintain their identity and to retain their mother tongue in comparative purity.

Let others attempt the story of the decline and fall of the Inca Empire—the tragedy of Peru in which Pizarro and Valverde, priest and Conquistador, vied with each other in out-Heroding Herod in deeds of infamy upon an inoffensive people. That tragic story is worthy the pen of the author of Macbeth. We are interested in the possible dawn of brighter days for these children of the sun. The problem of their restoration includes the question, Why was their fall so sudden and complete? The social system under which for centuries they had lived undermined their manhood and utterly destroyed the power of initiative which should characterize an aggressive and virile people. Paternalism, another name for Socialism, the dream of many in our days, found the ancient Peruvians men and left them children. The government ordered every detail of their lives from birth to death; directed courtship, marriage, work, food, housing, amusements; freed the citizen from all responsibility save to the powers in authority. Though that government was paternal, and gentle in the extreme, it really sucked the marrow of manhood from the very bones of the people and left them automatons. Bees deprived of their queen are not more helpless than were the millions in old Peru when Atahualpa, their emperor, basely betrayed and murdered by the Spaniard, his guest, had been thrown into a bloody grave and the royal family of Incas, or princes, destroyed. The people became the easy prey of their murderous masters. Spaniards, unlike the benign Inca rulers of this gentle people, knew not the meaning of pity. Pirates and buccaneers, consumed with lust for gold, they destroyed with ruthless hand priceless treasures in art and architecture and drove the sheeplike natives into the mines, where they worked them to death. Soon from twenty millions the unhappy Incas shrank to four millions and less. Why did they not fight? Without their leaders these victims of a fatal form of Socialism were but dumb driven cattle. Since the Spanish yoke was broken, in the early part of the last century, a door of hope has opened to the Incas. I use the name

of the royal family, Inca, as applying to all the descendants of their people, the common people were not Incas, but subjects of the Incas. But this door of hope is only ajar to the poor Indian. While the constitution guarantees him the rights of manhood he is practically a chattel. The southern Negro may be deprived of his vote, despite the guarantee of the constitution, but he is free to go where he pleases. The Inca Indian is attached to the land. When plantations exchange owners to-day in Peru the Indian peasantry go with the land. Stringent laws are enacted to prevent Indians from being enticed from the haciendas or plantations to which they belong. One cause of bitter antagonism on the part of property owners in Peru and Bolivia to those who would uplift the Indian, and give him all the benefits of our Protestant ideals, is due to the fear that they may lose their control of the labor of the natives, now practically serfs. That a new spirit is animating the governing powers on the west coast of South America is evident in the encouragement given to any who will help lift the pall of illiteracy and inefficiency from the children of the Inca. Generous subventions are offered teachers and industrial workers who will labor among the Indians. The Inca is responding. Slowly they are assuming the toga of manhood. Some of the most brilliant men in public life in Peru and Bolivia to-day are of pure Inca stock. At last there has come for the children of the Inca

> A change
> Slow as the oak's growth, lifting manhood up
> Through broader culture, finer manners, love,
> And reverence, to the level of the hills.

Methodism has a mission to the Incas. We should hear the call, "Come over and help us." South America's dusky children hold out their hands to us.

J. C. Nunez

THE FIRST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Education and religion have always gone hand in hand for the uplift of the race. If the work of evangelization began first, education would soon follow. If education came into the field first, it was almost sure to be the forerunner of a movement of evangelization. Thus the church has been at work through all the years of her history.

The so-called "Christmas Conference" is a familiar historical fact to all well-informed Methodists; held in the Lovely Lane Chapel, in Baltimore, in 1784, when the scattered Methodist societies that had been gathered during the previous twenty years were organized into a body that became known to the world as the Methodist Episcopal Church. The historian assures us that at this first Conference the question of Christian education was presented, and we find that as far back as 1780 John Dickins, classed as the most scholarly man among the Methodists of that day, talked with Mr. Asbury on the matter of schools and education for the growing church.

No sooner was the church organized and made ready for her great career, than it "proceeded at once to provide for the education of its youth, and the youth of the country generally who chose to avail themselves of these provisions." The leading spirits of the church of that day were Bishops Asbury and Coke; the former preferred a school after the plan of Mr. Wesley's, at Kingswood, England, while Bishop Coke preferred a college. The decision of the matter was referred to the General Conference, and it decided for a college. After some little time, a site was selected at Abingdon, in Maryland, about twenty-five miles northeast of Baltimore, on the road to Philadelphia, on a commanding site that could look in a northeasterly direction toward the waters of the Susquehanna, and easterly to the Chesapeake Bay. It was regarded as one of the most beautiful locations to be found anywhere for an institution of this character. Dr. Coke said: "The situation delights me more

than ever. There is not, I believe, a point of it from whence the eye has not a view of at least twenty miles, and in some parts the prospect extends to fifty miles in length. The water front forms one of the most beautiful views in the United States; the Chesapeake Bay, in all its grandeur, with a fine navigable river—the Susquehanna—which empties into it, lying exposed to view through a great extent of country." David Creamer, in an article published in the Methodist, in September, 1861, says he thinks Dr. Coke must have mistaken the Bush River, on which Abingdon was situated, for the Susquehanna River, for he is sure that neither the Susquehanna nor the Chesapeake Bay is in the range of vision from this point.

It was well located because of the strength of the Methodist constituency it would find in this immediate region. The total membership of the new church was a little less than 15,000. New York had 84; New Jersey, 963; Pennsylvania, 560; Delaware, 982; Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, with Georgia and Tennessee, had 6,831; while Maryland alone had 5,648. Thus it is readily seen that the numerical center of Methodism was in this very section.

The building, begun in 1785 and completed in 1787, is reported to have been one hundred and eight feet long, forty feet wide, and three stories high, and was situated on the summit and center of six acres of land, with an equal descent of ground on each side. The entire cost was about $50,000, a large amount for that day. It was a substantial structure, but judged by the standards of to-day, in matters of convenience and comfort, it would not be acceptable to the student of the twentieth century. After a career of success for eight years, the building was one day discovered to be on fire (in 1795), and burned to the ground. It was a source of great regret and grief to those who had sacrificed so much out of their poverty and had carried to completion such an institution. Bishop Asbury, when he learned of the destruction of the school, said: "If any man should give me ten thousand pounds per year to do and suffer again what I have done for that house, I would not do it." Very soon after this loss, a number of Methodists in Baltimore purchased a vacant building standing

on a lot adjoining the Light Street Methodist Church, paying therefor £5,300, and established a second Cokesbury College. It was popular from the first, and in seven months after the Abingdon fire, it had nearly two hundred students, but in just a year, some boys, playing in an adjoining building, built a bonfire that set the building on fire, and communicated it both to the school and the church and parsonage nearby, destroying the entire property, entailing a loss of from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds. Mr. Asbury wrote in his Journal, "I conclude God loved the people of Baltimore and will keep them poor to keep them pure." These calamities were enough to crush the educational spirit of the young church.

At some time during the early part of this period, or just before (we have no real means of knowing for a certainty), a school was established in Brunswick County, Virginia, and was called, maybe at the suggestion of Bishop Asbury, the Ebenezer Academy.

Brunswick County was the scene of a wonderful revival soon after the close of the war of the Revolution. James O'Kelly, who was a presiding elder at that time, said of it: "Old Brunswick and Surrey Circuits exceed anything I ever saw or heard of in America. I believe that six thousand were in attendance at the quarterly meeting, held a few days ago." John Dickins, afterward the first Book Agent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, said: "It is estimated that about Brunswick itself not less than seventeen thousand souls are under deep conviction." Philip Cox, one of the circuit preachers, said: "Never before was there so great a work of God in America as is now in Brunswick and Surrey Circuits." This was indeed a favorable time, and the people were, no doubt, in a mood when they could be made to see the value of religious education, and to willingly help in the establishment of a school.

Some have considered this the second, and others the third, of the schools established by the church; but Cummings, in his book, Early Schools of Methodism, published in 1886, is of the opinion that this preceded the others and came into existence some time between 1780 and 1784. As favorable to the early date of inaug-

uration, he quotes Judge Buford, of Brunswick County, whom he styles "A gentleman of high standing in the Protestant Episcopal Church, who said, 'Though I am now forty-nine years of age, and am too young to remember anything of Ebenezer Academy as a school, I have known the building, which is a stone structure of peculiar design, as Old Ebenezer, for a number of years, but when I first saw it, full forty years ago, it had ceased to be used as an academy.'" Later than that he said: "I made an effort to find out when Ebenezer Academy was chartered, and with that in view, spent a day at our county seat in examining the records, both before and after the establishment of our national independence, but I could find no mention of anything in our statistics. I am, however, fully satisfied, from the best information I have been able to get, that it was established between the years of 1780 and 1784." He made inquiry of the "oldest inhabitants," most of whom could give him only tradition, but he found in 1885 W. Embry Merritt, a Methodist attorney-at-law, who was then on a bed of sickness from which he died, who, through a message given to his daughter, informed him that the school opened in 1784; that his father, the Rev. Henry Merritt, was one of the first Board of Trustees, and an active assistant to Bishop Asbury in building up the school. When the school was closed is not known, but Lee, in his History of Methodism, published in 1809, speaks of it as a good school, still in operation. Bishop Asbury's first mention of it was in his Journal on December 5, 1794, when he wrote, "Our burdensome stone, Ebenezer, now gives us some care. If we could employ good men, keep up discipline and maintain credit, it might come to something."

The building was described by Cummings, in the Early Schools of Methodism, as 20x40 feet; two stories high, built of stone, with an old fashioned Dutch roof, drooping eaves, projecting far down over the sides; so thoroughly built that until quite recently it was a safe family residence, though about one hundred years old. The farm belonging to the school contained sixty-seven and a half acres of good tillable land." Hurst, in his history of the Methodist Episcopal Church, gives a sketch of it and a drawing supposed to represent the building. In later years, it

was lost to the Methodist Church by getting into the hands of trustees who were not of that persuasion, and in due time it passed beyond our control. It may not be of sufficient importance to make any controversy at all as to whether it was the first, or second, or third institution, although the author just quoted is very strong in his conviction that its beginning antedated that of Cokesbury. The chief interesting fact of Old Ebenezer is that the building stands to-day (1915) on the same spot where it was erected about one hundred and thirty years ago. For some time it has been occupied by Negroes as a residence, but at the last information it had been vacated.

These beginnings were small and full of discouragement, but here were men called to conquest. Defeat was a word not in their vocabulary. They went forward with great zeal and earnestness, and "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Cokesbury and Ebenezer have become in this country, under the oversight of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, three hundred and fifty-six institutions of secondary, college and university, and professional grade. The Woman's Home Missionary Society reports eighteen schools, fifteen, most of them for special training, under the care of the General Deaconess Board of the church; while the Board of Foreign Missions reports having girdled the earth with two thousand seven hundred and forty-seven schools, ranging from the elementary grade to the college and theological schools. All this has come to pass within a period of a little over a century and a quarter.

Oliver S. Baketel

THE WHITE WATER LILY

In Theodore Storm's modest little classic Immensee, a book which epitomizes the tragedy of a vanished hope, the young man walks in the pale calm moonlight by the shores of a tranquil inland sea. Before his eyes fair pictures come and go. He sees

> Such sights as youthful poets dream
> On summer eve by haunted stream.

Far out upon the crystal surface of the fair and placid lake like a fallen star there gleams a solitary water lily, white as the clouds that float beneath the blue sky of a summer's day. An indescribable longing to possess the lonely flower seizes the young man's heart. Soon the sturdy strokes of the swimmer break the stillness of the silent night. He swims and swims, but still the lily is far, far in the dim distance. At last he turns his face shoreward and never once does he look back upon the fragrant bloom which he had so ardently longed to make his own. To this young man the white flower symbolized one whom he had loved and lost in the days when his sky was gilded with the auroral light of youthful romance and his heart sang the dulcet strains of love's old sweet song. But to strive for the unattainable is the common lot of man.

We all live in two worlds. We know full well this practical everyday world, this world of getting and spending, where the fittest survive and the weak go down in the fight, where the blight of sin and ignorance causes the fairest flowers of life to fade and wither. It is this realm of which Shelley sings in words of real pathos:

> We look before and after,
> And pine for what is not;
> Our sincerest laughter
> With some pain is fraught.
> Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

But we live, too, in another world: in the world of dreams; in the heaven-illumined world of the ideal. Here we forget the harsher

realities of life and catch faint adumbrations of the golden days which are yet to be. Here there

> falls not hail or rain or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
> Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
> And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.

For many of us the land ideal looms up against the misty backgrounds of the past. There is that within man which makes him idealize bygone days. The remembrance of them brings to the heart that

> feeling of sadness and longing
> That is not akin to pain,
> And resembles sorrow only
> As the mist resembles the rain.

It is this feeling of sadness which the deep-voiced Tennyson describes in words of never-dying melody:

> Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
> Tears from the depth of some divine despair
> Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
> In looking on the happy autumn fields,
> And thinking of the days that are no more.

We stand upon the summit of the mountain and view the road by which we have ascended as it winds through the valley and over the foothills and our souls are thrilled by its beauty. We see it curve through sylvan dells, through fertile farms, through the tree-embowered village. We forget the long and toilsome journey, the blazing sun of the noonday, the summer storms that blew from the mountains. Across the emerald-clad sward of the years, like the sound of sweet bells in tune, come the words of New England's crystal-toned bard:

> I can see the breezy dome of groves,
> The shadows of Deering's Woods,
> And the friendships old and the early loves
> Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
> In quiet neighborhoods.
> And the verse of that sweet old song,
> It flutters and murmurs still:
> "A boy's will is the wind's will,
> And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town,
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

When fond memory throws the light of other days around us we live amid the Arcadian beauty of the land ideal.

But life's golden age is never in the past. Dreams of a brighter future make it easier for men to bear the burdens of a darkened present. The lank, ungainly backwoods boy, who lay before the open fire in a rude Illinois cabin reading over and over Mason Weems's quaint Life of Washington, forgot the poverty and crudeness of his surroundings as he looked across the future's untrodden fields to the day when upon his shoulders would rest the mantle of the Cincinnatus of the West. The boy who trod the tow-paths of the Western Reserve dreamed of the thousands whom he should some day sway by the power of his eloquence.

On a rocky New England farm, so lonely that even now ever and anon the white-footed deer forsakes his leafy covert and drinks from the streamlet in the meadow, there lived and toiled a dark-eyed Quaker lad. How hard was his lot! How narrow his life! But Greenleaf Whittier had seen the vision splendid. The plow-boy of the Merrimac valley had heard the lute-like voice of the plowman of the bonnie fields of Ayr. The light that never was on land or sea shone over that barren little farm and the world is richer to-day because the Quaker lad followed the gleam.

Long years ago, when the spacious times of the great Eliza-

beth were fading in sweeping clouds of glory from the earth, the youthful John Milton set before himself the sublime ideal of writing a poem which the world would not willingly let die. Through days of good report and evil he kept in his mind his lofty purpose. Ever did he realize that he who would write an heroic poem must first live the heroic life. He passed through the fiery furnace of young manhood without the smell of smoke upon his garments. Year after year he burned the scholar's lamp of toil and sacrifice. When the clouds of fratricidal war hung like a pall over the land he doffed his singer's mantle blue and donned the armor of an intellectual gladiator. In the battle for the liberty of the English people the quiet scholar stood in the foremost ranks. Sorrow walked with him. The day came when the blind bard sat in ever-enduring darkness and saw no more

> the sweet approach of even or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.

The men who with him battled in the halls of state and those as well who upon the field of carnage had fought for Cromwell and the Lord were wandering fugitives and outcasts in distant lands or daily laying down their lives upon the crimsoned scaffold; where once the rugged, stern, indomitable old Oliver had bowed before the throne of the Lord God of Israel a licentious, lascivious, voluptuous court contemned all that was pure and righteous and holy. In that hour of darkness and peril and gloom John Milton gave to the world a poem that it will never let die. When the time came for him to pass to where beyond these voices there is peace his dying lips were heard to murmur, "Still guides the heavenly vision." "Where there is no vision the people perish." It is the vision splendid which impels men to forsake the primrose path of ease and walk the rough and stony road of usefulness; a road which many, many times has been the path by which the sons of earth have reached the tablelands above.

> Not once or twice in our fair island-story
> The path of duty was the way to glory.
> He that, ever following her commands,
> On with toil of heart and knees and hands,

Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining tablelands
To which our God himself is moon and sun.

He who follows the vision climbs the steep ascent through peril, toil, and pain. Wendell Phillips was a ten-talented man; fortune had emptied her horn at his feet. He was what Dr. Holmes called "a Brahmin of the Brahmins." In his veins flowed New England's bluest blood; physical beauty and mental capacity alike were his portion; to him the sirens of ambition sang their sweetest songs; the world stretched before him full of pleasant possibilities. Already he saw himself the idol of society, the spokesman of New England conservatism in the halls of the nation, the successor of the golden-mouthed Webster, the compatriot of the idolized Sumner. But like the note of a silver clarion a call resounded through the land, and it did not fall on unresponsive ears when the young lawyer heard it. Then he felt, as he afterward said: "I love inexpressibly these streets of Boston over which my mother led my baby feet, and if God grants me time enough I shall make them too pure for the footsteps of a slave." In the years to come, in every great struggle against long-entrenched evil, his was the white plume that ever waved in the forefront of the embattled hosts of righteousness. Uncompromising, intolerant, and profoundly mistaken as he sometimes was, the world is a better place because this New England idealist lived in it. The time will come when his eloquence, "like the song of Orpheus, will fade from living memory into a doubtful tale," but two thousand years hence the echoes of his regal soul shall not be silent; the memory of his dauntless courage, his heroic sacrifice, and his unswerving loyalty to the vision shall not have perished from the earth.

The ideal ever molds the man. "He who surrenders himself to a great ideal becomes great." Long ago it was written, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Lowell says:

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so blind,
So beautiful as Longing?

The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

The man whose ideal is the heroic becomes a hero. The youth who in the realm of the vision lives in contact with greatness becomes great. They who think of those things that are true and honest and just and pure and lovely and of good report grow in grace and beauty of personality as the years go by. The vision splendid may fade into the fight of a common day, but it leaves a glory behind it.

Yet the youth who swam out across the lake for the white water lily came back without it. Many of the noblest of earth's ideals have never been realized. Often when we seize the flower it is shed. Sometimes when we think of the world's multitudinous incongruities we feel that life is a succession of comedies. Then we can sympathize with the word of Thackeray: "Such people there are living and flourishing in the world—faithless, hopeless, and charityless. Let us have at them, dear friends, with might and main." But when we look longer, and deeper, more and more we feel that life is a tragedy more real than any depicted by the pen of an Æschylus or a Shakespeare, and then we understand the sympathetic, flaming-tongued Carlyle when in words of tender pathos he cries: "Poor, wandering, wayward man! Art thou not tried and beaten with stripes, even as I am? . . . O, my brother, my brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom and wipe away all tears!" In this tragic comedy of life seldom indeed is it that man reaches the goal of his aspirations. Whittier's familiar little poem, Maud Muller, touches many a heart:

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

In every life there is some sad sweet "might have been." There is a faded hope and an unrealized ideal.

Something beautiful has vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain,
And we seek it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

Yet often the vanished ideal is the supreme glory of a life. A few years before his death Carl Schurz said, in an address delivered at Harvard: "Ideals are like the stars. They are not to be reached, but to be followed." I remember in my boyhood hearing the old men talk about the underground railway days when the rural calm of my native valley was broken by the advent of Southern slave drivers, with their iron fetters and their baying hounds, in search of their runaway property. Often have I been shown the lonely road by which these pursued and timorous black men stole by night from the valley to the hospitable farmhouse among the blue hills to the north. Many a time on snowy moonlight nights as I traveled that road I thought of the dusky pilgrims from the sloping banks of the rivers of old Virginia and the cotton-whitened fields of Dixie's southernmost lands. Often I saw above me, as my thoughts turned to those who once had trodden that broad highway, the north star, which the wanderers followed so many weary miles amid the thick darkness of night, shining pure, steady, and serene just as it shone on untold generations of those whom here we see no more. They who followed that star never reached it, but they reached the freedom for which they longed. To them it was the beacon which led them to liberty. A man's ideal is his polar star; he may never attain it, but by following it he may reach the higher altitudes and the purer atmosphere of a better country, a land where life is larger and fuller and richer and freer. It is not the accomplishment which counts but the honest effort. One of the most deep-sighted seers who ever walked the shores of earth once said:

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work" must sentence pass,
Things done that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account,
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount;

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped,
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

The fight for the ideal may be a losing fight, but it is never a fight in vain. Phillips Brooks says, "If you aim at the stars you will hit the tree tops." Man is better for every high ideal, for every noble purpose, for every lofty aspiration. There have been idealists who have worn the laurel wreath of victory; there have been those who have sadly trodden the *via dolorosa* of sorrow and defeat, but the God who notes the fall of every sparrow, who hath clothed the lilies of the field with ineffable fragrance and beauty, knoweth them all by name, and like the stars they shall shine in the firmament of greatness for ever and ever. But the real idealist is not the idle dreamer of an empty day who sails away from the gross lands of earth on ethereal seas of abstraction. He is not one who carries to and fro with him an impeding burden of unworkable theories. He understands that

The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's,
Is not to fancy what were fair in life
Providing it could be—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means: a very different thing.

In the never-dying words of Tennyson we read of that glorious company who gathered around the blameless Arthur's throne; of the pure Sir Percival, of Gareth in all the splendor of his youthful beauty, of Launcelot, the boldest and the strongest of the knights of Galahad, with the strength of ten because his heart was pure. Upon a later, darker, sadder time we hear the once proud king tell of how he made them lay their hands in his and swear

To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King.
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her . . . . . .
Not only to keep down the base in man
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

But before the good lances of these brave and valiant knights the robber barons who preyed upon the poor were driven from the land. No more was the long howling of the wolves heard amid the snow. Peace smiled again upon the land. The wilderness and the solitary place were made glad and the desert blossomed as the rose. Chivalrous knights worshiped at the shrine of fair and gracious womanhood. A wise and good ruler in many-towered Camelot meted out even-handed justice to all who bowed before his throne. But there came a time when war, famine, and desolation once more cast their shadow over Arthur's realm, when a renegade knighthood and faithless queen brought sorrow to the heart of the blameless ruler, when in his anguish he sadly cried: "My nights have followed wandering fires and left present wrongs to right themselves." Sad is it, indeed, when ideals call men away from the common duties of common life to follow a glimmering light which leads to nowhere; nevertheless, the world cannot but pay its meed of well-deserved praise to the unswerving tenacity, the dauntless daring, and the heroic spirit of self-sacrifice which very often is the portion of the follower of a wandering fire. Still lofty idealism without practical efficiency is of little avail. The efficient idealist lets the melancholy, mild-eyed Lotus Eaters muse and dream and brood with half-shut eyes upon the shore while the great current of life sweeps irresistibly by, but it is

In deeds he takes delight.

Yet life in its entirety is not included in the realm of the

practical. As the hart panteth after the water brooks the spirit of man longs to rise, with wings as eagles, above the things which are of the earth, earthy. No life is so dark that it cannot be illumined by the presence of a heaven-born ideal; no heart is so despondent that it cannot pulsate with hope. The white water lily very often sheds its fragrance on lonely moor and desolate fen. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of." Man can never live by bread alone. He must endure as seeing Him who is invisible.

In spite of the stare of the wise and the world's derision,
Dare travel the star-blazed road, dare follow the vision.
It breaks as a hush on the soul in the wonder of youth,
And the lyrical dream of the boy is the kingly truth.
The world is a vapor, and only the vision is real—
Yea, nothing can hold against hell but the Winged Ideal.

Lewis H Chrisman

THE DEPARTURE OF AMERICA'S NATURE SINGER

Madison Julius Cawein has held a place peculiarly his own among the chief contemporary poets of America for at least a quarter of a century. For bright, sparkling description, for the power of poetic portrayal of bird and beast and flower, quaint fancies, and voices mystical and sweet, he will be certainly missed. He has placed his name in every home and very near the top rung in the ladder of fame, and is recognized, both at home and abroad, as a master of pure descriptive poetic expression. The recent appearance of another volume of his exquisite nature poems, with a clear, discriminating, though not laudatory preface by the literary critic Howells, and the still more recent account of his death at his late home in Louisville, Ky., the city also of his birth, call for an estimate of his poetic work, together with a few deductions touching his place among the versifiers of our own land and the charm of a number of his briefer productions.

He was born near the close of the Civil War. As a lad he lived with his parents on a farm in the knob country back of New Albany, Ind., just across the Ohio River from Louisville. Here he walked several miles each day to and from school, and no doubt this early contact with nature fitted him to sing so sweetly in later years of the varying beauties of a Kentucky landscape. For it is as a nature poet essentially that he climbed highest in the long, steep ladder of success. Of late years no writer of verse of peculiarly American type has found larger access to the popular heart than has this homely visaged Kentuckian. Since his first little volume, "Blooms of the Berry," came from the press, in 1887, he has contributed nearly a volume yearly to his fine aggregation of verses, and such eminent critics as Aldrich and Howells have recognized the merits of his work and have given it unstinted praise. The generous public, while it is not supposed to be critical in its fancy nor an exact discriminator in its choice, has, nevertheless, filled the homes of our beloved America with his poetry. At the time of his death he was a member of the National Institute

of Arts and Letters, also of the Poetry Society of America, the Cliff Dwellers, of Chicago, and, across the Atlantic, of the Authors' Club of London, England. In attestation of the regard in which his work as a poet was held abroad it is only needful to mention the fact that his "Kentucky Poems" were published in London almost a dozen years ago, and were selected and introduced by Edmund Gosse.

While some may not altogether have admired his diction—by the way, his later work shows a marked improvement over his earlier—his meanings were often fairly drowned in a flood of gorgeousness. For example, in his entrancing volume, "Myth and Romance," is a poem entitled, "The Stars and the Moon." Its lines run this way:

> Through the clear stories high of heaven, the firmament's halls;
> Under whose sapphirine walls June, Hesperian June,
> Robed in divinity wanders. Daily and nightly
> The turquoise touch of her robe, that the violets star,
> The silvery fall of her feet, that lilies are,
> Fill the land with languorous light and perfume.

When he sings naturally and freely he is a poet to applaud, and in this little volume he often touches a chord vibrating sweetness almost beyond compare. In his "Moods and Memories" he abounds in imagery which is new, and his description of nature and the interpretation of its myriad voices throb with accuracy and striking fascination, singing fresh and free like a bird in spring time. His volume entitled "Red Leaves and Rose" contains many poems of exquisitely fine delicacy, refined in sentiment, dainty in expression, and with an agreeable variety in the modes of versification. But in his volume of "Poems of Nature and Love" he reaches the climax of the most pregnant fancy, displays remarkable rhyming power, and shows himself one of the most notable of recent American poets.

A passing glance at some of his briefer poems and a few words by way of characterization will complete this tribute. Here is one from Harper's Magazine. It throws a picture upon the mind which those of a class will readily recognize. It is entitled "The Solitary":

Upon the mossy rock by the spring
She sits, forgetful of her pail,
Lost in remote remembering
Of that which may no more avail.

Her thin, pale hair is dimly dressed
Above a brow lined deep with care,
The color of a leaf long pressed,
A faded leaf that once was fair.

You may not know her from the stone,
So still she sits, who does not stir,
Thinking of this one thing alone—
The love that never came to her.

Here is another fine description, speaking in sweetest cadence:

There is no rhyme that is half so sweet
As the song of the wind in the rippling wheat;
There is no meter that's half so fine
As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;
And the loveliest lyric that I ever heard
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.

If the wind and the bird and the brook would teach
My heart their beautiful parts of speech,
And the natural art that they say these with,
My soul would sing of beauty and myth
In a rhyme and meter that none before
Have sung in their love or dreamed in their lore,
And the world would be richer one poet the more.

This every schoolboy must recognize for its natural tones and to older ones it may bring a rich reminder of early years:

Let down the bars; drive home the cows;
The West is dyed with burning rose.
Unhitch the horses from the plows,
And from the cart the oxen lows.
And light the lamp within the house,
The whip-poor-will is calling,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will,"
Where the locust blooms are falling
On the hill;
The sunset's rose is dying,
And the whip-poor-will is crying,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will;"
Soft, now shrill,
The whip-poor-will is crying,
"Whip-poor-will."

The moon blooms out a great white rose;
The stars wheel onward toward the West;
The barnyard cock wakes once and crows;
The farm is wrapped in peaceful rest;
The cricket chirps; the firefly glows,
The whip-poor-will is calling,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will,"
Where the bramble blooms are falling
On the rill.
And the moon her watch is keeping,
And the poor whip-poor-will is weeping,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will,"
Lonely still,
The whip-poor-will is weeping,
"Whip-poor-will."

Here is a part of a poem entitled "Rain in the Woods," which really takes one out into the drizzle until he is thoroughly drenched with the wetness:

When on the leaves the rain insists,
And every gust brings down a shower,
When all the woodland smokes with mists,
I take the road out past the tower
Into the hills through which it twists.

I take the vale where catnip grows,
Where boneset blooms, with wetness bowed;
The vale through which the red creek flows
Turbid with hill-washed clay, and loud
As some strange horn a wildman blows.
. . . . . .
O wraiths of rain! O trailing mist!
Still fold me, hold me, and pursue!
Still let my lips by yours be kissed!
Still draw me with your hands of dew
Unto the tryst, the dripping tryst!

And here is another which appeared in The Independent, "The Shadow of the Beeches." They of Indiana will surely appreciate this:

In the shadow of the beeches
Where the many wild flowers bloom;
Where the leafy silence pleaches
Green a roof of cool perfume,
Have you felt an awe imperious
As when, in a church, mysterious
Windows fill with God the gloom?

In the shadow of the beeches
  Where the rock-ledged waters flow,
Where the sun's white splendor bleaches
  Every wave to foaming snow,
    Have you felt a music solemn
    As when minster arch and column
Echo organ-worship low?

In the shadow of the beeches
  Where the lights and shades are blent,
Where the forest-bird beseeches,
  And the wild is sweet with scent—
    Is it joy or melancholy
    That o'erwhelms us partly, wholly
To our spirit's betterment?

In the shadow of the beeches
  Lay me where no eye perceives;
Where—like some great arm that reaches
  Gently as a love that grieves—
    One gnarled root may clasp me kindly,
    While the long years, working blindly,
Slowly change my dust to leaves.

Here is another which for beauty of expression and figures of varied speech can hardly be surpassed anywhere; it is called "The Death of Love," and appeared in Harper's Magazine:

So Love is dead, the Love we knew of old;
  And in the sorrow of our hearts' hushed halls
  A lute lies broken and a flower falls;
Love's house is empty and his hearth is cold.
Lone in dim places, where sweet vows were told,
  In walks grown desolate, by ruined walls,
  Beauty decays, and on their pedestals
Dreams crumble, and th' immortal gods are mold.
Music is slain or sleeps; one voice alone,
  One voice awakes and like a wandering ghost
  Haunts all the echoing chambers of the Past—
The voice of Memory, that stills to stone
  The soul that hears, the mind that, wholly lost,
  Before its beautiful presence stands aghast.

Just one more selection—though there are many, if the reader cared to linger longer among the beauties of this delightful writer—and it shall be the one which appeared not long ago in The Vale

of Tempe, and is given the title, "After the Storm"; and certainly it is full of charm:

Great clouds of sullen seal and gold
Bar bleak the tawny west,
From which all day the thunder rolled
And storm streamed crest on crest.
Now silvery in its deeps of bronze
The new moon fills its sphere;
And point by point the darkness dons
Its pale stars there and here.

But still behind the moon and stars
The peace of heaven remains,
Suspension of the wrath that wars
That Nature now restrains.
As lined 'neath tiger eyelids glare
The wild beast eyes that sleep,
So smolders in its sunset lair
The rage that rent the deep.

For several years Mr. Cawein had been busily engaged revising and recasting much of his work with a view to issuing all in a uniform edition of a dozen volumes, to be illustrated by a group of the leading artists of to-day. It is to be hoped that his passing did not cut short his ambition, for of a sweeter singer than this gifted Kentucky poet and a more radiant portrayer of Nature American genius may not boast herself.

A. W. Armstrong

KIPLING'S MEN AND THE MINISTER

READING Kipling consecutively one is impressed with the steady, sturdy fellows of his constituency. They are a company of plain, common men with iron in their blood. The phrase which falls lightly from the lips of a woman who has been wooed and won by one of them suggests the character of most of them. Speaking of many, but thinking of one, she says, "I love men who do things."

Kipling's men are well nigh faultlessly devoted to the tasks which spell out the duty of the day. Landsman, seaman, soldier, secretary, each and all feel the necessity of plodding along the wearisome way of monotonous routine, inspired by an unswerving loyalty to principle and an unconquerable purpose to be true. In the time of famine in India one of them is taken from a comfortable secretaryship and a sweetheart, set down in the midst of a province where the famine is most severe, commanded to feed the hungry. If he fails few will know; if he succeeds few will care. Bravely he faces the appalling need; organizes, appropriates, encourages, day and night ceaselessly, mindful only of his order, "Feed the hungry." That fewer deaths are found in his territory, that the fever finally robs him of his reason for the time being, are mere incidents in a wonderful drama whose heart message is the helpful truth that a real man may be put down in the kingdom of death, with another's need as the great appeal, and be depended upon to spend himself to the last limit of human endurance and even beyond.

Kipling's men have a personal pride in connectional endeavor. King, Parliament, committees, pass upon a given proposition before it reaches the subordinate, who after all is the keyman to the situation. This subordinate, however, finds himself glorying in the connectional endeavor. Orders from above are carried out to the letter if the thing be possible. His practical mind, his wider experiences with actual conditions, may suggest the better way, but he believes in the system; he knows that the largest measure

of permanent good can come only in the accomplishment of the unified purpose of a great connectional endeavor. The man is not lost in the mass; none is spoiled by the system. There is a well-defined personal pride in the work which the individual does as his personal contribution to the success of the broader task of empire building. The engineer of the bridge across the Ganges is loyal to the authorities of the homeland, careful concerning every item of the contracts which he did not make, and yet his personal enthusiasm is so manifest that the whole gang do their utmost, not for the success of the enterprise, but as a tribute to the personality which evermore names the thing, "My Foundation"; "My Span." There is, too, a wondrous steadfastness under the disappointments of government appointments. A province president dies; the situation claims one particular man as his successor; word comes from home; a stranger is appointed. War, confusion, disaster, follow in rapid succession. The disappointed one springs to horse, proves himself master of the whole province, and does so while he knows the real ruler hides in his tent frightened out of his wits by the sterner facts of effective administration

Further, Kipling's men have a genuine faith in the power behind the throne. They do not doubt the ultimate triumph, the final establishment of the kingdom. Men may come and men may go, and they do; but the kingdom goes grandly forward. The flag up never comes down; the king lives forever. Doggedly, persistently, unfalteringly, the higher idealism moves over unmeasured mountains, unbridged rivers, unexplained superstitions; making hitherto unharnessed forces of every name and kind to be obedient to the unconquerable will of man. The little dependent in the midst of the jungle has a wireless connection with the world's metropolis and feels within him the power of powers behind the throne. His strength, therefore, is as the strength of ten and two of him put ten thousand to flight.

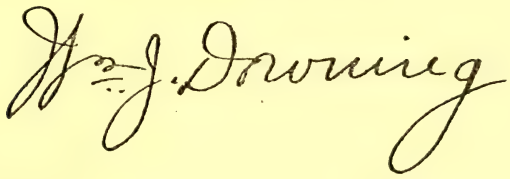
In a similar way his individuality is intensified by the cumulative ministry of the kingdom as a whole. Is it war? The Cromwells of yesterday crowd in upon him with inspiration and encouragement. Is it exploration? The Livingstones of a wondrous past bid him go into all the world. Is it statesmanship? The

Gladstones of recent times tell him how to administer for the greater good of all mankind. Down the avenue of personality there evermore echoes the helpful message, "Thou art not alone." The spirit within him, which is himself, feels the intensification of itself by the cumulative ministry of all that preceded him. As to poetic genius flower in wall proclaims created universes, the heart of Kipling's hero hears the grander message of all the past saying, "We lived for your day, and for you." Desert scrubs for him are ablaze with the glory that bespeaks the presence of a beneficent ruler who purposes with the envisioning of a single shepherd the emancipation of a people and the elevation of a race.

The message of Kipling's men to the minister, briefly told, is this: The minister, of all men, in poetry, prose, and practical affairs must be unswervingly loyal to principle; unfalteringly devoted to duty. Other men may fail, and be forgiven. The man of God—never. The minister must glory in his personal place in the greatest connectional endeavor of which the world of thought and action has knowledge. He takes orders from above, from the King of kings. And yet he must be himself, original, unique, alone. He must be himself, all there is in him, every inch and every ounce of him, in a given parish, for the whole world. The universe vision is his; millions fill in the figures of his mathematics and the saving of the whole world constitutes the limits of his purpose. His character must be the reincarnation of the Palestinian Christ, who lives not so much in the past as in the ever-present now, doing business in the most down-to-date moment the calendar of calculation conceives. The minister must believe in the power behind the throne—not human, but divine. The minister's soul must be intensified by the cumulative ministry of all the ages from Abraham till now. And, further, by the indwelling of that Christ who said, "Before Abraham was, I am." Surely if the psalmist of the Old Testament could write, "Though a host encamp against me my heart shall not fear," if Paul, of the New Testament, could write, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me," the modern man of God, in America, fortified by the cumulative ministry of a glorious past and strengthened by the companionship of an ever-present Lord, may rise in his might,

smite the giants of Rum, War, Greed, Graft, Sin; becoming the nobler David of a better day even though many of our time, as the Israel of old, sit idly by, fearful of the vain boasts of the inflated egoism of a materialistic infidelity. Kipling's hero is great with all the grandeur of the British Empire, past, present, and future. On every land, by every sea, he is the man who does things. The modern minister is great with all the glory of a God whose name is Omnipotence; whose kingdom is as limitless as the shore lines of all the lands that are kissed by all the waves of all the oceans upon which the stars of night in radiant beauty evermore shine.

Surely, if an unconquerable soul lives in the literature of our library as the creature born of the mind of a man, this same unconquerable soul may come to life and move forth to wondrous ministry when the creative energy of an infinite God molds the personality of a consecrated preacher. Where, then, may we hope to find this dauntless, devil-defying man who does things if not in the parsonages and pulpits of a land like our own?



THE CHURCH AND THE WORKINGMAN

WHY do we hear so much about the church and the workingman? We might conclude, from the emphasis on this subject, that the workingman and the church is the great problem of the hour; that all other people are in close sympathy and attendance with and upon church activities, and that if we can get the working people our problems are all solved. But we have noticed that other folks are not church attendants; that bankers, golf players and merchant automobile owners and their farmer joy-riding competitors, and a great army of tired office men, and speculators in stocks, or land, or grain, who read their Sunday newspapers in their cozy homes, are not apparently in much if any closer sympathy with church movements than the much-talked-of workingman. Why not give *these* people close attention and win *them* to the church? Is it not possible that we say little to such folks about church relations lest perchance they invite us to mind our own business, and enforce their injunction by withholding revenues? What business have we singling out the working people as objects for animated discussion and effort? What right have we as pastors to enter the workingman's home or place of business with a freedom that we would not think of exercising in the homes of the wealthy, or the office of a millionaire captain of industry? The poor man's cabin or tenement is as much his castle as the country seat of a Vanderbilt. Our message is as much to the heart and conscience of the millionaire as to the ditch digger. It is high time to say no less to the workingman about his need of church ministration, but to say much more to the so-called favored classes. It may be that one important factor in the problem we are discussing is that the workingman resents such special interest in himself and his kind, as though he were so much more in need of the church's effort than other folks. Perhaps that has had something to do with Dr. Stelzle's giving up his post at the head of The Church and Labor Bureau of the Presbyterian Church. He says he gave

it up "to devote his time to visiting the cities and talking over with the ministers their individual problems"; and in this connection he declares, concerning the eventual triumph of the church, in which he avows his belief: "It is going to take a long time, but it will come, for democracy has won every battle in which it has engaged, and in the struggle of Capital versus Labor the latter will win. But the sanest, safest way is to do it by recognizing its justice and reaching a common ground upon which both may agree." And I ask, in reaching this common ground, why should there be a distinctively "Labor Bureau" in any church?—unless we wish by that to declare the sympathy and support of the church with organized labor movements, which we have no business to do. The church has no call to take sides in any class contest. Why should the church send a delegate to Federation of Labor meetings and not to the meetings of united commercial and manufacturing interests? Which side, think you, needs most the help of the church in this social problem? A recent Presbyterian attendance census in New York city shows that ten years ago eighty-nine per cent of their church members attended church. Now only seventy-nine per cent are in attendance. And this with an increase in membership of 2,100 in the ten years. Another item of interest, in passing, is in the fact that at the morning service only 855 children were at church against 2,029 ten years ago. And in this "men's movement" period it is significant that the attendance of men decreased from 32.6 per cent to 23.6 per cent. And this decrease was all of it occurring in the evening service.

We are told by good authority that the march of Christianity is at a standstill. From 1800 to 1900 church attendance increased from seven to twenty-four out of every 100 of the population. Since then it has been "moving on a plateau," and a question mark up for the future. Increase of foreign-born population will not account for loss in America, for, contrary to the common belief, the ratio of foreign-born to native is not increasing, but still remains at fourteen per cent. The great growth of cities over the rural districts accounts in much for the 1,000 abandoned churches in Kansas and 800 in Ohio, and a like proportion else-

where. From 1900 to 1910 the general population increased by twenty-five per cent, while the cities increased by fifty-five per cent. The Northwestern Christian Advocate reports the Presbyterian Church leaders in New York as representing "that the decline in church attendance is somewhat offset by the fact that the average church-goer of to-day takes his religion more seriously than those of previous times, and is more frequently found engaged in active Christian and social work." This taking religion more seriously now than formerly is on a par with the statement, made several times lately, that "We are in the midst of the greatest revival ever known." The statement remains to be proven. However, the problem of the church and the workingman is of sufficient moment to justify all the attention given it. Because there is a well-defined struggle between labor and capital, in which the laborers are in far greater numbers, and most frequently take the initiative in organized efforts to better their condition; because God has made so many of the common people, and Jesus told John through his messengers how the great proof of his divine commission was "that the poor have the gospel preached unto them," the church always has and always must have a great interest in the working classes. The misfortune is that the working people have misunderstood the interest of the church. We have gotten beyond the sentimental period, when all hinting at a contest between classes is denounced as unwise and vicious. We know now that the struggle is on in earnest. We know that organized labor is engaged in a life-and-death grapple for the bettering of its social conditions. Right or wrong, "the Socialist party in the United States has grown from 2,000 in 1880 to one million in 1912." A revised and rightly adjusted Socialism is just as certain to win out as that "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ." Here I protest the common horror and dread of the term Socialist because of the horror and dread of the blunders in its name. Why should such as Dr. Stelzle say that he "is not a Socialist"? All he means is that he does not indorse the errors of the Socialist party, Socialism as now organized and contending in political and industrial efforts. Every man and woman who thoroughly believes and heartily seeks the

greatest possible good of the greatest number now and always is a Socialist, named or unnamed. Why not walk up and be tagged?

Because the working people have mistaken the attitude of the church, and do not believe that it is seeking supremely the greatest good of the greatest number, they are largely indifferent, if not antagonistic, to church effort. The mental agonies of some preachers, and a few members, over the "Virgin birth," and dates and authorships, etc., which usually result in nothing so much as the "darkening of counsel by words without knowledge," have not the remotest bearing upon the attitude of the working man toward the church. He is not looking for religion with less mystery and supernaturalism, but for a Christianity that is less individual and more universal. He understands the church to be altogether interested in the salvation of the individual, and as interpreting that salvation to be entirely spiritual, whereas his realized troubles are material and social. He wants an opportunity to work and rear his family, to live under livable conditions, and somehow the grip of the Elden Parrs on the church has made him believe that he is of little importance to the church. Hence he cares little for it. In reading The Inside of the Cup I failed to see the relation of the theological difficulties of the rector of Saint John's as Churchill gives them. It was not the mystery of the "Virgin birth" removed, but the dawning mystery of the new-born man in the awakened clergyman which cleared the decks for action. His trouble was not half so much doctrinal, as he imagined, but social and spiritual. It may be that other ministers outside of the Protestant Episcopal Church need to come to the vision by a like process, for when the church fills up with the working folk it will be to hear a message which gives little attention to clearing up doctrine, but much to putting people where they belong, without fear or favor.

Will the Working Man Come to the Church? 1. He will not come for bread or coffee or lodging; in one word, for charity. He does not want charity; he wants work at what he thinks an adequate wage. He may be greatly mistaken about the wage, but that is the way he views it. The raid of the Industrial Workers of the World on New York churches was inconsistent and hypo-

critical and they got what was coming to them when they visited a church, because the church is in no sense a soup kitchen. 2. He will not come to the church for his trade support, his living. He is a man, and believes he can make his living if he has a chance. All he asks of the church in this direction is that it shall not furnish a house of refuge for those who, as he maintains, "oppress the hireling in his wages"; those who get rich through the unnecessary peril to life and limb of their employees. 3. He will not come to the church for his entertainment, his amusement. He will go to the parks, art galleries, concert halls, and the "movies" for entertainment. What he asks in this particular is that his wife and children, and himself, if perchance he should accompany them to a church social or picnic excursion, shall be treated with the same deference as that which is shown to the family of his employer. 4. We may be sure that he will not come to the church for general education. The combined efforts of Carnegie Foundations and other agencies to secularize education are fast teaching him that the State owes his child the culture of the schools; and he is more interested than the church in keeping young children out of factories and in the schools. 5. If he comes at all he will come for his religion. This is all that is left to come for. And why not?

Will the Church Go to the Working Man? 1. It should not try to go as a soup kitchen. Bread-line charity is questionable, to say the least, and midnight missions do not reach the working man. They reach the ones who do not work—the "down and outers" from all walks in life, who by drink and vice have lost their grip on purpose and endeavor and must be rescued from the pit of vagrancy and despair. The city churches may establish "social settlements" and maintain "municipal lodging houses" and playgrounds, and such like may render aid, but they cannot cure the disease. The working man is only humiliated by charity. When he is at work he is a man. When he receives charity he is on the tramp or beggar's level. What wonder that he resents it! 2. It cannot go to him as an employment bureau. Only in rare instances, as in the Morgan Memorial, can the church engage in industries which will furnish employment to any considerable

number; and finding work for the unemployed at no cost is only another form of church charity which the working man resents. If he is to pay for service rendered in finding employment, the field is well covered where he can apply and feel himself the equal of every other applicant. 3. It is worse than folly to attempt to go to him with the church as a playhouse. He knows, as every man ought to know, that the church competing in the play business is at a losing game. To be at all competitive with the attractions the world puts up, the church must resort to social features and plays and, at the very least, lessen regard for the more serious offices of the church and breed irreverence to an alarming degree. Bishop Vincent has recently uttered some strong words on the tendency of the modern Sunday school to develop irreverence; and Dr. Eckman, in The Christian Advocate, has a very timely editorial on the unwisdom and wrong of much of church advertising. This does not apply to outdoor athletics, or indoor games conducted in the social rooms of the church, by the Sunday school, Young People's Societies or Brotherhoods, unless the pulpit announcements and Sunday school enthusiasm are made at the sacrifice of the deeply spiritual service of Bible teaching and public worship. It is supreme folly to think we can draw the working man with an architecture in church building which in order to meet the varied needs of modern effort looks as little like a church as it is possible to make it. If he is to be drawn to the church, or the church go to him, and win his sympathy and efforts, it must be with a building that looks more like a church than a department store. He has a pretty clear idea about what a church is for, and he wants the church for that, or not at all.

This brings me to say that: 4. The church can and must go to the workingman with the Christ message. It is easy to say, "The church must do constructive work," as many are saying, and not tell anyone how to go about it, or what constitutes such constructive work. A special committee of the churches investigating the loan-shark evil and devising ways for a remedial loan association may feel that this affords a real opportunity to demonstrate practical Christianity. But what does the workingman care for that in the solution of his problem, especially in churches that have

not had a real revival of religion for so long that there is almost a generation of members who would not know a conversion from a coat of whitewash? I greatly fear that much of so-called "social service" effort on the part of the churches is, like omnibusing all the benevolences and preaching on foreign missions to get them, merely working along the lines of least resistance. The workingman cares little for our recreational, or sentimental, or even serious study and pursuit of various social service features, so long as, from his viewpoint, he sees so much of churchianity and so little Christianity in the vital points at issue. It is the Christ principle of service, sacrifice, and love, applied to the methods and profits of industrialism, that he insists must be emphasized by the church before it appeals to him. It is the Christ principle and life demonstrated in the living ministries of a Mr. Bentley that has more to do with the spiritual quickening of the rector of Saint John's and the filling up of his church with workingmen than all his doctrinal struggles and revised messages. And it is well to remember that Mr. Bentley's heart was ever in the church, though Elden Parr had driven him out. Social-efficiency programs will be most efficient with the workingman if they succeed in awakening the true spirit of brotherhood, in putting the Christ in modern industry, and the Golden Rule into business.

It is said, "The church must maintain an open-door policy, and welcome people regardless of their views or their creed." If such "open door" has its chief reference to the welcome extended in order that truth may be taught and received, and creeds revised in closer harmony with Christ's spirit and teaching, and not for the convenience of all shades of mind and belief, all right. But for convenience, then why not have our churches like Chautauqua tabernacles and platforms, open on all sides without doors so that everybody can come and go at their pleasure? The intelligent workingman has only contempt for that kind of a church. He will be drawn only by a church which stands for definite heart-changing and a discipleship that costs enough to be worth while. I verily believe that much of the "open-door policy," and membership made easy, is cheapening discipleship and minifying the importance and authority of the church until Methodism cannot

endure much more of it and retain the blessing of God that came upon its founders.

Some of us heard a bishop say, "I would make it as easy to get into church as possible and as hard as possible to get out," without adding a few further words, doubtless in his thought, to say what kind of a church would be worth getting into or staying in when once there. The bishop's words, without explanation, were so near what many people want, for the sake of respectability, and for a salve to the conscience, as to constitute no small menace. I know a Methodist church where nearly one third of the membership are entered, "Received on confession of faith," whatever that may mean in Methodism. I know of another where the record shows that eighty-four people, old and young, were baptized and received into the church the same day without any sign of probation or catechetical instruction. If we have been mistaken about the necessity and value of "twice-born men" in the church, let us know it and change our emphasis. If it is better for the men, or the church, or both, to get them into the church without any saving knowledge of Christ, and after they are in to enlist their energies in bettering the condition of roads and tenements and in regulating the loaning business, or giving larger sums of money even for missions, expecting that these "practical activities" will make them evangelistic, before they are themselves evangelized, let us revise our book of Discipline; and since we cannot "amend" our "General Rules" let us put them on the ash heap, and have a church of the "open door" in dead earnest. But if that sort of an open-door policy receives much farther advocacy, intentional or unintentional, by church leaders, it will not be long before we will have a church with too few real heart-changed Christians in it to fill the pulpit only, and no adequate incentive for anyone to stand there with a message of salvation. O that we might hear less about "new conditions," many of which are as old as the entrance and effects of sin in the human heart, and hear more about old truths applied to conditions new and old!

Frederick Henry Wright, superintendent of the Italian Mission in the United States, has a recent word in the Northwestern on "Individualism versus Collectivism," which is worthy

of close reading. He says: "Flippant writers talk of the Master of Nazareth as the greatest Socialist who ever lived. Bosh! His life was preeminently individualistic. The scheme of redemption was universal and collective, but the teachings of Jesus were preeminently individual and personal. . . . It would almost seem that the mission of Jesus was a revolt from the exclusive collectivism of Judaism which believed in the saving of the nation as a whole. . . . Mohammedanism is collectivism gone mad. The collectivism of Romanism is monumental. We, as Protestants, must place the emphasis where Christ placed it with Nicodemus, 'Ye must be born again.' Collectivism may serve a good purpose for the solving of economic problems, but Christ incarnated in individual life is the only panacea for a 'world lying in sin and wickedness.'" The workingman misunderstands this individualism because he is engaged in a social struggle, or what he calls "social salvation." His question is, "Can we depend on the church in our fight for social justice? We believe in the church's ideal, and that the institution is valuable, but unless it will help us today in our fight for social justice we have no time to invest in its support." If the church will insist that it is "the household of faith," wherein the soul of a workingman or his child is as dear as that of his millionaire employer, the workingman will come to that church for his religion.

If the church will denounce as strongly all industrial cruelty and business dishonesty as industriously and earnestly as it does all strike abuses, the workingman will welcome that church when it comes to him with its offer of "the fellowship of kindred minds like to that above." If the church will put less emphasis upon the desirable dollar and more upon the white hands and the clean soul, then the workingman will come to the church for the Christ in whom he believes.

R. A. Brown

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA'S CONCEPTION OF ETHICS

The death of every man who fills an exalted position in the world arrests attention. At the beginning of the twentieth century the eyes of millions were fixed upon two men who were justly regarded as very able diplomats. One of these men was the Hon. John Hay, American Secretary of State; the other Cardinal Rampolla, Papal Secretary of State. John Hay, "a man of whose existence," President Roosevelt[1] affirmed, "we could each of us be proud," and who "contributed in no small degree to achieving for this republic the respect of the nations of mankind," was thus described in an editorial in the London Spectator of July 8, 1905: "All that the world saw was a great gentleman and a great statesman doing his work for the state and for the President with perfect taste, perfect good sense, and perfect good humor." The Michigan Catholic, Detroit, in an editorial utterance of July 6, 1905, pronounced this "great statesman" "a puppet," "an outgrowth of politics," "a bigot of the bigoted," the utterer of a "base untruth," a writer of "the greatest falsehood that ever man wrote." What a vocabulary this editor possesses! Mr. Gladstone in his review of the Speeches of Pope Pius IX[2] expresses astonishment at "the wealth of vituperative possessed by this really pious Pontiff." With what care this Michigan editor must have studied these "speeches"! In intellectual greatness the statesman who finished the journey of life December 16, 1913, was no ordinary man. I will not say that Cardinal Rampolla's conception of ethics constrained him to write a "base untruth." I will, however, present evidence, rejoicing in the fact that Christendom is amply able to pronounce a correct verdict.

In connection with the movement initiated in Chicago in 1894 looking to the removal of disabilities under which Protestants labored because of the laws at that time obtaining in the

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[1] Presidential Addresses and State Papers, Executive Edition, page 427. P. F. Collier & Son, New York City, 1905.

[2] Page 18. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1876.

South American republics of Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia, there came into my hands, as chairman of the committee, correspondence penned by the Papal and the American Secretaries of State. Every letter written by the Hon. John Hay bore the impress of truthfulness, and drew me closer and closer to that "great statesman." A study of the letters written by the Papal Secretary of State will repay perusal. These letters related to a very important problem demanding solution. That problem was twofold: (1) to secure liberty of worship and (2) to legalize marriages among the non-Roman Catholic populations of these republics. The Chicago committee was expected to invite the Pope's attention to the fact "that our Protestant brethren in the republics of Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia labor under oppressive disabilities that affect not only the profession of their faith and the public worship of God according to the dictates of their conscience, but also their civil and inalienable right to be legally married without being compelled to forswear their religious convictions." There was no desire, either expressed or implied, that the Roman Pontiff should invade the province of the civil power, the very thing which the genius of Protestantism professes to condemn. The Chicago request simply said:

> We have every reason to believe that the influence of the Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church would be immediately decisive, if heartily exercised through the clergy of the countries above named, in favor of legislation establishing such religious freedom as is so warmly approved by their colleagues in this republic.

In view of the fact that it was announced at the Columbian Roman Catholic Congress in Chicago that the Pope said concerning the United States and its people, "I love them, and I love their country; I have a great tenderness for those who live in that land, Protestants and all; my only desire is to use my power for the good of the whole people; Protestants and (Roman) Catholics alike; I want the Protestants as well as the Roman Catholics to esteem me,"[1] it was believed by not a few that the hour had come when a Roman Pontiff would gladly do the thing that lay near the great American heart, and that, without Amer-

[1] The Chicago Herald, September 5, 1893; page 9.

icans making any effort whatever, he would indicate to the clergy of these South American republics that in the United States every eye was fixed upon him to see if these words concerning Protestants were uttered in sincerity, and that he really was most decidedly "in favor of legislation establishing such religious freedom" as would secure for the Protestants of Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia the same liberty of conscience that is enjoyed by Roman Catholic citizens of this country. Letter after letter was addressed to the Pope. It required a correspondence of fifteen months to get a reply. The first letter that I received from the Vatican, dated June 14, 1895, stated that the communication "written by Mr. Lee, of Chicago, has reference to a state of things solely dependent upon the civil laws in force in the republics of Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia"—words which neither approve nor condemn written to the Apostolic Delegate in the above-named republics the "state of things" complained of in my letter, but words which teach, as the Rev. Dr. John F. Thomson, of South America, correctly observed, "that, if any odium attaches to it, it must rest exclusively upon the heads of the civil, and not at all on those of the ecclesiastical authorities."

The agitation for a reform of the marriage laws in Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia proceeded upon the assumption that the Roman Catholic hierarchy was responsible for its existence. This was *denied* by Cardinal Rampolla, who declared that the objectionable conditions are "solely dependent upon the civil laws in force" in the republics named, and yet a more eminent authority than the Papal Secretary of State—the author of that monumental work, Rationalism in Europe, the Right Hon. William E. H. Lecky—in a letter that he wrote me said: "I wish you all success in your efforts to obtain a repeal of the grossly intolerant laws about Protestant marriages which exist in some of the South American states, but I shall be much surprised if you obtain any real help from the Vatican. Such laws were once general in Roman Catholic countries. They were always inspired or suggested by the priests, and they were only abolished when the political power of the church was restricted or overthrown."

In his letter the Papal Secretary of State also said: "I have

to obtain precise information concerning the laws which affect the condition of Protestants there as regards both the exercise of their religion and the celebration of marriages."[1] He also gave assurance that he would take it upon himself "to call the attention of the Holy See to the information which the aforesaid delegate will send." It is a very difficult thing to believe that "the Holy See" and Cardinal Rampolla were not in possession of "precise information concerning the laws which affect the condition of Protestants" in these South American republics "as regards both the exercise of their religion and the celebration of marriages" while a fallible mortal like Mr. Lecky was in possession of such "precise information" that he could unhesitatingly assert that these "laws were once general in Roman Catholic countries," that "they were always inspired or suggested by the priests," and that "they were only abolished when the political power of the church was restricted or overthrown." Let it be remembered that Mr. Lecky is a historian of whom Cardinal Gibbons is willing to "bear testimony to his deep historical research," and to whom he pays the tribute: "I have regarded Mr. Lecky as an author of a sober and dispassionate mind, as well as of distinguished ability."[2]

The second letter from the Vatican, written November 30, 1895, contained claims which warranted further investigation. Cardinal Rampolla said:

> The pontifical representative of the Holy See promptly complied with my request; and now I am in position to state that the Protestants in Peru, far from being restricted in the free exercise of their worship, are rather accorded a larger degree of toleration than is compatible with a strict construction of the political constitution of these countries. This is evidenced by the fact that in Peru, especially in the cities of Lima and Callao, there are several Anglican and Methodist chapels where weekly conferences are held. As to the solemnization of marriages, the delegate informs me that, while the constitution of Peru recognizes no other form as valid than that prescribed by the Council of Trent, Protestants do, as a matter of fact, wed with religious ceremony in presence of their ministers, and civilly before the consuls and ambassadors of their respective countries. The same condition of things relative to marriage exists in Bolivia and Ecuador, where the exercise of religious

[1] The translation of the two letters from the Vatican was kindly furnished by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

[2] The Tablet, London, December 2, 1899; page 896.

worship is regulated by special constitutional enactments, with which, however, the Holy See cannot interfere.

A letter was addressed to Bishop John H. Vincent, who at that time was in South America, requesting him to secure, if possible, a careful and authoritative examination of those claims. At the bishop's request the Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Wood, of Callao, Peru, consented to furnish the desired information. The following points were considered: 1. Cardinal Rampolla makes the statement, "The Protestants in Peru are far from being restricted in the free exercise of their worship." Upon this Dr. Wood thus comments: "The constitution forbids us publicity for our worship. That is the only restriction that makes us any serious trouble. The restrictive clamoring of the clergy against us continually holds us up as clandestine and criminal—with no rights that anybody is bound to respect—deserving to be banished, or imprisoned, or overwhelmed with mobs. The clerical organs applaud unlawful outrages committed on us, and preachers enthuse their audience with the cry, 'Death to Protestants.'" 2. Cardinal Rampolla declares, "The Protestants in Peru are rather accorded a larger degree of toleration than is compatible with a strict construction of the political constitution of these countries." This declaration is met with the following rejoinder: "It is false to say that we use more liberty than strict construction allows." 3. Cardinal Rampolla's representation expressed in the two preceding quotations, "Now I am in a position to state that the Protestants in Peru, far from being restricted in the free exercise of their worship, are rather accorded a larger degree of toleration than is compatible with a strict construction of the political constitution of these countries," calls forth this reply: "It is doubly false to set forth, as the two foregoing quotations seem to do, that we are acting in defiance of law under tolerant leniency from the Roman Catholic Church. The truth is that we are carefully and conscientiously acting within the limits of the law as interpreted by lawful authority, and all our difficulty grows out of the unlawful intolerance of the Roman Catholic clergy." 4. Cardinal Rampolla says, "This is evidenced by the fact that in Peru, especially in the cities of Lima and Callao, there are several

Anglican and Methodist chapels where weekly conferences are held," to which Dr. Wood thus gives answer: "These words compel the reader to suppose that the constitution contains something that involves a prohibition of Anglican and Methodist chapels and their service, so that the existence of such chapels and services evidences 'a larger degree of toleration than is compatible with a strict construction of the political constitution.' Not so. There is nothing of the sort in the constitution. It takes for granted the existence of dissident worship and restricts it as to its publicity, but lays not a shadow of prohibition on its existence, or on the existence of the chapels in which it is held." 5. Cardinal Rampolla's affirmation, "The constitution of Peru recognizes no other form of marriage as valid than that prescribed by the Council of Trent," Dr. Wood most emphatically denies. This affirmation of the Papal Secretary of State is flatly contradicted by a communication from the Peruvian Legation, Washington, which denies "that any mention is made of marriage in the constitution," and which also affirms, "No mention is made of the Council of Trent in the constitution." 6. Cardinal Rampolla asserts, "Protestants do, as a matter of fact, wed with religious ceremony in the presence of their ministers, and civilly before the consuls and ambassadors of their respective countries." On this assertion Dr. Wood comments as follows: "This seems to say that we enjoy in Peru greater liberty due to the liberty-loving tolerance of the dominant Papacy, despite the restrictive and exclusive constitution! The truth is, we did enjoy that liberty before Macchi, the Apostolic Delegate, came and crowded to the front his innovations on the hospitable customs of the people and on the liberal tendencies in the legislation of Peru. Since then we have suffered wave after wave of hostility from those elements among the people which are controlled by him, and from those persons in power who stand in awe of him, with outrageous infractions of law in our persecutors, and the still more distressing imputation against us that we are lawbreakers, while we are loyally and conscientiously and carefully keeping the laws as defined by lawful authority. We do, indeed, wed, as Rampolla says, but our marriages are treated as infamous by Macchi's organ in Lima and

other clerical organs throughout the land, and are outlawed by an extreme executive decree embodying the innovation in the interpretation of the constitution and laws which read into them the exclusiveness clamored for by those same organs." 7. Cardinal Rampolla states, "The same condition of things relative to marriage exists in Bolivia and Ecuador," to which Dr. Wood replies: "This is false. In both these countries the civil codes are very diverse from that of Peru—far inferior—lacking the special combination of guarantees that have sheltered Protestant marriages in Peru ever since the civil code was enacted." 8. Cardinal Rampolla gives us the assurance that "The Holy See cannot interfere" with the constitutions of Bolivia and Ecuador, upon which Dr. Wood observes: "Theoretically, the Pope cannot interfere with national sovereignty, and these petty sovereignties have enacted many things to guard against his usurpation and make it difficult for him to interfere. But practically he does interfere all the time."

As to the claim that "the Holy See cannot interfere," what are the historical facts with which we are confronted? 1. Mr. Gladstone assures us that Pope Pius IX interfered in "civil matters" in Spain in 1855. Says the English statesman:[1]

> On the 26th of July in the same year (1855), Pius IX sent forth another Allocution, in which he recited various acts of the government of Spain, including the establishment of toleration for non-Roman worship, and the secularization of ecclesiastical property; and, by his own apostolical authority, he declared all the laws hereto relating to be abrogated, totally null and of no effect.

2. Mr. Gladstone also assures us that Pope Pius IX interfered in "civil matters" in Austria in 1862:[2]

> On the 22d of June, 1862, in another Allocution, Pius IX recited the provisions of an Austrian law of the previous December which established freedom of opinion, of the press, of belief, of conscience, of science, of education, and of religious profession, and which regulated matrimonial jurisdiction and other matters. The whole of these "abominable" laws "have been and shall be totally void and without all force whatsoever."

What Cardinal Newman said concerning the statement of the

[1] Vaticanism: An Answer to Reproofs and Replies, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.; pages 63, 64. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1875.

[2] Vaticanism, page 64.

eminent Irish Roman Catholic Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, before a committee of the British Parliament in 1825, denying Papal infallibility and affirming that Papal authority did not extend to civil affairs, that it requires "some pious interpretation,"[1] may be affirmed of more than one statement in the letters written by Cardinal Rampolla in 1895 concerning the condition of Protestants in Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia. The Rev. Dr. Henry Cook, a distinguished Irish Presbyterian clergyman, said on one occasion concerning Daniel O'Connell, "Lest it should, however, be called ill manners, I will not accuse Mr. O'Connell of telling an historical lie; but I must say with the good-natured Scotsman, 'He's a great economist of truth'"[2] May it not be said truthfully concerning the man who for many years with consummate tact and talent filled the position of Papal Secretary of State, "He's a great economist of truth"? Cardinal Rampolla's first letter, however, accomplished an end for which I believe he never intended it. That letter led some of the lawmakers in South America to resolve that since "the disabilities of Protestants in Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia" belonged to a state of things "solely dependent upon the civil laws in force" in those republics, they must, if they wished to command the respect of the better class of governments, heroically endeavor to remove those "disabilities." An intelligent eye-witness of the proceedings in both houses of the Peruvian Congress says, "Rampolla's letter was in the hands of members of Congress in the discussions referred to, and fanned the flames on both sides."

Cardinal Rampolla in the last paragraph of his second letter spoke of "the representations of Rev. John Lee." That "the condition of things" in those republics was according to my "representations" is fully corroborated (1) by a glance at the existing legislation affecting liberty of worship; (2) by a brief examination of the existing marriage laws.

The Rev. Dr. John F. Thomson, a missionary of experience and judgment, writing from Buenos Aires, November 19, 1897,

[1] A Letter addressed to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, on the Occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Recent Expostulation. By John H. Newman, D.D.; page 18. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 1875.

[2] The Repealer Repulsed; page 100. 1 High Street, Belfast: William McComb; 1841.

after giving citations from the codes in Spanish, with translations of these into English, observed: "I give you the *ipsissima verba* in Spanish as I copied them from the code. I copied them from page 60 of the edition published in La Paz, Bolivia, in 1831. The copy of the code from which I made the extract is the one found in the National Library in this city." The thought is inexpressibly sad that, as Mr. Lecky affirms, these laws "were always inspired or suggested by the priests." The 195th Article of Chapter III of the Section of the Penal Code of Bolivia that treats of "Crimes against the Religion of the State" says:

Whoever conspires directly and in fact to establish any other religion in Bolivia, or aims at having the republic cease to profess the Catholic Apostolic Roman religion, is a traitor, and shall suffer *the death penalty.*

The article of the constitution of each one of these republics concerning religion asserted that the state did not permit "the public exercise of any other" than "the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion."[1]

Dr. Thomson wrote:

The following extracts from the civil codes of Ecuador and Peru (which latter is used also by Bolivia, just as Paraguay uses the civil code of Argentina) are intended by me as proof absolute that marriage legal between two Protestants is impossible in either of these three countries:

The 100th Article of the Ecuadorian code says:

"It belongs to the ecclesiastical authority to decide concerning the validity of a marriage that it is sought to contract, or that has been contracted."

Article 114 of the same code says:

"Those who without (not) being Roman Catholics may desire to contract marriage in Ecuador must subject themselves to the prescriptions of the civil and canon laws."

Article 156 of the Peruvian code, which is also the Bolivian, says:

"Marriage is celebrated (legalized, solemnized, contracted) in the republic in accordance with the formalities established by the church in the Council of Trent."

Dr. Thomson presented "a few concrete cases demonstrative of the fact that the 'state of things' complained of does not depend

[1] History of Peru, by Clements R. Markham. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Company; 1892; page 515. Bureau of the American Republics, Washington, U. S. A. Ecuador. Bulletin No. 64. Revised to April 1, 1894; page 114. Bureau of the American Republics, Washington, U. S. A. Bolivia. Bulletin No. 53. Revised to July 1, 1893; page 116.

solely on the civil laws in force in the lands referred to." This is one:

"The capital of Bolivia is movable at the discretion of the government. In 1891 it was located at the city of La Paz. In that year Señor Aranzet, a Protestant, and a colporteur of the American Bible Society, was working in La Paz. He desired to be legally married to a Peruvian girl, also a Protestant, and residing in the capital. Aranzet, hearing that I was in La Paz, called upon me to officiate at the marriage. I consulted Colonel Anderson (of Ohio), then United States Minister to Bolivia. Mr. Anderson took a lively interest in the case and accompanied me in search of information to the private residence of the gentleman who stood at the head of that department of the government directly concerned with our business. He was the very highest authority on such a question. He told us that the legalization of such a marriage was impossible in Bolivia; no such marriage has ever been legalized in that country; the only marriage having the civil effects of legal matrimony in Bolivia must be celebrated in conformity with the decrees and canons of the Council of Trent."

The Hon. William E. Curtis, formerly United States Commissioner to the South American republics, in a letter written to The Chicago Record from Guayaquil, Ecuador, July 12, 1899, and published in the issue of that paper for August 8, 1899, said: "The marriage law, however, has not been amended. No Protestant clergyman is allowed to perform the ceremony, and under the existing statutes no marriage is lawful unless sanctioned by a Roman Catholic priest. Children born after Protestant marriages are considered illegitimate and cannot inherit property." May 30, 1895, in the city of Callao, Peru, Mr. F. A. Hazeltine and Miss Amy E. Wood were married. Both were Protestants; both were American citizens; the marriage was solemnized according to their faith; all possible means were taken to comply with the law of civil registration, but the latter was refused on the ground that there had been no legal marriage.[1]

In the closing years of the nineteenth century and the opening years of the twentieth two of the world's greatest statesmen were Pope Leo XIII and his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla. These statesmen were not ignorant of the fact that "the trend, all over the earth, is in the direction of the broadest reli-

[1] The Buenos Aires Herald, December 27, 1895.

gious liberty." They knew that to stop the march of this liberty would be as easy a task as to stop the earth in its motion around the sun. They advocated religious liberty for non-Roman Catholic countries, and for countries where Roman Catholics are in the minority. They had foresight sufficient to convince them that the odious religious restrictions in these South American republics would be swept away long before Macaulay's celebrated New Zealander "shall, in the midst of vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of Saint Paul's."[1] Why, then, did these statesmen who had such an "admiration for the Constitution of the United States," and who admitted that "under its protection" Roman Catholics "have enjoyed a liberty which has so confessedly promoted the astonishing growth of their religion in the past,"[2] not decide, when the Chicago appeal was made, that the influence of the Vatican should be "heartily exercised through the clergy of the countries above named in favor of legislation establishing such religious freedom as is so warmly approved by their colleagues in this republic"? Because these statesmen represented a system which cannot surrender any of its pretensions. Such as it is, it must remain until the end. The Papal system asserts that "to place the various forms of divine worship on the same footing as the true religion" is "unlawful";[3] the American Constitution teaches that this is *lawful.*

Compare the assertions made by Cardinal Rampolla in the city of Rome in 1895—"Now I am in a position to state that the Protestants in Peru, far from being restricted in the free exercise of their worship, are rather accorded a larger degree of toleration than is compatible with a strict construction of the political constitution of these countries. This is evidenced by the fact that in Peru, especially in the cities of Lima and Callao, there are several Anglican and Methodist chapels where weekly conferences are held"—with the assertion made by Bishop Ninde

[1] Macaulay's Miscellaneous Writings, Vol. II, pp. 615, 616. Harper & Brothers, New York: 1880.

[2] The Catholic Mirror, Baltimore, April 14, 1888.

[3] See Cardinal Manning's letter in The New York Tribune, July 3, 1886; also in The Times, London, July 6, 1886.

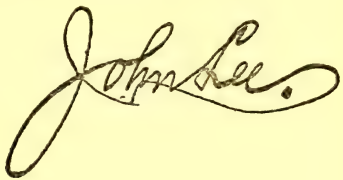
in the city of Callao in 1900: "It seems a burning shame that in this advanced period the rights of conscience are so restricted that no public religious services are permitted outside the Roman Catholic churches. I was myself admitted to a prayer meeting in Callao by a ticket handed me by the doorkeeper—that the meeting was private and thus not held in violation of law."[1]

"Protestants far from being restricted in the free exercise of their worship!"

"No public religious services are permitted outside the Roman Catholic Churches!"

In the light of the foregoing evidence who will affirm that the Papal Secretary of State did not ignore the divine command, "Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor"? Again I repeat it: Christendom is amply able to pronounce a correct verdict concerning Cardinal Rampolla's conception of ethics.

[1] The Northwestern Christian Advocate, Chicago, June 27, 1900; page 9.



BROWNING'S "SAUL" AND WESLEY'S "WRESTLING JACOB"

To compare any poem of Robert Browning's with any poem of Charles Wesley's would seem at first glance to be but the idle indulgence of a whimsical literary fancy.

Charles Wesley was the writer of Methodist hymns; his poems were written to be sung as hymns, and were written for the hymnology of the unlettered working people of eighteenth-century England. So plain in diction are his poems that wayfaring men, though fools, may not err therein, and so doctrinal and didactical that critics hasten to declare that most of the hymns are not poetry at all. And when the hymns do, perchance, soar on wings as eagles they rise into the realm of pure devotion or into sentiment or pathos that the commonest mind can grasp without study or effort. The poems of Charles Wesley have been a treasure-house of simple devotional literature which he who could not read might memorize; verses that the humble Methodist might quote in his prayers without a thought of being versed in literature. What a contrast is this to the popular idea of Browning! Undoubtedly at this juncture some Browning devotee may arise to proclaim that Robert Browning is no less devotional than Charles Wesley and much more lofty in his thought, and rather to be preferred as a devotional poet, all of which may be true. But it is nevertheless true that to the great mass of people Browning is, and for some time will remain, almost unknown. For the populace regard him as cryptic, confusing, hiding his thoughts under many words. Of course, we hasten to disclaim this view; we know that Browning is never profuse of words to hide scant thought. On the contrary, he uses not words enough; his writings are mainly characterized by an abundance and intensity of

> "Thoughts hardly to be packed
> Into a narrow"

line or two of verse to which he would confine them. Be that as

it may, the fact remains that Browning occupies a place as a literary aristocrat, known and loved by scholars, while Charles Wesley is the religious poet of the people, the unlearned. This popular attitude may not be just; but it is nevertheless the manner in which the great mass of people regard the two poets. The object of this article is to point out certain striking resemblances between Browning's "Saul" and Charles Wesley's poem the "Wrestling Jacob."

In construction the poems are utterly different—"Saul" a somewhat pretentious dramatic poem, filled with the most exalted imagery and fine poetic phrasing; "Wrestling Jacob" a devotional poem, written and sung as a hymn—though it has never been a popular hymn. In spite of these surface differences these poems are upon the same theme and arrive at the same goal. Each poem is the story of how a man, presumably the author, came into a personal consciousness of the divine truth that "God is Love." In Methodist phrase, in each poem the author "gives his experience." In the psychology of conversion, which the devout Christian as well as the doubting philosopher may well study, there is nothing more striking or beautiful than the sudden flooding of the soul with the consciousness of divine love. We need hardly quote instances. Religious history abounds in instances of this experience: Paul, rapturously declaring "the breadth and length and depth and height" of the love of Christ, and exulting that "neither life, nor death, nor angels, . . . nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God"; Augustine, finding rest for his restless soul in that love; Jonathan Edwards walking in his garden, his soul in sweet accord with the divine love; Madame Guyon even in prison finding divine love to be stronger than the hatred of her enemies; Billy Bray so filled with the consciousness of divine love that as he walked "one foot said 'Glory!' and the other said 'Amen!'" To Robert Browning and to Charles Wesley, as to Christians in all ages, has this revelation come. In "Saul" Browning tells how this experience came to him, and in "Wrestling Jacob" Wesley tells how he came into the divine secret.

"Saul" is so well known that it is not necessary here to give any extended account of the poem. Enough to say that after the

boy David had sung to Saul upon every high, invigorating theme that he thought might restore to the morose mad king an interest in life, sung to him of the chase, of war, of the great name he might yet gain, but without response, he pauses in despair. What more can he say or sing? O, gladly would he give his own life, his own happiness, that he might bring again life and happiness to the king. And as he sits helpless, yet intensely yearning to help, suddenly a great truth breaks upon him with wondrous power. Shall man love more than God?

> Would I suffer for him that I love? So would'st Thou, so wilt Thou!
> So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown,
> And thy love fill infinitude wholly. . . .
> . . . . . .
> As thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty, be proved
> Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved!

This rapture of discovery, though couched in characteristically peculiar Browning phraeology, is nevertheless the common rapture of "the soul in its earliest love." How many Christians of all ages have expressed this rapture, with what abundance or meagerness of language they had at command? The psalmist saw the trees clap their hands and the little hills skip like lambs. Paul exclaimed, "All things are become new!" And in class meeting and prayer meeting how often has been said or sung:

> O the rapturous height
> Of that holy delight
> Which I felt in the life-giving blood!

This same rapture does Browning thus voice forth:

> The stars of night beat with emotion, and tingled and shot
> Out in the fire the strong pain of pent knowledge: but I fainted not,
> For the Hand still impelled me at once and supported, suppressed
> All the tumult, and quenched it with quiet and holy behest,
> Till the rapture was shut in itself, and the earth sank to rest.

Charles Wesley's "Wrestling Jacob," while but one of his many poems on the theme of divine love, seems to be plainly a relation, in poetic form, of his personal revelation of this truth. While it has never been very popular as a hymn it has always been considered one of the best of the Wesleyan poems. Of it Dean

Stanley said: "It is filled . . . with a depth and pathos that might well excite Watts to say that it was worth all the verses that he himself had written and induce Montgomery to compare it to the action of a lyrical drama." In the present edition of the Methodist Hymnal the poem is reduced to just half of the original; but the seven stanzas are wisely selected, and the thought of the poem is complete in this half: Jacob, who personates the sinner seeking for pardon, wrestles with the angel all through the night, and as the dawn breaks receives the revelation that he has met the Saviour and that the Saviour's name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'Tis Love! Thou died'st for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal Love thou art.

And is not this the same thing that Browning is saying when he cries:

Thy Love is discovered almighty!

This is the same rapture that possessed John the beloved when he cries out, "God is Love!"

Wesley declares:

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long;
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak then am I strong.

And Browning says:

'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I speak and I find it.

To compare further:

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end.

Which is to say:

O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!

After Jacob, who is Charles Wesley, received his revelation he cried out:

> Lame as I am, I take the prey,
> Hell, earth and sin with ease o'ercome;
> I leap for joy, pursue my way,
> And as a bounding hart fly home
> Through all eternity to prove
> Thy nature and thy name is Love.

And after receiving the divine truth David, who is Robert Browning, declared:

> I know not too well how I found my way home in the night.
> There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to left and to right,
> Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the alive, the aware;
> I repressed, I got through them as hardly, as strugglingly there
> As a runner beset by the populace famished for news—
> Life or death.

Thus, in his own way, according to his own genius, does each poet tell how God revealed his love. The poets are different, as are their poems; but the story is the same. And we who are not poets are glad; for, though we could not frame the verse, yet we know that we have seen the same light. "God hath made of one blood all flesh," and to great and small, to the learned and to the unlettered, doth God reveal his "new, unutterable name," and with both poets we can say:

> Thy Love is discovered almighty.
> Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Geo. H. Willett

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

SHALL WE BECOME BUDDHISTS?[1]

WITHIN the last thirty years there has been a genuine Buddhist propaganda in Christian lands. Perhaps the beginning of widespread interest in Buddhism in Great Britain and America was the publication of the fine poem, The Light of Asia, by Edwin Arnold in 1879, which for the first time opened up to the ordinary English reader the fascinating story of Siddhartha's great renunciation. It mattered not how much or how little of scientific value that poem had as a true setting forth of the Buddha and his faith—it aroused the attention of people to the romantic figure of India's sage as a book by an expert could not do, so that The Light of Asia opened the way for the Buddhist appeal to those who never heard of the little book of Dr. William C. Wilkinson, Edwin Arnold as Poetizer and Paganizer (1885), or of the scholarly and valuable book by missionary and later professor and pastor Samuel H. Kellogg, The Light of Asia and the Light of the World (1885). For years the Maha Bodhi Journal, edited by C. C. Bose, at Calcutta, has been commending Buddhism to English readers, and is the organ of the Maha Bodhi societies. In the same city is published The Buddhist and in San Francisco The Light of Dharma, where as well as in other cities societies exist for the propagation of Buddhism. Olcott's Buddhist Catechism (1882) has gone into the thirty-fifth edition, and has been translated into more than twenty languages. Der Buddhist, a monthly magazine, was established in Leipzig in 1905, and there is a Buddhist Missionary society in Germany. Besides, philosophical thought in the West has prepared the way for this Eastern cult of negation. Schopenhauer's pessimism was exactly in the spirit of India, to which he looked for the final word of wisdom. "Christianity," he said, "will never strike root in India. The primitive wisdom of the human race will never be pushed aside

[1] By Dr. J. A. Faulkner, Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

by any incidents in Galilee. On the contrary, Indian wisdom will flow back upon Europe and produce a thorough change in our knowing and thinking."[1] Comte helped the movement along by his naturalistic philosophy, whose motto was: Look at the things which are seen,[2] and one of whose followers saw in the "bloodless and innocent record of Buddhism the reconstruction of true religious faith upon a permanent basis."[3]

Then again, in 1882 a professor in the philosophical faculty in Leipzig sharply emphasized popular interest in Buddhism from another side by the publication of a book, Das Evangelium von Jesu in seinem Verhaltnissen zu Buddha-Sage und Buddha-Lehre, followed the next year by his Buddha und Christus, and completing the triology in 1884 by his Die Buddhalegende und das Leben Jesu nach den Evangelien (2 Aufl. by his son, 1897). This opened up a most interesting field, which has been exploited further, as by Albert J. Edmunds, of Philadelphia, in his Buddhist and Christian Gospels: Being Gospel Parallels from Pali Texts, Tokyo, 1905,[4] who has presented the matter in a most attractive way; as well as by Arthur Lillie, in his The Influence of Buddhism on Primitive Christianity, London, 1893, and more exhaustively in his India in Primitive Christianity, London, 1909. As to whether Christianity really borrowed anything from Buddhism, I shall say a word or two at the close. Finally, there is what is called Esoteric Buddhism, with societies to bring Christians into a purer faith.

First, then, who was Buddha and what did he do? He was the son of a Rajah of a little Aryan clan in northeast India, born at a place now called Kohana, about one hundred miles northeast of Benares. His own name was Siddhartha, and his family name was Gautama, and he is frequently called by both names. While there is nothing reliable recorded of his youth and early manhood, the sequel shows that he was a wistful, thoughtful person, deeply affected by the sorrows of humanity and troubled by the poverty and distress of which India was and is so full. He was married, and had one son. His meditation on the griefs and sins of the world, and his constant brooding on how he might be freed from it all, finally led him to leave his father (his mother was dead), his wife, child, and clan, and go forth to find the

[1] Parerga, 3d ed., 1. 59.

[2] Compare 2 Cor. 4. 18.

[3] The propaganda in Germany has called out the valuable study of R. Falke, Der Buddhismus in unserem modernen Deutschen Geistesleben, Halle, 1903, 74 pages.

[4] On sale by the Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

secret of deliverance, the secret of peace. One night at midnight he went to his wife's chamber to take a last look at her and their child. The lamp was flickering dimly. He watched her sleeping with her hand on the head of the babe. He wanted to take the dear boy in his arms once more, but the fear of awakening the dearer mother and thus frustrating his plans prevented him. He tore himself away, and accompanied by one servant left his home to become a student, a wanderer, a seeker for the pearl of great price. According to the religious traditions of his land, he sought first by asceticism. He sent back to his home his ornaments and his horse, exchanged his fine clothes with a poor ragged wayfarer, cut off his hair, and joined himself to several Hindu hermits living in the caves of the Vindhya mountains, near what is now Rajgir.

From these ascetics he tried to find the true path. He went from one to the other of them to learn all that they had to teach him. But the way was not with them. Then he bethought him of the standard method of Hindu philosophy to gain the higher knowledge, viz., harsh penance and privation. He withdrew to the jungles near the present temple of Buddha Gaya, and sounded the depths of self-mortification. Alas! in vain. Though near to death by his fasting and deprivations, he was of too fine a nature to deceive either himself or others, and had to tell the disciples who gathered around him there that he had not only not found the secret of peace, but that that secret could not be found along that way. As his Brahman disciples could not believe otherwise they left him, disenthralled of their noble master. How he found the secret I can do no better than give in the words of the Buddha expert, Rhys Davids:

"Disenchanted and dissatisfied, Gautama had given up all that most men value to seek peace in secluded study and self-denial. Failing to attain this object while learning the wisdom of others, and living the simple life of a student, he had devoted himself to that intense meditation and penance which all philosophers then said would raise men above the gods. Still unsatisfied, looking always for a certainty that seemed ever just beyond his grasp, he had added vigil to vigil and penance to penance, until—when to the wondering view of others he had become more than a saint—his indomitable resolution and faith had together suddenly and completely broken down. Then, when sympathy would have been most welcome, he found his friends falling away, and his disciples leaving him. Soon after, if not on the very day his followers had gone, he wandered out toward the banks of Nairanjara, receiving his morning meal from the hands of Sujata, the daughter of a neighboring villager, and sat himself down to eat it under the shade of a large tree (a ficus religiosa), to be

known from that time as the sacred Bo-tree, a tree of wisdom. There he examined himself through the long hours of that day, debating within himself what next to do. The philosophy he had trusted in seemed to be doubtful; the penance he had practiced so long had brought no certainty, no peace; and all his old temptations came back upon him with renewed force. For years he had looked on all earthly good as vanity, worthless and transitory. Nay, more, he had thought that it contained within itself the seeds of evil, and must inevitably sooner or later bring forth its bitter fruit. But now to his wavering faith the sweet delights of home and love, the charms of wealth and power, began to show themselves in a different light, and to glow again with attractive colors. They were within his reach, he knew he would be welcomed back, and yet—would there even then be satisfaction? Were all his labors to be lost? Was there no sure ground to stand on? Thus he agonized in his doubt from the early morning until night. But as the day ended, so the religious side of his nature had won the victory; his doubts had cleared away; he had become Buddha, that is, enlightened; he had grasped, as it seemed to him, the solution of the great mystery of sorrow, and had learnt at once its causes and its cure. He seemed to have gained the haven of peace, and in the power over the human heart of inward culture or of love to others, to rest at last on a certitude that could never be shaken."[1]

I think for our purpose it is not necessary to follow the life of the Buddha further. He lived as a sage and mendicant, visiting different parts of northeast India, preaching his new religion, and dying, after a ministry of forty-five years, at Kusi-nagara, one hundred and twenty miles northeast of Benares, about 412 B. C.[2]

What then is the gospel of Buddha? What did he find under the Bo-tree? What did he see that made him the Enlightened One, the Buddha? He found the Four Noble Truths:

1. Birth is sorrow. Growth, decay, death—in fact, everything that exists, everything that goes to make up an individuality, everything is sorrow.

2. What is the cause of this? Desire, thirst, a longing for satisfaction which we have as persons. This desire—interpreted in a large way—leads to birth, to rebirth after death, to reincarnations, keeping us bound by an endless chain to desire and thus to sorrow.

3. This can be overcome by the destruction of desire, destruction of the thirst of life, and all the thirsts that go with it.

4. How can we get the destruction of this thirst? By the Noble Eightfold Path:

[1] Buddhism, London, 1878, 18th ed., 1899, 38–40.

[2] This is the date of Rhys Davids, who has worked out the argument in his Ancient Coins and Measures of Ceylon (1877). Others give different dates.

1. Right Belief.
2. Right Resolve.
3. Right Word.
4. Right Action.
5. Right Life.
6. Right Effort.
7. Right Thinking.
8. Right Meditation.

These eight are explained[1]—the belief or views as free from superstition and delusion; the aims as high and worthy of the intelligent earnest man; the speech as kind, open and truthful; the conduct as peaceful, earnest and pure; the life or livelihood as bringing hurt to no living thing; the endeavor for self-training and self-control; mindfulness or thinking as becomes an active, watchful mind; and right meditation on the deep mysteries of life.

It will be seen that the Buddha agreed perfectly with his Brahman teachers in the underlying pessimism of his system. Life is evil, its pleasures as well as its pain, and it is evil because it is bound up with desire. The great thing is to get rid of desire, which is the root of life. To do this one must have knowledge. But here the Buddha parted with the Brahman, to whom knowledge was the goal—absorption in the attributes and soul of the supreme God, and he parted from the Jain, to whom asceticism was the chief thing. For Buddha the chief thing is purity, is wisdom, is love: having these, our external sensations no longer give fuel to the fires of desire, which cannot therefore bring forth evil, and we are freed from the law of birth and rebirth. Thus, in one of the Buddhist writings, the Buddha is described as "that great man who unaided works out salvation for all the world, and extinguishes by the rainfall of the nectar of his teaching the fires of lust and anger and error, of birth, old age, disease and death, of pain, lamentation, grief, disappointment and despair!"[2]

"Rise up! and loiter not!"

One of the sources makes the Buddha say.

"Rise up! and loiter not!
Practice a normal life and right!
Who follows virtue rests in bliss,
Both in this world and in the next.
Follow after the normal life!
Follow not after wrong!
Who follows virtue rests in bliss,
Both in this world and in the next!"

[1] By Davids in Sacred Books of the East, XI, 144.
[2] Jina Akankāra, quoted by Burnouf, Le Lotus de la bonne Loi, 1852, 332.

Now you say, This is fine! As to his method the Buddha struck out a path he well calls Noble. He lifted the yoke of a thousand gods from the neck of India. He abolished priesthood at a stroke, with its lies, its exactions, its placing itself between the light and the people. Every man was his own priest, and every man could find the pearl without the help of another. Gautama called the ordinary citizen to the High Life, he inaugurated as to religion the day of the Common Man. His voice sounded across all social chasms, all castes, calling every man to free himself from desire by self-control, virtue, and love, and thus enter the way leading to Nirvana. He abolished magic, superstition, self-torture, Yoga (supposed absorption into the divine by a special species of meditation, in which the adept becomes unconscious and goes sailing away into Infinity—the highest reach of the spirit), all arbitrary religious acts, which are the stock in trade of priests; all ceremonies—all this huge machinery of heathenism and, as it came to be, of perverted Christianity—he struck down at a blow, and proclaimed to all, low and high, rich and poor, high born and pariah, the simple paths of justice, right, and kindness, and not only proclaimed them as good things in general, as the Brahmans did, but proclaimed them as both absolutely sufficient to blessedness and absolutely the only way to it. We cannot deny that that was an epoch in the life of man, nor have we any desire to do so. No wonder millions rise up and call him blessed. And as Roman Catholics have practically deified Mary, the mother of Jesus, as the symbol of submission, piety, purity and other female virtues, can we wonder that the Buddhists have deified their master? It was quite natural, indeed, for them to deify him. In their Scriptures one of the angels or gods speaks to him.

> Many gods and men
> Have held various things blessings,
> When they were yearning for happiness;
> Do thou declare to us the chief good.

Then Gautama answers—and these simple and everyday Beatitudes, however closely or loosely they reproduce the Buddha's actual words, are certainly true to the very spirit and form of his teaching:

> Not to serve the foolish,
> But to serve the wise;
> To honor those worthy of honor:
> This is the greatest blessing.

To dwell in a pleasant land,
Good works done in a former birth,
Right desires in the heart:
  This is the greatest blessing.

Much insight and education,
Self-control and pleasant speech;
And whatever word be well-spoken:
  This is the greatest blessing.

To support father and mother,
To cherish wife and child;
To follow a peaceful calling:
  This is the greatest blessing.

To bestow alms and live righteously,
To give help to kindred;
Deeds which cannot be blamed:
  These are the greatest blessings.

To abhor and cease from sin,
Abstinence from strong drink;
Not to be weary in well doing:
  These are the greatest blessings.

Reverence and lowliness,
Contentment and gratitude;
The hearing of the law in due seasons:
  This is the greatest blessing.

To be long suffering and meek,
To associate with the tranquil;[1]
Religious talk in due seasons:
  This is the greatest blessing.

Self-restraint and purity,
The knowledge of the Noble Truths;
The realization of Nirvana:
  This is the greatest blessing.

Beneath the stroke of life's changes,
The mind that shaketh not;
Without grief or passion, and secure:
  This is the greatest blessing.

On every side are invincible
They who do acts like these;
On every side they walk in safety:
  Theirs is the greatest blessing.[2]

[1] That is, Buddhist monks.

[2] This Mangala Sutta has been often translated. See note in Davids' Buddhism, 127, to whom I am indebted here.

This is certainly a high level for uninspired man. I have been wont to call Buddhism the noblest non-Christian religion, and one in reading verses like these can feel its powerful appeal. Or like these:

> For never in this world does hatred cease by hatred;
> Hatred ceases by love; this is always its nature.
>
> One may conquer a thousand thousand men in battle,
> But he who conquers himself alone is the greatest victor.
>
> Let a man overcome anger by kindness, evil by good;
> Let him conquer the stingy with a gift, the liar by truth.
>
> Let him speak the truth, let him not yield to anger;
> Let him give when asked, even from the little he has;
> By these three things he will enter the presence of the God.
>
> The gift of the law exceeds all gifts,
> The sweetness of the law exceeds all sweetness;
> The delight of the law exceeds all delight,
> The extinction of thirst overcomes all grief.[1]

With these fine teachings one might be tempted to answer, Yes, to the question, Shall we become Buddhists? and institute a society down-town to-morrow next door to the rooms of its very young sister, Christian Science. But with all the virtues of the old Buddhism—later Buddhism is another and sadder story—and all the defects of Christianity, I still remain a Christian and refuse to join the Buddhist or related societies in New York. What, then, are the fatal flaws of this fascinating faith?

1. It has no God. It allowed devas or exalted beings in another life, but Buddha became an atheist in regard to a Supreme Being. To him all beings in the universe are under the law of Kharma, the subtle thing that binds all spirits in its unbreakable chains, the nearest to which in our conception is probably the law of cause and effect. The highest god as well as the lowest man are alike held in these bonds. The idea of a free, benevolent, infinite, wise, holy God presiding over the destinies of man is foreign to the thought of Buddha. To me that dooms the gentle Indian sage from giving the highest help. Like the psalmist, my soul and your soul thirst for God, for the living God. We cannot substitute blind Kharma for the all seeing, all loving Father. So the Buddhists themselves have come to think,

[1] See the admirable catena of quotations in Davids, *lib. cit.*, 124ff.

and have deified Gautama and have set their prayer wheels whizzing, as the Romans deified Augustus.

2. Buddhism has no Saviour. The distinguishing feature of Christianity is simply this—its divine Saviour Christ; nothing more, nothing less. Buddhism lacks this. It is true that its formula of admission is: "I take refuge in the Buddha, in the Law and in the Assembly." But this does not mean that the convert thought of the Buddha as we think of Christ. Just the opposite. Gautama is on the same plane with all of us. He found peace through self-discipline. So must we. He could win his salvation thus. So can we. The Buddha was an inspiration, an example, and thus indirectly a help, but not a Saviour; a Hindu Emerson, but not a Christ.

3. This leads me to say that Buddhism has no message to the lost. It was the religion of the elite, of the well-to-do, of the strong in mind and body, who can conquer themselves, and by self-knowledge and self-instruction, by meditation, by a potent will and continuous striving, attain the goal of deliverance from the sensuous, from their environment, from all external appeal, and settle down in the calm of a lofty sufficiency. The Buddha conquered Mara by his own will, and "won his way to light by his individual energy alone." Moses and the prophets hesitated to deliver their message through modesty and fear, and were seized with trembling. Not so the Buddha. "He had perfect assurance in himself, but he had no confidence at first in the ability of others to comprehend and follow him in a way so difficult to find and so hard to tread."[1] He asked no deity to keep him, for he was greater and wiser than all the gods.[2] His was not the religion of the broken will or of the broken heart, much less of the soul held in the fetters of its sins. "Rouse thyself by thyself," says one of the sacred books; "examine thyself by thyself, thus self-protected and attentive wilt thou live happily, O Bhikshu; for self is the lord of self, self is the refuge of self: therefore curb thyself as a merchant curbs a good horse."[3] "Be ye lamps unto yourselves. Betake yourselves to no external refuge. Look not for refuge to any one but yourselves."[4] It is not simply that historically the older Buddhism had, as Oldenberg says,[5] a decided predilection for the aristocracy, that his first converts

[1] Mahavagga, i, 5. 2 (*S. B. E.* XVII).

[2] Rev. Dr. Archibald Scott, Buddhism and Christianity, Edinburgh, 1890 (able and convincing lectures).

[3] Dhammapada, 379, 380.

[4] Maha-Parinibbana Sutta II, 33.

[5] Buddha, 157 (Germ. ed. 1881, 4th ed., 1903, Eng. tr. London, 1882).

were all nobles and priests,[1] but that in the nature of the case Siddhartha's message could offer nothing to "the down and out." "The reason for this," says Professor Edward Washburn Hopkins, "lies as much as anything in the nature of the Buddhistic system, which is expressly declared to be 'for the wise, not for the foolish.' It was not a system based as such on love or any democratic sentiment. It was a philosophical exposition of the causal nexus of birth and freedom from rebirth. The common man, untrained in logic, might adopt the teaching, but he could not understand it. . . . The teachers were instructed in the subtleties of the 'Path,' and it needed no little training to follow the leader's thought to its logical conclusion."[2] It is for this reason that all these modern cults, Esoteric Buddhism, New Thought, Christian Science, and similar outgrowths of an overfed, over-stimulated, over-sensitive, nervous, restless civilization, are the fads of a coterie, not the religion of lost men and women. They have not the power to do the real work of true religion.

4. Buddhism is a monastic religion, and thus fundamentally false, and, so far as its effects go, vicious. This monastic development has had free course in later Buddhism, as it has had in later Christianity, but it was also a part of the original message of the sage. For complete emancipation from desire, for entire cutting aloof from the law of rebirth, an ascetic life is indispensable. Every Buddhist who takes his religion seriously must become a monk. He makes no vow of obedience and he can leave at any time; but he takes the Ten Vows, namely, to abstain from killing, stealing, impurity (all sexual relations), lying, intoxicating drinks, eating at forbidden times, dancing, singing, music, and stage plays, the use of unguents, garlands, scents, and ornaments, the use of a high and broad bed, and the acceptance of gold and silver. He also takes the Eight Commandments banning killing, stealing, lying, drinking, fornication, or adultery, eating unseasonable food at night, using garlands and perfumes, and commanding the use of a mat spread on the ground in sleeping. The first five of these commandments are also binding on all Buddhists. The monastic brotherhood was not at all the hard-and-fast affair the Roman Catholic orders have been, but the monks lived a real ascetic life apart from the world, a life of meditation, study, begging, and—unlike some of the Roman Catholic orders—without contributing anything to civilization or progress.

[1] See E. W. Hopkins, The Religions of India, Boston, 1895, 307, 308.
[2] Hopkins, 309.

Buddhism thus, like Catholicism, divides men by an arbitrary chasm, putting the perfect on one side and the imperfect on the other, and securing—also like Catholicism—that the perfect by their useless lives are those who could most readily be spared from the world. But here again we are confronted by a striking fact which shows in what different worlds Buddhism and Christianity live, namely, the very thing that Christianity accounts of greatest value to a man's spiritual development Buddhism accounts of least value. That is, that a man should do "all things for the glory of God"; that he should consider his wife and children, his brothers and sisters, his trade and profession, his every-day task in business or in farm, the very means ordained by the Almighty for his highest culture, the things the doing of which in a proper spirit secure his richest reward and highest heaven—this is the demand of Christianity—this is its glory. Therefore there can be no one nearer to God than a pious artisan, no priest, no pope, no Grand Lama. The very opposite of this is the ideal of the Buddha. Separate yourself from the ordinary walk of life, from its ordinary necessities, amenities, cares, joys, sorrows, work; cut yourself from dependence on others; live in loneliness from the crowd, having only in yourself both the source of all good and the goal of all good, until your very being casts no roots outward, but absorbed in itself knows nothing but itself, and not even itself in conscious knowledge; this is the scheme of Gautama, this is his gospel, this is the head and front of his message. For this reason Buddhism must be monastic.

It is fair to say, however, that the Buddha had a word for ordinary people, urging to morally clean and kindly living, and if they thus lived, promising them not fruition, not salvation, not Nirvana, but a rebirth in a more or less high state, where if likewise good they would prepare themselves for another rebirth higher still, and so on *ad infinitum,* or—more accurately—until they reach Nirvana, their only desirable goal.

5. I say prepare themselves for another rebirth, as though there was to be a conscious continuation of the spirit in a perhaps loftier state. But this the Buddha denied. And so my fifth objection to the religion of the gentle prophet of the Ganges is that according to it man has no soul. Man is only, as Hackmann well says, a "collection of bodily and intellectual antecedents. The working together of a group of powers causes only an apparent unity, which has been taken as something existing in itself and called the soul. In reality

there are only ever changing precedents (or antecedents, *Vorgänge*) in a certain connection. There is no permanent I on which the phenomena of my life attach themselves. Every supposed I is only the totality of a group of processes, and as these processes constantly come and go, so the I is always new and different. And inasmuch as one precedent event is always connected with a following one, there appears to be something permanent."[1] But this is only apparent. It is only the Thirst which makes the continuance. That love of life, of something external, leads inevitably to the continuance—even after the stroke of death, a new birth elsewhere. Let us praise the Buddha that he brought home to the Indian people, accustomed for ages to the doctrine of transmigration or rebirth of souls (so called), that the thing that conditions that rebirth is the moral life here—not sacrifices, not priestly prayers, not holy water, nor placated deities, but the daily life of goodness or the reverse. This determines with the certainty of fate the kind of rebirth. But there is no spiritual being, no soul, no personal identity, and therefore no immortality in the religion of Siddhartha.

6. No immortality, I say, and that is another reason why I prefer Jesus to Gautama. By immortality I mean self-conscious life of the Ego, which is opposed either to annihilation or loss of active life in sinking back into the waveless calm of the Infinite, without thought, without emotion, without desire. One is theoretical, the other is practical, extinction. To us Westerners, whose feeling is voiced by the familiar lines of Tennyson—

> 'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
> O life, not death, for which we pant;
> More life, and fuller, that I want [2]

—it seems strange that the goal of life should be extinction, and that not for some poor battered soul who has been broken on the wheels of sin and misery, and who might long for nothing so much as to cease to be, but for pure and high spirits who are competent for further development and knowledge, and who would naturally wish for it. But that puzzling paradox meets us in Buddhism and even in the elder Hinduism. "What was mostly aimed at by the Hindu sages," says Sir Coomara Swany, "was the destruction of the Ego—individuality. So long as that was attained it mattered not whether that was due

[1] Der Ursprung des Buddhismus u. d. Gesch. s. Ausbreitung, Tüb., 1906, 13, 14.
[2] The Two Voices.

to absorption or annihilation. Human misery arose from the assumption that there was such a thing as 'I.' Destroy this, and release, or Nibbana, was instantly attained."[1] The highest aim of the Buddhist was Nirvana (Pali, Nibbana), extinction, absolute or relative annihilation. Some scholars have sought to preserve some kind of existence as consistent with the last state of the Buddhist saint, but so far as I can find the best light is against them. Such existence is consistent with early stages of Nirvana, which was attained by the Buddha even in this life, but in the fruition the candle of life, which to the Christian is the lamp of the Lord, goes out. The later Buddhist writers revolted against this prospect, and tried to recover the thought of a future life, but their old classics sing a different song. The latter tell of a dialogue between two of the first disciples, Milinda and Nagasena, held after the Buddha's death. "*Mil.:* Can you point out to me the place where he is? *Nag.:* Our Bhagavat (the blessed lord) has attained Nirvana, where there is no repetition of birth. We cannot say that he is here or there. When a fire is extinguished can it be said that it is here or there? Even so our Buddha has attained extinction. He is like the sun that has set behind the Astigiri mountain. It cannot be said that he is here or there, but we can point him out by the discourses he delivered: in them he lives."[2] I give a passage or two from their scriptures: "The old is destroyed, the new has not arisen; those whose minds are disgusted with a future existence, the wise who have destroyed their seeds (of existence), and whose desires do not increase, go out like this lamp."[3] "Who except the noble deserve the well understood state of Nirvana? Having perfectly conceived this state, those free from passion are completely extinguished."[4] "That by which they say, He is, exists for him (the saved one) no longer."[5] The Vinaga Pitaka gives the Buddhist theory in a nutshell: "By the destruction of thirst, attachment is destroyed; by the destruction of attachment existence is destroyed." This dreary doom of the elect grows out of two fundamental principles of the Buddha, that is, that existence itself is an evil, and that there is no such thing as personality. Even the devas, or gods, feel the travail of the universe; even they envy the man who has attained Nirvana, where thirst has perished, and one possesses nothing, wishes nothing.

[1] Sutta Nipata, pref.
[2] Quoted by Max Müller, Buddhism and Buddhist Pilgrims, London, 1857, 53.
[3] Kulavagga, 234 (*S. B. E.*, X, 39).
[4] Mahavagga, 765 (X, 145).
[5] Sutta Nipata: Parayanavagga, VII, 4–8.

knows nothing. And as to personality a verse from the Visuddhi Magga expresses the idea exactly:

> Misery only doth exist, none miserable;
> No doer is there, naught save the deed is found;
> Nirvana is, but not the man who seeks it:
> The Path exists, but not the traveler on it.

I think Kellogg is right in calling this a "paradoxical expression of the most extreme Nihilism. The substance has perished, but its attributes remain! The deed remains, but not the doer! The attempt to distinguish such a condition from that which in ordinary language we call non-existence seems to be a mere waste of words."[1] Rhys Davids claims that Nirvana in itself does not mean extinction, rather the same thing as a calm sinless state of mind, but he claims that it connotes extinction. "It is the extinction of that sinful grasping condition of mind and heart, which would otherwise, according to the great mystery of Karma, be the cause of renewed individual existence. . . . The parts and powers of the perfect man will be dissolved, and no new being will be born to sorrow. The wise will pass away, will go out like a flame of a lamp, and their Karma will be individualized no longer."[2] Barth got near the essence of Buddhism in this point, that, strictly speaking, the Buddhist does not revive in another life, but another revives in his stead, and that it is to avert the pains of existence from this other, who is to be the only heir of his Karma, that he aspires to Nirvana. The path conducts to total extinction.[3] So, in spite of the charm of the Buddha, I still cling to Him who said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly," and, "I am the resurrection and the life."

I promised to say a word in closing on the alleged borrowings of Christianity from Buddhism. Is it necessary now? Are not Judaism and Jesus sufficient to explain Christianity, both its ethics and religion? So far as I know, there is absolutely no trace of any historic touch of Buddhism on Palestine or on the first Christian lands. The

[1] A Handbook of Comparative Religion, Phil. 1899, 81 note.

[2] Buddhism (the manual), 111–112, 114. For full discussion of this subject see Davids, 110–119, with the literature he cites, Oldenberg, Buddha, 274–284, Scott, 214–220, Hackman, 15, 16 ("where Thirst is fully overcome, no new existence can arise," but on the absolute impossibility of any other existence, the Buddha, according to Hackman, did not assert himself, but Nirvana is the negation of any existence of which we can have any conception, p. 16), Hopkins, 321, 322, and the admirable and learned discussion of Berry, Christianity and Buddhism, London, 1891, 85–93, 231–247.

[3] The Religions of India, tr. from French, London, 2d ed., 1889, 112, 113. Compare Silbernagl, Der Buddhismus, München, 1903, 26–29 and notes.

first to mention the Buddha is Clement of Alexandria, about 215 of our era.[1] Max Müller once said that for years he had been trying to find some way by which historically Buddhism could have influenced the first Christians and their literature, but he had not been able. There are interesting similarities between our Gospels and Buddhist writings, some trivial and some striking, but there are always parallels in Oriental literature. The chief thing is that the spirit and the life in the two cases are as different as day from night. Even Edmunds, who has done so well in publishing these parallels, and from the point of view of a Buddhist sympathizer does not allege any borrowing from either side, says that the parallels are mainly in ideas, will not even say that any writer of the New Testament knew of the Buddhist epic, but thinks that possibly Luke might have had such knowledge, but if he did his use of it was slight, and, if he used it at all, only in the infancy section.[2] "There does not seem to me to be the slightest evidence of any historical connection between them" (Buddhism and the New Testament), says Davids, "and whenever the resemblance is a real one . . . it is due not to any borrowing on the one side or on the other, but solely to the similarity of the conditions under which the two movements grew."[3]

Finally, as to the Buddhist propaganda gathering around the so-called Esoteric Buddhism, I have tried to get some interest in it by reading Sinnett's book. It was the task of Sisyphus. Buddhism is a fascinating study, but "Esoteric Buddhism," heaven save us! "If x stands for the normal number of incarnations which in the course of nature a monad must go through during a round period on one planet, and y for the margin of extra incarnations into which by a strong desire for physical life he may force himself during such a period, then as a matter of fact $24\frac{1}{2}$ (x + y) may exceed 28x," etc. (p. 184). Professor Hopkins refers to the movement in a footnote (p. 320): "Buddha taught, of course, nothing related to the thaumaturgy of that folly which calls itself 'Esoteric Buddhism.'"

[1] Storm. i, 15.

[2] Buddhist and Christian Gospels, Tokyo, 1905, pp. ii, iii.

[3] Introd. to Tevigga Sutta, *S. B. E.* XI, 165. Oldenberg agrees. In a long and damaging criticism of Seydel, he says that in his opinion all the similarities brought forward can be explained by the sameness of the historical premises on both sides. (Theol. Literaturzeitung, 1882, 415–419 especially 418 at bottom.) See also his criticism of the last volume of Seydel mentioned above in the same journal, 1884, 185–189. On this whole question see the elaborate studies by Kellogg, Scott, and Berry mentioned in previous notes, as well as the equally learned work of Prof. Aiken, The Dhamma of Gautama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ, Boston, 1900, and the little book of Prof. Karl von Hase, New Testament Parallels in Buddhistic Literature, tr. New York, 1907.

THE ARENA

THE WORKINGMAN AND THE CHURCH

THE Church must help solve the difficult problem now agitating society. Rightly understood, she is the workingman's best friend. The principles on which she is founded and governed, applied with loving intelligence, would reconcile all the seemingly irreconcilable differences which now exist between the workingman and the Church.

The New Testament is a practical rather than a theoretical book. It speaks oftener of the life that now is than about the life that is to come. Heaven is pictured in most fascinating language; but there are no less beauty and rhetorical finish in the description of this life. Honest toil as a prerequisite of sterling manhood is one of the keynotes of the Bible.

Toilers in life's way should give earnest heed to Christ and his teachings. By doing so they would find that the Master always spoke for and, when necessary, defended honest toil. And Saint Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, emphasized the same in language beautiful beyond compare.

The Church by her very constitution has this same spirit. For was she not founded by Jesus Christ Himself? If the Church had any other spirit she could not claim to be Christ's institution. So she does not fear the agitation of all themes which concern humanity, and especially the betterment of the toiling masses.

That the Church is opposed to confusion, riotous disorder, anarchy, is well known. God is the author of law, and this order is supreme in his dominions. It follows that law must be supreme in the earth. The laborer can see, if he thinks only a little, that his liberty and power are to be conserved by law, order—not by anarchy.

The Church has a sympathetic interest in the laborer. Possessing the spirit of the Master, anything that concerns the welfare of men, here or hereafter, cannot possibly be a matter of indifference to the Church. She has a profound interest in men, otherwise she would be unworthy the name of Christ.

The Church is to act the part of a wise counselor. The vexed problems now confronting the nation call for intelligent investigation. It is no time for shallow thinking, partisan passion or wild theorizing. Thus the Church must be well instructed, that she may rightly instruct others.

The Church exhibits a spirit of fraternal helpfulness. She is a ministering angel to the poor, the unfortunate, and the distressed. And this spirit of helpfulness takes upon itself very definite and practical forms when it comes to dealing directly with individuals who have the harder part of life to endure. It would be dangerous to hold the doctrine of brotherhood as a mere theory, and to cherish it simply as a beautiful sentiment. The spirit of the Christ was shown more in what he did than in what he said. Let it be remembered always that Christ gave up an exceeding glory and condescended to be a servant, a workingman, that

through a life of toil he might make free the enslaved and lift up the fallen. This was the only way to overthrow sin, and save humanity from not only drudgery but absolute ruin.

Christ exemplified the spirit of self-sacrifice for others. The Church likewise possesses this spirit. She dare not lose it. If she did she would have to abandon, in simple honesty, her mission.

Church leaders, ministers, reformers, philanthropists, and great-hearted workingmen are thinking intensely, and, as never before, their thinking is being permeated by the spirit of the lowly Nazarene. This is a prophecy that the Church is to be of greater service to humanity in the days to come. Theology is being made more complete by taking within itself the vast field of sociology. The horizon is brightening beautifully like streaks of early dawn, harbingers of a more glorious day for humanity.

It is no longer a question of creeds, ecclesiastical and antiquated forms, but rather that which undertakes to reproduce in our complex social organization the very spirit of the gospel of Christ. Not creeds but needs is the cry at present.

The Church responds quickly, and with a glad, willing, open heart and hand of helpfulness, to the cry of men unjustly oppressed; men who are overburdened by arbitrary limitations and who are prevented from making the most possible of themselves.

In many instances organizations of workingmen are marred by an unworthy spirit and misdirected by unwise counsel. What is the province of the Church in these instances? She should go with her ministry of love, and in the spirit of her Master, and seek to guide these organizations in the light of honesty, justice, fraternity; or, in other words, the spirit of Christ's democracy. Here is the opportunity for the Church to emphasize the golden rule and reinforce the holy truths of Christianity.

Who is doing most to solve present labor difficulties—the rabid extremists and agitators, who teach the doctrine of hate, revenge, and class hatred, or the Christian Church, which pleads for conferences, arbitration, mutual concessions and forbearance, on both sides? This labor question is not to be solved by labor leaders who hold their meetings in saloons on Sunday, or by selfish, cold-hearted men of wealth, who proclaim war to the death between organized labor and capital. Rather it is to be solved by Christian workmen, on one side, who learn from their religion the doctrine of honest faithfulness, and by Christian employers, on the other side, who know that the laborer is worthy of his hire. It is the doctrine of the Christian Church, and not the doctrine of anarchy, that is to bring about the solution of the labor problems.

The Church teaches the equality and exaltation of manhood. She seeks to make the brotherhood of man a magnificent ideality. And she seeks to put this ideal into practical application. The Church teaches this equality in public and insists upon it in private life. Any one can behold this rule in operation. The rich man is seated with the poor man, the capitalist with the workingman, the clerk with the employer, the scholar with the ignorant. The Church judges no man's speech by the rules of grammar, but by the ring of his sentiments.

The Church beautifies work, labor—which is the mainspring of life's progress. She urges the building of character, the improvement of opportunity, the betterment of social conditions, the honest competition of fruitful growth, the filling of one's place in the march of time, the expansion of the man into the true citizen.

The Church joyfully grasps the hand of toil if it be the hand of square dealing; she criticizes the cut of no man's clothing, but rather the texture of his character. The Church desires, more than anything else, that each man stand four-square to every wind that blows.

The workingman needs the faith of the Church. This universal love, this progressive, uplifting life, this one Divine Spirit, is what is needed by all men everywhere. We must really believe that every man is a brother. We must live this belief. Then will hatred and misunderstanding cease and love will have her rightful sway.

The crest and crowning of all good, life's final star, is brotherhood. This will bring to earth her long-lost mirth; will bring new light on every face; a kingly power upon the race. If it does not prevail we will all be slaves and travel downward to despair.

PRICE ALEXANDER CROW.

Defiance, O.

ROBERTSON'S GRAMMAR AGAIN

PROFESSOR A. T. ROBERTSON'S Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research, published by the George H. Doran Company, which was reviewed recently in the Book Notices of the METHODIST REVIEW, is a *magnum opus* of an extraordinary character and is a credit to the highest New Testament scholarship of the world. Grammar, as popularly conceived, is a dull subject of pedantic interest; but any one who turns over these pages will find that the supreme purpose of grammar is not merely to discuss rules and exceptions, but to study the development of thought from the point of view of language and to understand the slow yet progressive unfolding of the life of a people in intellectual, ethical, social, and religious directions. "The scientific grammar is at bottom a grammatical history, and not a linguistic lawbook. The seat of authority in language is, therefore, not the books about language, but the people who use the language." The ideal grammarian must necessarily be a student of literature, history, and religion, in addition to being a philologian, a linguist, a lexicographer, and an exegete. These indispensable qualifications are imperative for a grammarian of New Testament Greek.

The need for a new grammar needs no argument, in the face of the recent unusual discoveries of inscriptions, ostraca, and papyri in Egypt and Asia Minor. The idea has continued to prevail among some scholars that the Greek of the New Testament belonged to the literary Attic, while others contended that it was a "biblical" Greek, peculiar to itself. As a matter of fact, the silent stones of the sands now

contradict both conclusions and declare that the Greek New Testament was written in the language "understanded of the people," chiefly in the vernacular Κοινή of the day. This world-speech was in use in Asia, Egypt, Greece, Italy, Sicily, and the isles of the sea. It was the language not only of letters, but of commerce and everyday life. We can thus understand how efficient an agent was ready to hand when the apostles went forth after the day of Pentecost to proclaim the evangel of redemption in Jesus Christ. When we are reminded that of the nearly five thousand words in the vocabulary of the New Testament not more than fifty are distinctively Christian Greek words, we can realize what a notable mission was undertaken by Christianity in transforming language so that words received deeper and richer meaning. Indeed, this has been one of the inevitable tasks of Christianity all through the centuries, as witness the modern missionary who translates the Scriptures into the tongue of the natives and gives new meanings to words so as to make intelligible the gospel of grace.

Professor Robertson well describes the present unique equipment for the study of the New Testament, which is furnished by comparative philology, advance in general Greek grammar, critical editions of Greek authors, works on individual writers like Homer, Thucydides, Herodotus, Josephus, Plutarch, the Greek inscriptions, fuller knowledge of the dialects, the papyri and ostraca, the Byzantine and modern Greek, the Hebrew and Aramaic, and, last but not least, the grammatical commentaries on the Bible. It was no small task to digest this mass of encyclopedic learning and to present the results so that the new point of view will be found to be richer and more inspiring. "The victory of the new brought rhythm (not the technical sort) and unity as the chief characteristics. In Christianity Hellenism becomes really cosmopolitan. If Christianity had merely used the Greek language and had been entirely alien to Hellenism, the New Testament would not have belonged to Greek literature, but this sympathy with the best in the world must not be overlooked. The New Testament language is real Greek, though with the Christian spirit supreme in it because Christianity seized the Hellenic spirit and transformed it."

An interesting section in the striking chapter on "The Place of the New Testament in the Κοινή" deals with the individual peculiarities of the New Testament writers in a very illuminating way (pages 116-137). Part I of this grammar is a comprehensive and luminous survey of the entire field of lexical and historical research and discovery, and no one who reads it will fail to catch the enthusiasm of the scholarly author. Part II deals with "Accidence," and the four chapters on word-formation, orthography and phonetics, the declensions, and the conjugation of the verb, turn the searchlight on the New Testament so as to elucidate its thought. Part III treats of syntax with praiseworthy fullness, overlooking no problem, and offering such a presentation of its essential principles that the student can interpret his Greek New Testament according to correct grammatical principles derived from the living language of the time. A few sentences from the last chapter, on "Figures of Speech," are worth quoting: "Chris-

tianity is not buried in a book. It existed before the New Testament was written. It made the New Testament. It is just because Christianity is of the great democracy that it is able to make universal appeal to all ages and all lands and all classes. The chief treasure of the Greek tongue is the New Testament. No toil is too great if by means of it men are enabled to understand more exactly the mind of Christ." This, then, is the noble motive that impelled Professor Robertson to spend himself with such holy ardor in the production of such an invaluable and indispensable aid to the preacher.

The author of this great book has been a teacher of ministers all his life. Nearly three thousand young men have come under his influence while studying for the ministry. In his splendid book The Glory of the Ministry (Revell), he wrote: "My life is constantly with ministers. I know much of the struggles, ambitions, hopes, joys, and disappointments of preachers of the gospel, both young and old. The lines have not fallen in pleasant places for all of them. They are subject to much misunderstanding. It is not always easy in an unsympathetic atmosphere to preserve the right spirit and to see things as they really are. I have written this book out of love for preachers of the gospel." These words equally apply to the grammar, for it is the preacher he has had in mind all through these chapters. In the preface we read these words of fraternal affection: "I think with pleasure of the preacher or teacher who under the inspiration of this grammar may turn afresh to his Greek New Testament and there find things new and old, the vital message all electric with power for the new age. That will be my joy so long as the book shall find use and service at the hands of the ministers of Jesus Christ." The exhaustive bibliography and the full indexes of subjects, Greek words, and quotations add to its value as a book of reference. The preacher who uses this grammar will not fail to receive constant stimulus and enlightenment in the great business of preaching Christ.

Hasbrouck Heights, N. J. OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE MEDIUM SPHERE OF LIFE

AMBITION seems to be a ruling power in the life of men, and it takes possession of those especially who are endued with more than ordinary capacities, or who have had extraordinary opportunities, and are thus able to advance beyond their fellows in public recognition in the way of wealth, political honors, scholastic achievements, or ecclesiastical preferment. To advance to the highest positions attainable in their life work seems in many to be a ruling passion. The lawyer aims to secure the most prominent position at the bar—the Supreme Court of the United States only will satisfy his ideas of success; the politician is not satisfied

until he obtains some position of great prominence which will give him at least a national reputation; the preacher's ambition is probably to rise to some of the ecclesiastical dignities which are open to the aspiring men of the church, a bishopric or archbishopric, or he would be the pastor of a large congregation whose men exercise great influence; the scholar is not satisfied unless he becomes famous in his particular department.

We would not for a moment disparage the efforts of the young men of our generation to rise to the highest positions in their respective departments of life. If, however, a man's ambition rests here, if he is satisfied with position without that which makes the position valuable to the world, if the results of his life are to center in himself and his rank in life rather than in the usefulness of his career, he will have made a great mistake. Jeremiah 45. 5 asks the question, "Seekest thou great things for thyself?" and answers, "Seek them not." What he should ask is, "Seekest thou useful things for thyself?"—possessions where he can achieve the most for God and humanity. They may be in the highest places, they may be such as in public estimation are the lowest places.

The writer is impressed with the thought that the medium position in life, the performance of duty in the midst of ordinary surroundings and in those positions in life which do not attract the attention of the ambitious, has many things to recommend it. It is understood that in every position to which one is called he must do his best; he must not be negligent or indifferent to his work, he must not undervalue it, but accomplish it in the best manner of which he is capable.

We will imagine a person who has taken the usual courses of study preparatory to the Christian ministry. He naturally aspires to the most useful life possible. May it not be that the most useful life will be found in the smaller churches rather than in the larger, in the fields wherein special attention shall be called to his work rather than in those fields in which his own advancement is the impelling force? He who holds the medium ministerial life, filling neither the highest nor the lowest place which the church offers, is on the whole, oftentimes at least, more happy and more useful than those who are striving for the highest positions. He is not disturbed by the disappointments which come with ambition; he does not trouble himself about the place where he works; he receives every opening that comes to him as in the providence of God and he has access to people from whom in the loftier ranks of life he is excluded; he is free from the rivalries which disturb so many and which cause so much trouble to those who are striving after the highest places; he envies nobody and nobody envies him; having no social position to maintain he is not affected by the jealousies and rivalries of social life; he is at home with all the people; to him there is no high and no low.

What we may class as a medium position in the ministry gives more opportunities for study and for practical service. Exacting positions in the pulpit place one under constant pressure; he has no time to himself; his studies, therefore, are pursued in the midst of cares which disturb the mind and are unfavorable to those studies which can be carried on only in quiet moments and apart from the pressure of external excite-

ment. In the study of the names of those who have achieved position in literature (we speak now particularly of religious literature), it will be found that they have been mainly those who have occupied the ordinary positions in life. It was when Jonathan Edwards was driven from his pulpit in Northampton because of differences with his congregation that he wrote his immortal work, The Freedom of the Will, which has handed him down to posterity among the great thinkers of the ages; for pure thinking placing him, in the view of many, by the side of Plato and Socrates. The tourist who goes to Stockbridge, Mass., on alighting from the railroad train will find spread out before him in large letters a statement—we do not quote its language, but its import—that in this place Jonathan Edwards wrote his great work. Many men go to Stockbridge as a beautiful village where they may rest during the heat of summer, but many go there too, as the writer did, because they wish to be in the scenes where Jonathan Edwards did his great intellectual work. It was as a missionary to the Stockbridge Indians, in a little room, with his family making baskets to support themselves, that through God's grace he made his name immortal.

Similar instances abound. In some of our books, in the preface to the work, the author complains that he has been compelled to do his work in a small place, away from public libraries, but the probability is that if he had been living in the storm and bustle of the great struggle for position and power he would never have done the work for which the world honors him. This privilege comes to the man who has some leisure for things of that kind, of which Jonathan Edwards is a specimen.

It is to be noted also that ministers in what are reckoned as the medium or ordinary positions in life have often the larger influence over their fellow men. Anyone who will study the history of our Annual Conferences will not fail to note that among those who are chiefly controlling its policies and determining the work that is to be done are the men who are not filling what are technically called the "best appointments." They might not be filling the best appointments in that sense, but they may be filling the best appointments in the sense of a wider usefulness. They are often the men who are consulted by those who hold a higher rank than themselves; they are the men to whom their fellows turn when an emergency arises which demands cool judgment and careful decisions. They might not dazzle the great audiences by their eloquence, but they can move the men around them by their reasoning power and by that influence which almost unconsciously goes out from men who are in the quieter spheres of life.

The writer would not leave the impression that he regards the ministry as a place of grades in which there are the higher and the lower; every man called of God to the ministry is the equal of every other man and must fulfill his work in proportion to the capacities with which God has intrusted him. It is furthest from the writer's thought that the person who occupies a position of great prominence is therefore a greater minister of the gospel. He may be a great orator, or a great scholar, or a great administrator, but in God's sight all ministers of Jesus Christ are

his servants and they are all doing his work; and where they can do the best work for him is the highest place that they can occupy. The point that we are insisting upon is that the young minister must not be led away by seeming positions of greatness from the real purpose of his ministry, which is to save sinners and edify believers and to bring in the Kingdom of God. The medium life, therefore, is not to be looked upon either as a less noble life or as a higher life; the word is used in the sense in which it would naturally be understood in referring to those positions which are not reckoned in ordinary language as the supreme attainment of earthly ambitions.

Other reasons might be given in favor of the medium life, but this will indicate the thought of the writer and may help to answer the question as Jeremiah did: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? . . . Seek them not."

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE PERMANENT VALUE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT REVELATION

THE title of this paper, as well as a number of the points therein discussed, were suggested upon reading "Rock of Ages," a volume by the Rev. R. Williams, M.A., an eminent Welsh minister. The author has a lucid, instructive style and is well versed in Biblical criticism. The object of the book is to counteract the baneful influences of destructive criticism and to produce more interest in the study of the Old Testament.

Account for it as we may, the Old Testament has not the same place in the family or in the church that it used to have. This does not apply to the Protestant Episcopal Church services, for here, as in the mother church in England, systematic reading of both the Old and the New Testaments still obtains. Even the Sunday school has yielded more or less in this matter, especially since the formation of the so-called "men's class," in which, too often, the study of the Bible has given way to the discussion of current events. Some schools have what are called "the extra-Biblical lessons," such as the study of Luther, Knox, Wesley, Florence Nightingale, nature studies, child study, and what not. Some of our teachers are not "fully convinced of the worth of the Holy Scriptures, whose mission is to reveal man's fate, his inclinations to fathom." There are also some writers in Helps for the Sunday School, who seem to lack appreciation for the real value of the Bible. Mr. Trumbull, editor of The Sunday School Times, says in a recent article: "In helps on the International lessons issued by regular denominational boards, are found lesson comments that assume the error and human authorship of parts of the Bible, instead of inerrant, inspired authorship. It has been a distressing thing to many to note this terrible encroachment of the Adversary, as he uses the very tools of the Church of Jesus Christ to lead teachers and pupils away from the hope of eternal life. For, as it has been well pointed out, the Adversary's first move

is to discredit part of the Bible, then the atonement of Jesus Christ, then the Deity of Christ. And without a Saviour who is God, 'the evangelism' of the Sunday school is not good news."

The average minister, too, is to blame for this neglect, for it is not often that any portion of the Old Testament—the Psalms excepted—is read in the public services, either morning or evening. Be this intentional or mere thoughtlessness, the effect is the same; the congregation is deprived of having some of the richest treasures of literature, nay more, of having impressed upon it the value of some of the sublimest religious truths.

It is also a sad fact that interest in the study of Greek and Hebrew in our colleges and seminaries has greatly declined in recent years. This is especially true of the Hebrew, and is a natural consequence of the low estimate that is put by many a minister upon the permanent value of revelation as contained in the Old Testament.

What has produced this change in the attitude of minister and people toward the Old Testament?

There are doubtless many reasons. The chiefest of them, we think, must be charged to destructive criticism, for it has undermined the very foundations and has destroyed the faith of many. It has succeeded only too well in convincing too many of our teachers and ministers that the Bible is only *one* of the great sacred books, without any just claim to special revelation. True, they admit that it is the best of all the sacred books, but it can no longer be regarded as final authority either in morals or religion, for God, they say, made no special revelation to the Hebrews. Hence the infrequency of citing a passage of Scripture in support of any doctrine. This is not strange, for many of our critics have lost no opportunity to disparage the old ideas concerning inspiration and revelation, especially in their discussion of the Old Testament. The author of "Rock of Ages" protests, for, like Bishop Ellicott, he is convinced that much of the teachings of the destructive critics is not only mere assumption and harmless, not only a question of dates and names, but something much more deadly, since they too often teach what endangers not only the creed, but the salvation of multitudes. Destroy man's faith in the inspiration of the Bible, reduce its authority to the level of other sacred books, it follows, as night follows day, that he becomes indifferent to its contents and precepts. The critics insist that the old fashioned, conservative believers had too exalted a view of the Scriptures, and that the time has come for intelligent men to regard the Bible, if not less divine, at least much more human.

Mr. Williams in his book asks two questions. 1. How far are the conclusions of the critics correct? 2. If correct, what effect have they upon our estimate of the permanent value of the Old Testament revelation? He acknowledges most candidly our debt to the critics, but emphasizes the fact that more harm than good has come to the church from radical criticism. While believing the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch, he freely concedes that Moses may have used older documents, and that here and there, especially at the end of Deuteronomy, there are later additions. But the body of the Pentateuch is from Moses. He defines revelation as any

light given man by God, distinct from that which is gained by experience and reason. Socrates, Plato, and Confucius had light, but their light was twilight, the light of night, the light of Nature and reason, which pales when brought face to face with the revelation found in the Bible. What is true of these sages is true also when applied to the Koran, Vedas, Zend Avestas, etc. The conservatives teach that the Old Testament is a divinely inspired book, a revelation given by God supernaturally. The destructive critics say that revelation is nothing more than "the manifestation of the truth and of God's love by the medium of history." To them revelation is expressed not by "thus *saith* the Lord," but rather, "thus *does* or *did* the Lord." According to them there never was anything supernatural in revelation. They also say that the more natural religion is, the better it is for all concerned. They will hear nothing of miracle or prophecy. Of course, there are critics and critics, as well as echoes and even reechoes of critics. Some of them accept some of the miracles, though rejecting the bulk of them. Some reject the miracles recorded in the Old Testament and yet accept the major part of those recorded in the New Testament. Some reject the Virgin Birth and the Incarnation, though they accept the literal resurrection of our Lord. This is not higher, but eclectic criticism.

Strangely enough, many of the most rabid destructive critics retain the old terminologies, and even join in the recitation of the evangelical creeds, while they reject *in toto* the old interpretations. They tell us they believe that Christ rose from the dead, but only in a tropical sense. The resurrection of Jesus does not mean to them what it does to the ordinary believer, or even to intellectual giants like Browning, Tennyson, and Gladstone. Resurrection from the dead implies a miracle, therefore impossible. So, too, of prophecy. The prophets, according to the destructive critics, were nothing else than shrewd, keen observers of the trend of events, much the same as Burke, who, though professing no special inspiration, did yet foretell the rise of Napoleon.

Whatever other reasons there may be for claiming the dual authorship of Isaiah, or for depressing the date of the Book of Daniel four or more centuries, disbelief in prophecy and miracles was not the least reason. The same applies to the Pentateuch, which the critics regard as of composite origin, made up of at least three distinct codes, dated 850-750, 621, and 444 B. C., the last written by Ezra and other priests in Babylon. If it is conceded that the Pentateuch was written centuries after the exodus, and Daniel not till 175 B. C., it becomes easy to brand events recorded in these books as unhistorical, and to reduce the narratives to legends and myths.

It should not be forgotten that archæology and recent discoveries have placed a number of stumbling blocks in the critics' path. We no longer hear very much of "inaccuracies" in Old Testament passages referring to Hittite and Babylonian history, since these "inaccuracies" have been shown by late discoveries to be very real truths. How did the earlier critic never grow weary of asserting that the Pentateuch could not have been written by Moses, because the art of writing was unknown in his days. The Amarna tablets and myriad other cuneiform inscriptions have dealt its

deathblow to that assumption. There never was any agreement among the critics as to the exact time literary work may have begun among the Hebrews. Few of them, however, cared to suggest a date earlier than Amos or Hosea. Even Driver says that Israel had no important literature till about 800 B. C. Colenso, with whom Kuenen agrees, places writing as early as David or Solomon. Even after it had been demonstrated that writing was practiced in Egypt, Babylonia, Syria, and many other places ages before the birth of Moses, the critics still insisted that Israel itself was illiterate. Why should a man like Moses, whose influence upon humanity and civilization cannot be disputed, have been more ignorant than the priests and officials of other nations in his days?

If it is once established—and no one doubts it—that writing was a common thing in the age of Moses, then one of the strongest objections to the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch vanishes into thin air. Yea, the very corner stone of destructive criticism falls, like the image of Dagon before the Ark of Jehovah.

The following are some of the objections urged by Mr. Williams against the conclusions of the critics:

1. They should be rejected, because they deny the supernatural element in the composition of the Holy Scriptures.

2. Because they reject the testimony of the Book to itself and reduce that of the apostles and of even Jesus Christ to a minimum. When Christ ascribes certain passages to Moses, David, etc., we are blandly informed that he does so in ignorance of the laws of criticism, or because he accommodates himself to the ignorance of his age. No matter though he may base his claim to be the Messiah upon these very passages. If no one, as the critics claim, can gain a correct understanding of the Old Testament without relinquishing the old views, are we then to infer that our Lord and his apostles did not comprehend the nature of the Old Testament as well as Wellhausen, Cheyne, and their followers? Our Lord did correct many abuses and errors of his age, but never suggested any such doctrines as are taught by the destructive critics. On the other hand, in speaking of the Old Testament, which was *his Bible*, he did say: "Search ye the Scriptures, because in them you think you have eternal life."

3. The critical theories should be rejected because of the lack of harmony among the critics. Not only do they differ among each other, but the same critic is at variance with himself at different periods of his life. Some of them say that Moses did not write a single verse of the five books bearing his name—no, not even the Ten Commandments. There is an agreement that there are three or more codes in the Pentateuch, but there is no agreement as to their dates, though Wellhausen's theories are more accepted than some of the others. Vatke, in 1835, placed the Priestly Code after the exile; in his "Introduction," however, published after his death (1886), he places it before Deuteronomy. We are also told that Genesis is made up of two principal documents, the Jehovist and the Elohist. These two again are also dated differently. Eichhorn made Moses the Jehovist, while Tuch assigns the Jehovist document to the age of Solomon. Schräder argues that it was written in the reign of Uzziah,

Wellhausen, less dogmatic, suggests *some time* after the division of the kingdom. Notwithstanding this variety of opinions, we are asked, on the penalty of being excommunicated from the temple of learning, to accept the "settled results of criticism"!

4. The critics assume too much. They are too subjective in their methods. They patch together from these several codes, just as if they had the original documents before them. And yet they have nothing of the kind. They have constructed a system of religious development, and everything must fit into this system. For example, the law of the one altar was enacted in or about 621 B. C. If one cites a passage from Deuteronomy or Chronicles counter to this supposition, he is at once informed that these books are of late origin; nay more, Deuteronomy, they say, is a pious forgery, gotten up to support the claims of certain priests and party of the period, ca. 621 B. C. If, perchance, a statement in Amos or Hosea is at variance with the critical theory, it is forthwith branded as interpolation or later addition.

5. Too much is made of the linguistic argument. It is but natural that the style and language of Deuteronomy and Leviticus should differ. The orator, or preacher, and the lawgiver have different styles. Moreover, no less an authority than Margoliouth, one of the best Hebrew scholars, claims that it is impossible to decide the date of any book in the Old Testament from the language and style alone.

6. The teachings of the Pentateuch are exactly such as could have been expected in the days of Moses. Who has not noticed the silence of the five books in regard to future life? There are undoubted references to a life beyond the grave in the later books of the Old Testament. If the Pentateuch was not finished till about 450 B. C., why does it contain no reference to immortality?

Believing that the Old Testament is a divine revelation, and that it underlies the very basis of civilization and Christianity, we are forced to admit its permanent value as revelation to the church of God. It was from the Old Testament that the apostles proved that Jesus was the promised Messiah. One of the first things our Lord did after his resurrection was to expound the Scriptures, beginning with Moses and the prophets, who had testified concerning him.

Mindful of the influence of the Old Testament upon legislation, civilization, and literature, especially hymnology, to say nothing of the religious benefits derived from its pages, we cannot but pray that pulpit and pew, school and family may return to a more thorough study of the Book, so dear to the saints of all ages, and so helpful to the greatest men of all times, such as Luther, Knox, Goethe, Ruskin, Carlyle, and Gladstone.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE CHURCHES AND THE WAR

THAT the British and German peoples have a natural affinity for each other is as certain as it was clearly inevitable that their national aims and ambitions, as historically grounded and developed, should lead the nations to an intense mutual jealousy and rivalry. For some years on both sides of the channel the seriousness of the situation was growing more and more evident. Men felt that a sort of fate was driving both peoples, in spite of the ties of race, religion, and culture, not merely to an intense political and commercial rivalry, but even to a war for supremacy. But what was the attitude of the churches and of the religious leaders in face of the growing peril? And what is their attitude now that the blow has fallen?

In our inquiry into the relation of the churches to the war our interest fastens chiefly upon the two great nations with which we have most in common. Yet with the others, too, the religious factor is not without its significance. Undoubtedly the differences of religion between Russia and Germany and between France and Germany have had something to do with the want of mutual sympathy in the past. But the wonder is that in the present war the matter of national religion has had no perceptible influence in determining the alliances. And it is significant that the Pope has exerted so little influence among Catholics in the direction of peace. The pastoral letters of Catholic bishops in the various belligerent countries show the predominance of the national over the ecclesiastical interest. The only official Catholic utterance that has had any perceptible, practical influence on the war was the famous letter of Cardinal Mercier, archbishop of Mechlin.

As long ago as 1908, Protestant—also a few Catholic—leaders in Germany and Great Britain, persuaded that the peaceful relations between the two countries were imperiled, set on foot an organized movement looking toward a better mutual understanding. Committees of representative theologians and laymen were formed on both sides of the channel. The first public manifestation of their activity was the visit of a large company of German Christian leaders to England in 1908. A splendid company of British theologians and laymen made a like visit to Germany the following year. Again in 1911 the Germans visited England. In each instance the reception was most cordial and the utterances were thoroughly brotherly. There is not room for the least doubt of the unanimous desire for continued peace and for a better understanding between the nations. The speeches made on one or other of these occasions by such men as Bishop Boyd Carpenter, Dr. John Clifford, Percy Bunting, and Lord Haldane, and by such as Dryander, Harnack, Deissmann, and Rade, fairly pulsated with the passionate desire for a deep and lasting national friendship. The

religious and secular press of both countries gave much attention to the movement and to the utterances of its representatives. A visible expression of the earnestness of purpose was the founding of a periodical, *Die Eiche*, as the organ for the promotion of international conciliation. If all these well-meant efforts have proved futile so far as averting war is concerned, we will not believe that their influence has been lost.

On the occasion of the visit of the British churchmen to Germany in 1909, Harnack, in addition to delivering an eloquent speech, published a brief essay on "Germany and Great Britain," from which we extract a few sentences. "There are still many of the best people on both sides of the channel, who do not believe in the sincerity of the assurances of peace, or if they do believe in it, doubt the possibility of their realization, and speak either defiantly or dolefully of the logic of realities, which finally must drive the people's conflict. But neither the distrust nor the doubt should have the last word. Have we already fully tested all the possibilities of living together in peace, has not the sincerity of the assurances of peace often demonstrated itself to our shame, and have not difficult situations already often been happily overcome? It is a shame to speak of an unyielding necessity driving us to war, while we are only just beginning to get accustomed to the new conditions, and simply do not know but that the confident hope, 'the earth has room for all,' may obtain new and broader foundations through science and skill. Therefore in the international life of the nations there are now two chief questions: How can we transform the national conflict of interests into a noble rivalry? and, What mental attitude must we form in ourselves to this end; what new forms create? To England and Germany world history is to-day propounding these questions in the most emphatic manner, and if they solve them, then they are solved universally!" Again in 1911, on the occasion of a second visit of the German churchmen to England, Harnack spoke in an even loftier strain on the theme: "Peace the Fruit of the Spirit." It would not be easy to imagine a warmer appeal to the Christian forces of both nations to fulfill the promise of brotherhood in the spirit of Christ. But the utterances from the other side were no less cordial. Lord Haldane, for example, declared his love to Germany and his great personal debt for all he had learned from her. Of the sincerity of all this there is no cause to doubt. Nevertheless—this war!

Rade, writing of the visit of the English churchmen in Germany in 1909, takes up the riddle of the fear of war in the midst of the peace demonstrations. Nervousness, fear, and suspicions on both sides! But on both sides the people protest absolute innocence of hostile intentions or motives. It is the *other party* always that is feared. Hence the urgent need of a closer personal intercourse between representative Christians in the two countries, in order that, as they see eye to eye, their groundless distrust may give place to well-grounded confidence. The plan was worthy and promised well. But the crisis came and the people as a whole were inwardly unprepared for conciliation.

The terrible actuality of the war has brought forth new utterances of various sorts. Representative Christians of each country are "bitterly

disappointed" in the Christianity of the other. German Christians find the English "churchliness" a superficial thing, English piety too often hypocrisy. In the first heat of the conflict, German missionary leaders, like Axenfeld and Richter, declared their purpose to withdraw from future cooperation with the British. From this position they have, happily, since receded. English Christians find the German church utterly possessed by the accursed spirit of militarism. The whole situation forms a strange and significant problem. One may read, for example, passages from a man, like Dr. John Clifford, full of a sublime feeling for righteousness and of prophetic-like denunciation of Germany's sin. But on the other hand nothing can exceed the moral and religious impressiveness of the utterances of some of the German preachers as they lay their "righteous cause" before God. There must be a good deal that is hidden from the eyes of both parties—and from ours.

In Germany it is the universal testimony that there are signs that this great scourge of war is already working toward the social and religious regeneration of the people. It is admitted that such an effect did not follow the Franco-Prussian war—perhaps because the worldly glory that came with a swift victory and the founding of the new empire, tended to make men forget God. But now it is becoming clear that "the strong roots of national strength" are not material things. While there is in Germany a wonderful unanimity in the conviction of the righteousness of their cause as against the designs of their enemies, there is also a wholesome recognition of the hand of God, who chastises to correct and save. The early exultation in the thought of a swift triumph has given place to a profound sense of the mortal earnestness of the conflict. Nothing could exceed the moral impressiveness of the letters of some of the young soldiers to father and mother, showing with what devotion they offer their lives as a sacrifice. Whatever may be the political sins of Germany, along with other nations, which rendered the war possible, those who fight see the issue as a mortal struggle for the existence of the fatherland.

In both England and Germany some very impressive pulpit utterances have been published—more, apparently, in Germany than in England. Perhaps the most marked pulpit success of the hour in Germany is that of Hunzinger in Hamburg. His sermons since the breaking out of the war, including a series on the Lord's Prayer, have been delivered before immense congregations in Saint Michael's Church in "unchurchly Hamburg," and when published week by week have been sold in great numbers. On the whole these and other sermons called forth by the war are calls to repentance, faith, and works of righteousness. There seems indeed to be good ground for the hope that out of the terrible war Germany shall be brought back to a more living faith. That the English pulpit, too, has been doing a noble work seems clear. If in all this terrible time men may come to see the nearness of God, both to judge and also to show mercy, the so-called Christian nations shall the sooner be Christian indeed.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Springs of Joy. By R. F. HORTON, D.D. 12mo, pp. 222. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

THE name of R. F. Horton is enough to give a book a large sale: it stands for reverence, refinement, intense conviction, and the sustained hopefulness and reasoned confidence of a thinker and believer who knows whom he has believed. The first of these eleven sermons gives to this book its title. "Rejoice in the Lord" is the opening text and gives its keynote to the whole book. Joy is the need of this sad and tragic world. In to-day's papers Sarah Bernhardt is quoted as saying that when this cruel war is over the awful wounds of this gigantic tragedy will be poulticed and healed by the theater with plays full of heroism, love, and courageous gayety, so that the world will salute upon the stage with lyric frenzy the return of joy and the exaltation of life. Certain it is that the woe-stricken world will need to turn somewhere for relief from weary and intolerable anguish. In this sore crisis it is for the pulpit to lead men afresh to springs of joy deeper, more restorative, and more life-bringing than the theater can show. Men must be made to hear the voice of Him who walked the waves and trod the rough sea level with his feet, crying across the storm, "Be of good cheer." In his own way this English preacher tries to make us hear that Voice. Dr. Horton says: "Sorrow is always here in human life. And, therefore, it must be obvious that if there is to be joy that lasts, it must be a joy that is drawn from a source that is entirely above human sorrow. The cares and pains and sorrows are inevitable. It is quite idle to speak of them as if they were not real. There is a mode of thought that has come over to us from America which supposes that it is possible to get over the troubles of life by denying their existence. But to keep denying pains and sorrows and cares which are obviously present, in the long run aggravates them. The only way to deal with them is to admit them and to face them and to surmount them. And indeed the founder of that strange and extravagant mode of thought had to recant it practically in later days by admitting some malignant power of animal magnetism which took exactly the place which evil takes in ordinary speech. The evil denied comes back under another name. Clearly, then, joy, the joy that lasts, cannot be found by escaping from things which are incidental to mortal life, and cannot be eliminated from it; but must be found in a sphere which is above human life, in a sphere of reality where joy is natural and eternal. If joy is ever to come to us as a lasting possession it only comes by keeping in contact with those fountains of eternal joy that are above human life, the overflowing of which submerges the low and transitory levels of our present existence. To discover those fountains

of joy which give to human life, immersed in care and trouble and sorrow, a lasting flood of joy is surely the greatest quest that we can undertake; and if the quest succeeds we have accomplished everything. God has intrusted to us all *certain great faculties, which put us into touch with the fountains of joy*, and those faculties are so well within our control that we can use them or neglect them, train them or pervert them as we will. How to *use those faculties aright* is the great problem that is before us. I am not sure that I can make a complete enumeration of those faculties or even sharply distinguish them. But I will try to deal with *six faculties* that are intrusted to us for this purpose. There is the *faculty of imagination*, which finds its expression in art; there is the *faculty of spiritual insight*, which we sometimes call faith; there is the *faculty of hope*, which is said to spring eternal in the human breast; there is the *faculty of love*, which requires much explanation if it is to be applied in this connection, but fully repays our consideration; there is the *faculty of discursive reasoning*, which is little understood and, therefore, little used, but is one of the great faculties of God for the creation and perpetuation of joy; and, lastly, there is the *faculty of the persistent will*, the will-power trained and used for a definite purpose. Now none of us is quite without any of these faculties; few of us are without the whole list of them, but they are often in a very immature state. They are undeveloped, we do not realize them, we do not treat them as powers which are to be used, and for want of knowledge the faculties decline. That may be granted at once, but it will become plainer as I go on. These faculties are given to us, they are our possession, and if they are used deliberately and intelligently I think it is true to say that it is quite possible to be in such contact with the fountains of everflowing joy that literally nothing in this human life can prevent the streams from pouring in. Whatever happens we may be 'always rejoicing.' Now, I wish to show as I go on that these faculties of the human spirit are never to be contrasted, but are always to be identified with religion. We have to see how religion is related to them, how it uses them, how it claims them. And what seems to me the great and radical fault of our religious teaching for many years past is this, that it has failed to show us how the faculties of the human spirit are, not antagonistic to religion, but its ministers, and how it is the purpose of religion to bring them into harmony, and to make them a perfect instrument by which the life of God may be realized in this present world and enjoyed for ever in the world to come." In the sermon on Faith, the Faculty of Spiritual Insight, we find the extraordinary experience related by James Russell Lowell who wrote in a friendly letter: "I had a revelation last Friday evening. Mr. Putnam entered into an argument with me on spiritual matters. As I was speaking I felt the Spirit of God in me and around me. The whole room seemed to be full of God. The air seemed to waver to and fro with the presence of something, I knew not what. I spoke with the calmness and clearness of a prophet. I cannot tell you what this revelation was. I have not yet studied it enough. But I shall perfect it one day, and then you shall hear it and acacknowledge its grandeur." The late Professor William James, in "The

Variety of Religious Experience," in the chapter on Seeing the Unseen, or the Realities of the Unseen, accumulates a number of instances of people who have seen the reality of things; instances which may be cited to prove how natural and inevitable the idea of God is to certain minds. One of these examples is that of a woman who was the daughter of a well-known opponent and writer against Christianity. She says, "To this day I cannot understand dallying with religion and the commands of God. The very instant I heard my heavenly Father's cry calling unto me my heart bounded in recognition; I ran, I stretched forth my arms, I cried aloud, 'Here, here I am, my Father.' O happy child, what should I do? 'Love me,' answered my God. 'I do, I do,' I cried passionately. 'Come unto me,' cried my Father. 'I will,' my heart panted. Did I stop to ask a single question? Not one; it never occurred to me to ask whether I was good enough, or to hesitate over my unfitness or to find out what I thought of His church, or to wait until I should be satisfied. Satisfied? I was satisfied. Had I not found my God and my Father? Did He not love me? Had He not called me? Was there not a Church into which I might enter? Since then I have had direct answers to prayer so significant as to be almost talking with God and hearing His answer. The idea of God's reality has never left me for one moment." This spiritual insight is a spring of joy, and by it joy may be made continual and indeed in a sense must be continual, for it reveals the Universe of the real, of the good, of the blessed, behind, above, and beyond the confused things of the senses, the shifting unrealities of time. It reveals something so transcendently consoling, so rippling over with eternal joy, that he who has the spiritual vision must through all trials and troubles be still rejoicing and always rejoicing. Open to that inward eye is a world of conquering light and life and love, in which all darkness and cold and death are disappearing. Always present to that inward vision in the midst of these perturbing things of time is God imperturbable. Always to that inward vision Jesus moves among men. Always the Spirit breathes. To that inward vision all souls are God's. To that inward vision Jesus lives and loves and saves. To that inward vision the Spirit is quickening even the dead bones in the valley, and calling the lost into life and love. This insight banishes from the soul its worst enemies of gloom and darkness and despair. It does not permit fear even to haunt the mind; it takes away fear, anticipation of a future evil, apprehension of coming calamity—it is all lost in a reality which abides, which is not subject to the transformations and the degradations of time.

> In heavenly sunlight live no shades of fear.
> The soul there, busy or at rest, hath peace,
> And music floweth from the various world.

Jonathan Brierley, long known and loved by readers of the REVIEW, was one whose clear faith knew the way to the springs of joy. Dr. Horton says: "I cannot help referring to a life that has been lived among us as a wonderful illustration of 'always rejoicing,' whom we lovingly know as J. B., cut off from the ministry by the failure of his health

just when he had become a great power in the pulpit; when the ministry was not possible for him, with unabated courage and cheerfulness he turned to literature, and prepared himself to write by a thorough study of the French language, of French masterpieces, and also of the literature of the whole world. For twenty-one years he taught the whole world by his pen, in essays that live and will live by their vitality and their truth; and what will always strike the reader of those essays will be that these things were written by a man in broken health, a man with disappointed hopes, a man immured for the greater part of these years in a small dwelling, shut off from most of the communications of light and joy and health except those he drew in by his own tireless and buoyant spirit. It will seem incredible that he wrote these things, these gay, bright sallies of wit, of wisdom, of hope and joy and cheer. He was rejoicing always in the midst of pain, of suffering, and deprivation. The disappointments of life had no more effect upon him than the wintry wind has on a person who is shut up warmly in the chambers of home. The whole world might battle against that man, everything might be taken from him, health, strength, recognition, money, means of living, and he would be gay and buoyant still. He lived the life of which I am speaking, he rejoiced evermore. This artist in words, this creator, interpreter, fresh in our memories, abiding forever in our hearts, compels us to recognize the faculty put within us to enable us to maintain joy. 'Again I say, Rejoice.'" The life of Florence Nightingale shows the way in which she found the springs of joy and opened them to others. "She was a girl brought up in comfort and even luxury. Her life was one long round of enjoyments, of interests, of travel, of society; and her parents, thinking they were consulting her interests, would not allow her to enter into any other kind of life than that of the wealthy and luxurious girl at home. The mother confessed in after years, when Florence Nightingale had achieved her work, that she would have prevented her daughter from entering upon the path that led her to service and to usefulness. But while Florence Nightingale was, as it were, condemned to that kind of life which in our ignorance we desire, she was intrinsically miserable, she was restless and dissatisfied. She told her friends in letters which are now published how the weary days of luxury and pleasure went on, how in the comfort of the home evening she longed for night to come that she might go to rest and escape the tedium of a useless existence. There burned in her heart the desire to sacrifice, to serve, to give. She wanted nothing from the world except the opportunity of doing something for it; she would give up anything which she possessed if only she might possess the cross of service. And she mentions how when she would go to some party in London and alight from the carriage to cross the pavement on the crimson carpet, to enter into the festal room and the happy assembly of guests, she saw only the wan faces of the street wanderers who ranked up on each side to see the guests go in. She wished to be with them and not with the guests. Her heart hungered after those who needed her, and she could not be satisfied with simply enjoying the adulation, the respect and love that were showered upon

her by society. When she was over thirty years of age, at last her parents did permit her to spend a little time at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, where Pastor Fliedner had instituted the new order of deaconesses, and in that life at Kaiserswerth, where this delicately brought up woman had to rise in the small hours of the morning to clean rooms, to live upon the barest and most unpalatable fare, to nurse the sick and to go through all the monotonous drudgery of a hospital, when she was condemned, as you might call it, by herself to this life, she all at once discovered that she had begun to live. She writes with joy and satisfaction that this is all she ever demands of life, that she may serve in this way. When the Crimean War broke out, and the terrible revelation was made in the Times of the condition of the sick before Sebastopol, our men dying like flies, with no medicine, no surgical instruments, no alleviations, a most remarkable thing happened: Florence Nightingale wrote to the Minister of War, Sidney Herbert, and Sidney Herbert wrote to Florence Nightingale by the same post—the letters crossed. The letter of Florence Nightingale was to offer her services to go to the trenches at Sebastopol or to the hospital at Scutari, the request of the Minister of War was to this woman, who had been known for some time as seeking to understand the mysteries of nursing, that she would go. She went to her task, and there in toil which might have worn out the strongest constitution, day and night in the sight of anguish and death—she actually saw 4,500 men die in the hospital at Scutari—there in what one would call the very way of suffering she found her true life. And when that task of the Crimean War was over, having found the secret of life, she would not return to the luxury and the comfort of her home, but she retired as it were into a privileged invalidism, and there for fifty years she devoted all her powers, working with the energy of a genius and with the insight of one inspired, to secure the welfare of the soldiers and of all sufferers, especially the soldiers whom she had adopted as her children. There is recorded in that Life one of the most wonderful things I have ever read, that by intervening in the interests of the Army in India, and getting at the Governor-General and using her powerful influence upon him, she was able to reduce the death-rate of the Indian Army from 69 per thousand, at which it stood, to 8 per thousand—one of the most extraordinary achievements of a woman's genius that we know of in the history of the world. It was that life of heroic effort, continued for fifty years, always laboring behind the scenes, never allowing her name to appear, pressing steadily upon the Government and the officials, and bringing them all into line to promote her purpose and to achieve her end. It was that life of heroic service which was exactly like the life of her Lord and Master — the Christ life — and it brought with it the peace, the satisfaction and the joy that he promised. The two friends who accompanied Florence Nightingale to the Crimea, Mr. Newton and Mr. Bracebridge, were drawn into it by her. They sacrificed themselves in just the same way; they left their homes, their comfort, and lived that life of horror in the hospital of Scutari; these young Englishmen, strong and healthy, gladly left home to serve her at Scutari,

freely, constantly, devotedly. They delighted to give, in response to her self-giving, which had stirred within them the deepest and truest springs of action. She found herself in losing herself, and she taught others to find themselves in the right and the only way, the Christ-like way, the way the Master trod, and the way the servants tread it still." Hear how Dr. Horton appeals to his people and to all men to find joy by submitting themselves to the lordship of Christ: "Jesus Christ came to establish the reign of God in the hearts of men and ultimately to establish it in the whole world, and the way by which Jesus Christ places God on the heart's throne instead of self is fourfold: first by his death, secondly by his life, thirdly by his word, and fourthly by his indwelling. I. Let me urge upon you the necessity of putting his death first, for you will never find any human heart that is perfectly subjected to the will of God that has not come at it by the Cross of Christ. It is from the Cross as his throne that Jesus Christ takes possession and rules over human hearts; and for this reason chiefly, that the great obstacle to the reign of God in the heart is sin—self and sin, the two are much the same—and the way by which the reign of God is established in the human heart is by the destruction of sin and the dethronement of self; and that was done upon the Cross. He did it there once for all, and he stands forever challenging us, by the appeal of his sacrifice for the sin of the world and his sacrifice for us personally, to that allegiance and submission which are the secret of our peace. And you never come to the real sense of his lordship until you have felt at the center of your being what he has done for you in dying for your sins and cleansing you from them in his most precious blood, so that you, being renewed in the spirit of your mind, are constrained to surrender in love and devotion and obedience to him who has died for you. II. But then in the second place he claims and obtains his lordship over us by his life, the life he lived when he was on the earth, and the life he is living still in Heaven. That life he lived deliberately, that we might see what human life ought to be; that life in Heaven he lives, ever interceding for us that he may bring our lives into conformity with his. Because he lives we shall live also; and by his life as he lived it and then as he lives it now, our lives are subdued and fall into the *Imitatio Christi*, the likeness of Jesus. III. In the third place he claims and obtains the possession of our lives and his supremacy over us by his words—the words which are the spirit of life, the words such as man never spoke, the words which have an infinite meaning and which grow more full of meaning as life goes on; at the beginning of our lives we read the words of Jesus as a matter of course, and at the end of them we breathe them with wonder, scarcely comprehending how in words so simple the infinite truth of God could be so completely conveyed. To have the life of Jesus as he lived it on earth and the word of Jesus as he spoke it always penetrating your life is the secret of submission to God. You should take a piece of it every day, a paragraph of the gospel, and you should go through the gospel and repeat it year after year, living every day in practical contact with a passage of the life of Jesus, with the words of Jesus as he spoke them; and it is that life lived daily in company with him, within hearing

of his voice, that becomes at last the perfect obedience to God. IV. But there is a fourth way in which he obtains this supremacy over us, and that is nothing less than his indwelling in us. He can dwell within the human heart, and there living he can do more than speak and more than control—he can actually make the life, the life no longer yours but his, he can live in you and live through you and make his life tell upon the world in your life. And it is by that indwelling of Christ in the heart that he has accomplished his greatest work and brought men into most complete obedience to himself. No man who is really obeying Christ absolutely ever thinks that he does it by his own power; no man ever thinks that that life he is living is his own life. Just in proportion as Christ has taken possession of the life within, the soul knows that it is no longer *it* that lives but Christ that liveth in it. But I want to remind you that this life and death and power of Christ in human hearts is the work of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit takes the things of Christ and shows them and teaches them to us. It is by the Holy Spirit coming that the mere talk about Christ becomes the life of Christ within us. May I give you an illustration that was mentioned to me accidentally as I was crossing the sea by the father of the child of whom he told it? He said that his little child in America every morning and every evening had been looking at his father's likeness just above his bed, longing to see his father who had been far away in India for many years; and the child looking at the picture of his father said to his mother one day, 'Mother, I wish father would come out of the frame.' Now if you maintained Jesus Christ to be the portrait of the Father, the Holy Spirit is the way in which that portrait comes out of the frame, out of the frame of the gospel story and the New Testament writings, a living working reality, into the life, into the soul of the person who receives the Holy Spirit. I have often reminded you of that event in the history of Florence long ago when under the great enthusiasm produced by the preaching of Savonarola the people of Florence made a great bonfire of their vanities, the instruments of their pleasures and their vices, and sweeping through the streets of the city thronged the great Duomo shouting 'Jesus is King,' and I would plead with you to-day, my people, my friends whom I know so well, to make a great bonfire of your vanities, your pleasures, your emptiness, your extravagances, and to lift up your hearts and say 'Jesus is King.' I ask you to let him reign over your business, so that when you enter the church you bring with you hearts that have been under his sway all the week. We want the reign of Jesus so established in this church that no one can ever enter it without being challenged by the King and brought in obedience to his feet; and we want to speak in such a manner about his reign and to show so truly what it means that a great desire will be created in the whole of this neighborhood to come under that scepter of Jesus, that lordship of God, the Kingdom of Heaven. For what an infinite blessing the reign of Jesus is in the heart! In your heart it means victory, yes, victory over sin. At Keswick one day men were talking about the temptations of life, and how many had succumbed to them, and one man who, as everyone knew, had

kept his garments unspotted, and was walking the plain, straight, wholesome way that the pure heart takes, was asked how he did it, and he gave this beautiful answer: 'Directly temptation comes,' he said, 'I close my eyes fast and I say "Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ."' Phillips Brooks was overheard in his stateroom one day when he was crossing the Atlantic—and happily for us the man who overheard it has recorded it—that great strong man was heard upon his knees in his cabin, and the words that he was saying were these: 'Lord Jesus, thou hast filled my life with joy and peace, and to look into thy face is earth's most exquisite delight.' Christ is the King. If you are without him, you are without everything; if you have him, you have all, for he is Lord and Saviour. He is the guide of your soul, he is the friend and companion of your life. There is no sorrow but he can heal it, there is no sin but he can wash it away; there is no difficulty but he can overcome it; there is no complication but he can extricate you. If you have him you are walking through life humble, it is true, and humbled daily, humbled by the sense of your insufficiency but exalted with his companionship and assured of his victory. I ask you, therefore, to make him King, and not obscurely, not only in private but in public, make him King, set him on the throne. I plead with you, make him Lord to-day, and before I close this service I request, if you do mean to make him your Lord, you will arise there from your seats and will allow us here to tell him we have brought to him our hearts and our lives. Let us make it clear to them who are around us as well as to him who is in Heaven who it is who shall reign over us, our Lord, our Saviour and our King. Now I ask you to rise that we may give to God our hearts and our lives. Let us stand up. O, our God, our God and Father, we turn unto thee, our God in Christ Jesus, to-day to make him Lord and to submit everything to thy holy and perfect will. Take the government of our hearts, take the direction of our lives, take our appetites and passions, and take our desires and make them thine. O lead us in thy way, O keep us from falling, O make us truly disciples of Jesus, and lead us until we see his face. In this church which thou hast blessed for so many years, where thou hast shown so many great and blessed things in the past, come and do greater things still. Make us as a solid body consecrated to thee, and let us pour out our love and all we have and are in the service of our King, Jesus Christ. We pray thee to accept us now, unworthy as we are, for his sake. Amen." That is R. F. Horton's way of preaching the glorious gospel of the happy God.

The Chief Corner-Stone. Essays Towards an Exposition of the Christian Faith for To-Day. Edited by W. T. DAVISON, M.A., D.D. 8vo, pp. vi, 282. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

THIS is the age of clear-sighted investigation and research and of a fearless facing of all difficulties without the interference of traditional presuppositions. Methodism has always been abreast of the best scholarship, and has shown an eager desire to understand and interpret the signs of the times, and to serve the present age. This volume of essays

is in response to urgent needs. The name of Dr. Davison as editor is a sufficient guarantee that it is of exceptional value. Subjects of timely interest are considered and men of recognized scholarship in the Wesleyan Methodist Church are among the writers. The purpose of this collection of essays is not apologetic, nor critical, but constructive. A word of reassurance is spoken to the fearful and timid, who are furnished with all the facts. The authors believe that it is possible to harmonize the Christian doctrines of salvation with the modern outlook. They also recognize a clear distinction between the substance of evangelical faith and the theological expression of the doctrines that have gathered around it. The first essay, by Dr. Davison, on "Revelation and Authority," is without doubt the most important in this volume. He expounds the subject of authority in all its bearings, and shows very strikingly that authority at its best and highest centers in God as revealed through Christ. "The center of Christian faith lies in the incarnation, the tabernacling of God with men as never before or since, and the accomplishment of a work of redemption which is the expression of an eternal purpose before the world was, whose results will be eternal when heaven and earth have passed away. And for the Christian, the center of all authority is not God creating, God preserving, God revealing, but God *redeeming*." In these days, when we hear so much about the return to Christ, it is well to be reminded that "It is to the whole Christ of the New Testament that Christians need to return, if at any time they drift away from him." On the subject of the Bible, Dr. Davison makes this memorable statement: "The chief source of authority is that record of divine revelation, culminating in Christ, which is contained in the Bible. In that divine library is given a sufficient record of a series of revelations gathering round *the* revelation, partly leading up to Jesus Christ our Lord, partly leading on from him; but of the whole he is the center, the climax, and the crown. We are dependent on the New Testament for the transmission of knowledge concerning Christ; and for this and other reasons the collection of books called the Bible occupies a position of its own, which constitutes it, when rightly interpreted, a supreme rule of faith and practice for Christian believers. Christ is first as Lord—the whole Christ of the New Testament. The Bible becomes the word of Christ, if it be rightly read and understood, with himself as the light of the whole. The Holy Spirit has taught also from the first in the community of the Christian Church and so teaches still. But the Bible is the norm for the church, not the church for the Bible. The duty of the church in relation to the Scriptures is to preserve, transmit, distribute, interpret, and obey." The next essay is on "The Authority of Jesus Christ," by the well-known scholar Dr. George G. Findlay. A few sentences from it will indicate its value: "Enthroned in the believing heart, our Lord reaches out his scepter over the life of mankind; the 'hidden leaven' gradually assimilates 'the whole' kneading of humanity. In such measure as the branches and limbs of Christ—the men of His Spirit, who constitute the veritable Church—are multiplied and spread through the earth, and come to control its resources, and as they are brought into stricter cooperation with himself

and with each other for the ends of his mission, Christ's dominion is increasingly realized throughout the life of nations; so the true Christendom is built up." Another essay is on "The Foundation of the Apostles," by Professor J. Hope Moulton, so well known by his contributions to a knowledge of New Testament Greek, and who has recently brought out an indispensable work on "The Vocabulary of the Greek New Testament," based on papyri and other non-literary sources. The true Christian modernist accepts the conclusions of science and criticism and welcomes new light on the Bible, assured that truth can never be the enemy of faith. How then should the preacher behave in the presence of the new light? Dr. Moulton wisely answers as follows: "He does not enter the pulpit to set up and answer objections, to proclaim half-understood novelties, to destroy the cherished mistakes of humble piety. He is there to preach a great certainty, far more certain to his own mind than it was before he dared to face facts and welcome all that human knowledge could bring him, without fearing lest honest and uncompromising search after truth for truth's sake should lead him into a desert of despair. He has left criticism behind in his study, where it helped him to get a firmer intellectual grasp of the interpretation of the faith. He has no outworn theories to defend, no dull philosophy to expound. He is there to be the very voice of the undying Christ, pleading to men and women and little children of the twentieth century that they may take into their inner heart the redeeming fact which will yet turn the world upside down." The essay by Professor J. S. Banks on "The Incarnate Son and His Atoning Work" is worth reading during the Lenten season. Nothing but the Cross is equal to the sin and despair of the world. It is only the gospel of the Cross which has rekindled the dying fires of Christian zeal, sacrifice, and service and drawn men to God all through the centuries as it does today. Mr. Bisseker is in his element in the essay on "The Evidential Value of Christian Experience." He submits four effective tests of the validity of the inward experience: it must be in harmony with reason, for faith is not inimical to reason; it must accord with our own inner constitution; it must agree with the highest moral sense of the race; it must be capable of becoming universal. He shows how the Christian experience meets all these tests, and that it is based upon a firm historical foundation, and, therefore, worthy of acceptance. Our space is limited else we would like to refer at length to the other essays in this very notable volume. Enough has been said to introduce it favorably to our readers, and we are confident that its message will exercise a very wholesome effect on our preachers and their congregations.

Spiritual Culture. By FREDERICK A. NOBLE. 12mo, pp. 346. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

THE chief business of the church is to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the land. But how shall this be done in these days? A timely answer is given in this very helpful book, which is written by a pastor, not only for preachers, but also for the laity. The author is fully aware

of the pressing needs of our time, and also confident in the adequate supply in the Gospel of Redemption. Dr. Noble discusses the subject with sanity and comprehensiveness. "The spiritual life is the life which affords us share in the principles, thoughts, emotions, qualities, and aims which go to make up the moral being of God." At the very outset the author recognizes that the conspicuous shortcoming of the church is a deep, commanding, and all-pervading spirituality. He further realizes that the secularizing tendencies of our time are working for the undoing of spiritual influence. But there is not a pessimistic note in any of these pages. If he diagnoses searchingly, it is in order that he may point to the effectual cure. The marks of spirituality are knowledge of God, personal purity, love and interest in things of the kingdom. All this is fully discussed in a series of chapters. Another important section deals with Aids to Spiritual Culture, and here he is refreshingly suggestive. A few quotations will indicate the style of his treatment. "It is not the function of faith to displace reason, nor to substitute the unreasonable for the reasonable; but to illuminate and exalt reason." "To meditate, however, is to think—to think down into things, to think out through things, and to think to some rational purpose and conclusion. The same faculties which are employed in study, in reasoning, in deliberation, and in self-scrutiny are in use, and no whit less in use, in the act of meditation. Only in meditating there is an implication of withdrawal from the noise and distraction of the world, that one may be alone with himself and free to follow where his reflections may lead. There is the further implication that in meditating the topic is usually a religious one." "It is to the mystics that we turn for the best examples of meditation, and also for the best illustrations of the perils of meditation when divorced from the habit of useful activity. There is a mystical piety that is not good, just as there is a pragmatic bustling that is not good. What is wanted is a blend of the good qualities of each, so that the world may be supplied with the necessary contingent of devout workers. No man ever goes down deep into religious experience without exposing himself to the charge of mysticism." There are two chapters on Reading which are especially helpful to the preacher, and other chapters which deserve special mention are: "Coming Under the Power of the Spirit," "Intimate Fellowship With Christ," "The Soul Comes to Its Own," and "Life Rises to Its Best." Dr. Noble is quite right when he says that the greatness of Christian living is not more fully realized and better illustrated because we do not plan for it and because we do not make use of the vast and varied resources which are at hand for living our lives on a large scale. This is a most valuable book. If its brotherly counsels are carried out there is no doubt that a quickening of the religious life will unmistakably follow in all departments of the church, because its message deals with the central essentials in a way that carries conviction and leads to peace.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Anti-Alcohol Movement in Europe. By Ernest Gordon, author of "The Breakdown of the Gothenburg System." 12mo, pp. 333. New York and Chicago: The Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

It does not scintillate nor burn. It is too full of *cold* facts to burn. It was not written to scintillate. It was written to inform—especially, to inform Americans. That is to say, Gordon's Anti-Alcohol Movement in Europe was written for a definite purpose: that purpose is to give Americans a glimpse into the progress and spirit of the temperance movement among the nations of Europe. The person who is vitally interested in the anti-liquor movement will be enlightened and encouraged by this volume. He who is in any way engaged in the work will be vastly benefited by learning how the temperance reformers of Europe have forced the issue into the European mind. In Europe the anti-liquor movement is based on education of the sternest type: "The anti-alcohol movement is university-bred." Europe is alcohol-sick: "Almost the same time that Professor Muensterberg (of Harvard) was concocting those sentences" informing the American people that unless they adopted the drinking customs of Europe the nation would fall to "religious fanaticism, tyranny, cruelty, sexual perversity, gambling, betting, mysticism, superstition, mad adventurousness, and, above all, to senseless crime, a conference of social workers was being held in the Hall of the Prussian Landtag to consider what could be done for the moral sanitation of the German capital, and among those present happened to be the Professor's two brothers, Kommerzienrat Dr. Muensterberg and Stadrat Dr. Muensterberg. The special subject for consideration was the Animierkneipen—beer dives, 808 of which exist in Berlin alone, employing 1,786 'waitresses.'" Referring to Muensterberg's claim that the German beer customs encourage the artistic taste of the people, the writer affirms: "With beer goes beer music, the horrible orchestrions and other torture instruments of the beer saloon. The beer Philistine is very comfortable with this noisy mechanical music. Think of a Beethoven symphony in the tobacco smoke, with clinking glasses! The mere thought of it is desecration. A philosopher of far greater authority than Professer Muensterberg, Edward Von Hartmann, has affirmed that 'the civilization of the twentieth century threatens, in consequence of the drenching in drink, to sink again into barbarism and degeneracy.'" Europe is alcohol-sick nigh unto death: "Alcoholism," he says, "is undoubtedly the most important and commonest form of poisoning," and Dr. Stadelmann in the 1905 report of the Friedrichshain Hospital, Berlin, continues, "Our people suffer more in health and economic power from *Schnaps* than from tuberculosis, against which fight has been long successfully waged." From the economic angle, he says: "Germany is a food importing country and therefore dependent on other nations. If it were a prohibition state it would be able to feed 13,633,355 persons more." But there's "Daybreak in Europe." The anti-alcohol movement is gaining momentum. "The beginning of this movement is generally dated from the publication of

Professor von Bunge's *Die Alkoholfrage* in 1886. . . . The movement touches all classes, from the Kaiser on the throne to the socialist in the back street. . . . What strikes one most forcibly, perhaps, is the bitterly radical character of the new opinions. It is as if tens of thousands of Germans had suddenly awakened to the humiliation of their beer past and were determined to atone for it by the intensity of their present antagonism. . . . When the process of obtaining alcohol from sawdust by breaking up cellulose into grape sugar with sulphuric acid was hit upon by a Norwegian engineer, Mark Twain was reported to have exclaimed, 'Now the Germans will start gnawing their chair-legs.' The American humorist, however, has proved a bad prophet. Hundreds of thousands of Germans are to-day intent on limiting the sale of alcohol to the apothecary's shop, with chloroform, arsenic, and belladonna." Europe is educating from the bottom: "The movement seeks the anti-alcohol training of the child. The governments themselves are cooperating in this direction. Most thorough going of all are the Scandinavian states and preeminently Finland." The universities are offering courses on the subject: "The University of Utrecht gives in its Winter Semester courses on 'Criminality and Alcohol,' 'Alcohol as a Medicine,' and 'Ethics and Alcohol.' The University of Giessen has also given alcohological courses by professors in medicine, economics, and ethics, and similar beginnings are reported from the universities of Berlin, Bonn, Strassburg, Vienna, Tübingen, Heidelberg, Wurzburg, Kiel, Helsingfors, Munich, Prague, Basel, etc. The great industrials of Germany, too, are beginning in various ways to take up the fight against drink. All kinds of notables seem to be awakening to the importance of the war on race-poisoning. M. Cassimir Perier, former President of the French Republic, remarked in his capacity of president of the French National Congress against Alcoholism: 'Whatever honor my country has paid me, my ambition has never been satisfied until now.' When Garrick read before King George all eyes were wont to fasten on his Majesty to decide whether it was to be applause or not. The decorative section of American society would, perhaps, take up a less chilly attitude to the subject of temperance if it realized that this is becoming a matter of concern to patrician circles abroad." The movement has reached the socialist circles and is permeating them through and through. For many years the European Socialists were not friendly to the abstinence movement. "'The theory that alcoholism is caused solely by the capitalist system,' says Vandervelde, 'is very seductive to those who love to conceal, under the appearance of an unbending theoretical consistency, the lenient regard which they have for the interests, prejudices, or vices of electors; but it has the defect that it cannot undergo a serious examination.' At Mannheim, in 1906, Bebel, Marxist and Determinist, who earlier opposed the temperance movement among the socialists, declared that in view of the extent the movement had taken, it had become pressingly necessary to consider the subject. 'The marked change which has taken place in the attitude of an important section of the Socialist party on this question is probably due, as much as to anything, to the scientific hygienic character of the

new anti-alcohol movement. It is no longer necessary to urge men to abandon a vice. The whole gravitation of self-interest is now on the side of temperance.' Again: 'Our task is,' says the Socialist Der Abstinent of Vienna, 'ever again to prove what a theft of proletarian power the cursed content of the beer glass is.' And Dr. Victor Adler, the Austrian Socialist leader, says: 'I know of no one in our ranks who has ever compromised us who was not brought thereto by alcohol. We have had no conflicts in the party, from Hauser to Simon Stark, in which alcohol has not played the decisive role.'" In view of the proportions which the socialist movement has assumed in Europe their attitude toward the temperance movement is tremendously important. Mr. Gordon gives more attention to this phase of the subject than to any other. He emphasizes the fact that socialists are falling into step. "Judge Otto Lang of Zurich, the leader of the Swiss socialists, says: 'The revolutionary romanticism has been abandoned by us. The Herweghian knightly joy of dying early in the day is not ours. We must press forward from position to position in hard tough fight. . . . Here alcohol enters in. It makes the danger which lies latent in these circumstances acute. It overcomes the last opposition, robs the man of his last reflection, and closes the causal chain which binds poverty to crime.'" He quotes Professor Vandervelde: "We Socialists have reason to speak this way. An alcoholized people is incapable of Socialist organization. It is good for sterile rioting, for attempting *coups de force*, which an implacable repression directly crushes. It cannot organize, cannot march to the conquest of a better state." "The Young Socialists are even stronger opponents of alcohol than the veterans of the party. Of their 180 leaders, gathered in the Congress of 1912, 137 were abstainers and 133 in anti-alcohol organizations." This from Sweden: "The Swedish Socialist party is now definitely committed to national prohibition, having made it a program point, in 1911, by a vote of 95 to 2." Throughout the ranks of European socialists the "alcohol strike" (Boycott) is becoming a popular and effective method of carrying the war into the camp of the Bourgeoisie: "Bebel, Molkenbuhr, Singer, Wengels, Pfannkuch—in fact, the whole party directorate signed the following statement: 'In one place, German workmen, your opponents are vulnerable. There a blow can be given the exploiters, heavy and crushing, yet without danger to ourselves. That place is spirits, the most dangerous of the poisons of the people.'" "Away with Spirits!" "Away with the Fusel of the Junkers!" "Out of the pennies of the drinkers the aristocrat gets his wealth. . . . With every drop of brandy that goes down your throats you pay tribute to your worst enemy." "Be apostles of the spirits boycott!" "German workers, if you will no longer be Junkers' serfs, avoid *Schnaps!*" "On the eleventh of July, 1911, representatives of the Social Democratic Leagues of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland met in Dresden and, after an eleven-hour thorough and heated debate, agreed on a common program. This indicated as a final aim the prohibition by popular vote of the production and traffic in alcoholic drinks." There is a chapter showing the effects of alcohol in the Continental armies and the relation of the anti-alcohol

movement to military organizations. Another chapter shows how the movement is taking hold of the European student: "An abstaining student, a few years ago, would have been a *contradictio in adjecto*. 'It would,' says Professor Weygandt, 'have seemed as incompatible with student nature to take position against alcohol, as for a general to advocate the diminution of his army, or for a passionate hunter to propose prohibition of carrying firearms.' Dr. Blocher speaks of fathers who have actually threatened to cut off their sons from their living if they continued in abstinence societies. But already in 1909 sentiment had so far veered that 251 student corporations stood ready to admit abstinent students and 103 had abstainers in their membership, some even being officials." But this book does not simply describe the anti-alcohol movement in Europe; it tells *how* it has been brought about. There have been two principal factors: the International Congresses Against Alcoholism have forced the subject into the attention of scholars and given the movement its leaders. As he says: "These constitute the core about which it has crystallized, the gauge which registers its rising steam pressure." But the attention of the masses has been claimed by the "shop window" and "traveling anti-alcohol exhibitions." These consist of charts, posters, diagrams, statistical tables, drawings, and other graphical illustrations showing the effects of alcohol upon society and the individual, morally, economically, educationally, every way. The practical suggestions about "how to do it" that are to be found in these chapters are invaluable to Epworth Leagues, Sunday school and other temperance committees and organizations. The closing chapter shows clearly that the prohibitionists of Europe realize what the remedy must be: there must be no half-way palliatives. There must be a "death sentence." Note this conviction in a few striking sentences: "The remedies proposed for the mending of this social shame and its consequences are a sign of rudimentary acquaintance with the alcohol problem. Mr. Riis, for example, commends fighting the drink habit with cooking classes. This is what Pius Ninth's war secretary, Mgr. de Merode, would have called 'cleaning the pyramids with a tooth-brush.' . . . Then we have the 'oenophiles' who would drive back hard drinking with 'light wines.' But wine never weaned a single drinker from strong liquor. Drs. Ollivier and Boidard of the insane asylum for the department of Loir-et-Cher assert that 'it is just the wine-growing regions of Loir-et-Cher which furnish the largest contingent of mental alcoholics.' In 1907 the French Ministry of the Interior made inquiries as to the alcoholics interned in French asylums. It found that there were 1,537 whose mania was due to absinthe, but 1,755 who owed it to wine. . . . More tempting is the theory that the social reform should be used to effect an alcohol reform, and yet it is one which will not stand too close examination. 'You will never solve the social question,' insisted the Belgian Minister of Justice, Lejeune, 'until you have vanquished alcoholism. Because of it all reforms are doomed beforehand to sterility.' When a house is ablaze one does not stop to repair the plumbing. . . . It is therefore none too soon for anti-alcohol organizations to press national

prohibition to the front. To those who think this the delusion of impossibilists we can only quote the fine saying of Lady Aberdeen, 'The difference between the difficult and the impossible is that the impossible takes a little longer time.' And, truly, it may not take so long a time, either. It is only forty years since the crusade women were praying on the vile, sawdust-littered floors of Ohio saloons. God's answer is coming to them from the Universities of Germany and Austria. Who would have thought it! But, after all, that's God's way."

Macmillan's Annual. Edited by E. V. Lucas. 12mo, pp. 195. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, paper, 35 cents, net. [This paper-bound volume was sent out by Macmillans last Christmas "with greetings and best wishes of the holiday season," and is now sold at the low price named.]

It is a gathered miscellany of twenty pieces, not for the most part of grave or serious things in prose and verse, but preponderantly of sparkling "airy nothings" and "trifles light as air," by twenty authors whose names are more commanding than the contents of the book; suggesting to one reader a flitting of moths and fireflies across the meadows and in the thickets of literature; only now and then one of them stings like a bee. One is tempted to label the collection "Great Men at Play"; such men as Barrie and Dobson and Bennett and Galsworthy and Hewlett and Leacock and Walpole and Chalmers and the like. Barrie's satirical story is of a schoolmaster nicknamed Old Hyphen, "because his name is double-barreled." It is first remarked that many men, even some admirable scholars, never succeed as teachers. These failures are here classified thus: "The heavy, slow, unready, ineffective man; 2, the absent-minded, easy-going, slovenly man; 3, the self-indulgent man; and 4, the fool"—which last class seems less definite than inclusive. To schoolmasters in general is given this hint (though advice is probably the last thing they will take): "They must keep their temper, avoiding outbursts of rage, and also refrain from a constantly militant attitude, impatience, sarcasm, and querulousness." These, it is implied, are the average schoolmaster's weaknesses; but "with common sense, good temper, industry, and a desire for self-improvement, any one can overcome the difficulties of the profession. The worst trouble is that so few of them show any desire for self-improvement." (This parenthesis timidly inquires whether the above criticisms lie not only against teachers but equally against a class the name of which rhymes with teachers.) One of the spiciest bits in this book is John Ruskin's characteristic criticism of Browning's poems. In 1855 Mrs. Browning sent Ruskin a copy of her husband's volume, Men and Women, as a token of their joint regard. When a month had passed Ruskin wrote Robert Browning a letter which is called "a riot of candor," concerning Browning's poetry in general, using the poem "Popularity" as a horrible example. To us Ruskin's criticism of that poem seems the stupidest, most obtuse, and most undiscerning thing he ever wrote, amazingly lacking in insight, imagination, and comprehension. He virtually implies as much when he confesses that the time he chose for

trying to read Browning was at night when his brain was weary with the day's work. That is no condition for reading Browning. Naturally enough he found it difficult reading, hard to keep connection. His experience would have been the same if he had tried to read his Bible in that fagged-out state. Here is part of his letter: "DEAR MR. BROWNING: I know you have been wondering that I did not write; but I could not till now—and hardly can, now: not because I am busy, nor careless, but because I cannot at all make up my mind about these poems of yours; and, so far as my mind *is* made up, I am not sure whether it is in the least right. Of their power there can of course be no question—nor do you need to be told of it; for every one who *has* power of this kind, knows it—*must* know it. But as to the Presentation of the Power, I am in great doubt. Being hard worked at present, and not being able to give the cream of the day to poetry—when I take up these poems in the evening I find them absolutely and literally a set of the most amazing conundrums that ever were proposed to me. I try at them for say twenty minutes—in which time I make out about twenty lines; but not consecutive lines, always having to miss two, for every one that I make out. I enjoy the twenty, each separately, very much, but the puzzlement about the intermediate ones increases in comfortlessness till I get a headache, and give in. Now that you may exactly understand the way I feel about them—I will read, with you, one poem—as I read it to myself—with all my comments and questions. I open at random—'Cleon'?—no—that's not a fair example, being harder than most; 'The Twins'?—no—I have made out that—(except the fifth stanza)—so it is not a fair example on the other side, being easier than most; 'Popularity'?—yes, that touches the matter in hand." Then Ruskin goes on and tears that poem to pieces, criticizing it line by line, verse by verse, in most inept and incompetent fashion. Then he adds: "Now, that is the way I read—as well as I can—poem after poem—picking up a little bit here and there and enjoying it—but wholly unable to put anything together. I can't say I have really made out any of it yet, except the epistle from the Arabian physician, which I like immensely, and I am only a stanza or so out with one or two others—in 'By the Fireside,' for instance, I am only *dead* beat by the 41-43, and in 'Fra Lippo' I am only fast at the grated orris-root, which I looked for in the *Encyclopædia* and couldn't find. Well, how far all this is as it should be, I really know not. There is a stuff and fancy in your work which assuredly is in no other living writer's, and how far this purple of it *must* be within this terrible shell, and only to be fished for among threshing of foam and slippery rocks, I don't know. There are truths and depths in it, far beyond anything I have read except Shakespeare—and truly, if you had just written Hamlet, I believe I should have written to you precisely this kind of letter—merely quoting your own Rosencrantz against you—'I understand you not—my lord.' I cannot write in enthusiastic praise—because I look at you every day as a monkey does at a cocoa-nut—having great faith in the milk—hearing it rattle indeed—inside—but quite beside myself for the Fibres. Still less can I write in blame. When a man has real power, God only knows how he *can* bring

it out, or ought to bring it out. But, I would pray you—faithfully—heartily—to consider with yourself how far you can amend matters and make the real virtue of your work acceptable and profitable to more people. However, I have found some great things in you already, and I think you must be a wonderful mine, when I have real time and strength to set to work properly. That bit about the Bishop and St. Praxed—in the older poems—is very glorious. Rossetti showed it me. In fact, I oughtn't to write to you yet at all; but such is my state of mind at present, and it may perhaps be well that you should know it—even though it may soon change to a more acceptant one—because it most certainly represents the feelings of a good many more—besides myself—who ought to admire you and learn from you, but can't because you are so difficult. Well—there's a specimen for you of my art of saying pleasant things to my friends. I have no time left now for any unpleasant ones—so I must just say good-bye and beg you to accept—with my dear Mrs. Browning—the assurance of my exceeding regard and respect. Ever most faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN." To this letter Browning made a good-natured and adequate reply. A friendly letter of a brighter sort was this piece of mischief from Woolner, the sculptor: "MY DEAR BROWNING: Did you see this in the Times of January 8th? 'MARYLEBONE.—An eccentric man named Robert Browning was charged with disorderly conduct. The officer said he saw him on the previous night surrounded by a number of people. He was on his knees howling like a dog, and scratching at the ground with his hands. He asked him to get up and go away. He refused to do so, when he was asked what he meant by such conduct, and his reply was that he was making the underground railway to Hammersmith, and had got to get it finished by morning. He was then locked up.' Of course you are sorry to see that it has got about; but the affair is valuable as showing the extraordinary force of a poet's imagination." E. V. Lucas, the compiler of this Miscellany, contributes from his own writings a brief bit entitled The Choice: "A mother lost her soldier son. The news came to her in dispatches from the war. He had fallen fighting nobly at the head of his regiment. She was inconsolable. 'Oh that I might see him again!' she prayed. 'If only for five minutes—but to see him!' An angel answered her prayer. 'For five minutes,' the angel said. 'Quick! quick!' said the mother, her tears turned to momentary joy. 'Yes,' said the angel, 'but think a little. He was a grown man. There are thirty years to choose from. How would you see him?' The mother paused and wondered. 'Would you see him,' said the angel, 'as a soldier dying heroically at his post? Would you see him as he left you to join the transport? Would you see him as you first saw him in his uniform? Would you see him again as on that day at school when he stepped to the platform to receive the highest honors a boy could have?' 'How did you know?' the mother asked, her eyes lighting. The angel smiled. 'Would you see him as a baby at your breast? Would you—' 'No,' said the mother, 'I would have him for five minutes as he was one day when he ran in from the garden to ask my forgiveness for being naughty. He was so small and so unhappy; and he was very hot and the tears were

making streaks down his face through the garden dirt. And he flew to my arms with such force that he hurt me." These nearly two hundred pages close with John Drinkwater's verses about "Mad Tom Tatterman," who is a gray old scavenger with the weight of eighty years upon his crumpled back, gleaning in frosty weather from the garbage flung out in sullen alleys. Being asked what he finds there, and if any money to put into his bag, the penniless old dreamer, whose dreams to him a kingdom are, and whose brain often dances with ecstasies which a million-acres and a thousand head of cattle could not give, answers that he finds scattered in the dirt along the gutter seeds that little ladies nursed by Babylonian streams; answers that, though folks call him mad—they who knew so much and are so neatly dressed—he knows wisdom and riches higher than theirs. "You and this and that man," he says, "all of you are busy making things which could be done without just to put more money in your bag; and so your eyes grow dusty and the hinges of your limbs grow rusty, while, as for poor old Tom, though he puts no money in his bag, Christ walked the Sea of Galilee for mad Tom Tatterman, and when I go to sleep at last you may know that I have driven, through a million acres of broad heaven, flocks of thoughts and dreams far whiter than all the flocks that all your shepherds keep."

The Social Problem. A Constructive Analysis. By CHARLES A. ELLWOOD, PH.D., Professor of Sociology in the University of Missouri. 12mo, pp. xii, 255. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

The Gospel of Jesus and the Problems of Democracy. By HENRY C. VEDDER, Professor of Church History in Crozer Theological Seminary. 12mo, pp. ix, 410. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

The Reconstruction of the Church. With Regard to Its Message and Program. By PAUL MOORE STRAYER. 12mo, pp. xii, 309. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50. net.

THESE three books discuss the task which confronts the Christian Church in these days of unrest and distress. Dr. Ellwood introduces us to the social problem with unusual ability. He has a thorough understanding of the situation and hence he places the emphasis where it rightly belongs. He has no sympathy with physical and purely biological theories of society; they are not only unscientific, but they also fail to recognize the spiritual and ideal elements which constitute society. The social problem is a problem of the relations of men to one another; and civilization is at bottom the creation and transmission of ideal values by which men regulate their conduct. It is therefore clear that the social perplexities and discords which humiliate and stagger us have been caused by the insanity of selfishness. The social problem then depends for its solution upon the control of individual character; and as Dr. Ellwood shows in these chapters, wise social leadership alone can effectually deal with it. The eugenic solution is good, but it has severe limitations, because it is not an easy matter to control marriage and sex relations in the interest of society. Furthermore, heredity and environment singly or

together are not sufficient explanations, because they do not satisfactorily reckon with the initiative and independence of personality. This subject is well considered in the chapter on "Physical and Biological Elements in the Social Problem." This is followed by a searching analysis of the economic elements; here he makes an indictment against capitalism as it at present exists in Western civilization: it leads to the exploitation of labor, it results in an unjust distribution of wealth, and it fosters materialistic standards of happiness and living. The most pressing need of the world is a new soul, that is, a new set of values, which will allow spiritual factors to play a greater part than ever before. There must be a revaluation of family life, and of government and law with a renaissance of the politics of patriotism; there must also be a revaluation of religion which has always proved the most powerful force working for social order, and which stimulates altruism in the mass of men. Dr. Ellwood does not fail to point out that Christianity, which is preeminently the religion of love and service, can solve the social problem, only as it becomes more humanized and socialized. The general principles which are discussed in this volume and which indicate the direction which our social thinking must take are considered by Dr. Vedder in detail and with special reference to the teachings of Jesus. The spirit of his book is seen in his dedication "To the millions who toil without hope that the thousands may enjoy without thought." We are impressed by the intense social passion of the author and his enthusiasm of humanity. For this reason we regret that he so frequently shows a bitter spirit in his eagerness to see the wrongs which afflict society speedily removed. He, however, submits the facts with lucidity and forcefulness. He levels many a blow at popular Christianity whose ostentatious orthodoxy and large professions nevertheless scorn the real gospel of Jesus. He declares that this gospel on its practical side is brotherhood. "The content of this idea is large, but it cannot be supposed to mean less than these four things: equal rights for all, the supremacy of the common good, mutual dependence and service, and active good will to all." It is true that the Christian Church has not done everything that is possible for the uplift of humanity, but Dr. Vedder gives the impression that it has hardly done anything. This is surely an inexcusable exaggeration from a professor of church history. The problems which confront the awakening church are described with fulness. They are the problems of social justice, of woman, of the child, of the slum, of vice, of crime, of disease, of poverty, of lawlessness. This is surely an alarming list, and to each of these subjects a chapter is devoted. We are surprised that the author does not take note of drink as being one of the fatal causes of many of the social distresses which he discusses so elaborately and for the removal of which he pleads with such passionate eloquence. His diagnosis of conditions in our midst hardly flatters the United States, but truth is greater than sentiment; and besides it is far better to have our friends and kindred point out our defects than to have foes and strangers do so. In spite of some omissions and severe criticisms, this book deserves careful study on the part of those who desire to make the mission of the church of increasing value to the world. Dr. Ellwood

rightly contends in his volume that the church ought to be the public conservator and propagator of ideal social values. How this can be done is discussed in its practical bearings by Mr. Strayer, who is a Presbyterian minister in Rochester, N. Y., and who reports in his volume some of the successful experiments in reconstructing the message and program of the church. It is one of the most satisfactory books on this difficult subject; what pleases us is the happy combination of spiritual vision and practical sense. He makes a reassuring declaration in the opening pages of the book which quickly wins the confidence of the reader in what he has written: "I have a resolute faith in the church. I am heartily enthusiastic over my calling, and believe that the Christian ministry offers the greatest opportunity for moral leadership in the world to-day. I am confident that the church can be so adapted to its new tasks as to fulfill its magnificent mission, and to be attractive to all real men and women who have a high purpose to serve and help. . . . The eternal spiritual message of the church needs to be reclothed to meet the demands of this new industrial age. . . . The church must be Christianized by bringing the daily life and business practices of its members into line with the law of Christ." Part I considers the factors of a revised message for the church of to-day. Part II deals with the church at the parting of the ways and it carefully emphasizes that one of the supreme functions of the church is to create the mystical or spiritual sense and to provide for its expression in worship. Another function is to teach men how to make their whole life Christian, in correspondence with the teaching and life of Jesus. This is a wholesome interpretation, for those who are keen on the social message of the gospel are not always sufficiently careful to guard against the tendency to secularize Christianity. Part III is an intensely interesting and helpful section dealing with new and effective methods of community service. The book is a vital contribution to the consideration of the modern mission of the church and of the greatest value to ministers as well as the laity.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

New Testament History. A Study of the Beginnings of Christianity. By HARRIS FRANKLIN RALL, Ph.D., President, The Iliff School of Theology. 8vo, pp. 314. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, net, $1.50.

The Bible as Literature. By IRVING FRANCIS WOOD, Ph.D., and ELIHU GRANT, Ph.D., Professors of Biblical Literature, Smith College. 8vo, pp. 346. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, net, $1.50.

History of the Hebrews. Their Political, Social and Religious Development and their Contribution to World Betterment. By FRANK KNIGHT SANDERS, Ph.D., D.D. 8vo, pp. xiii+367. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, net, $1.00.

IT is an encouraging sign that the subject of Bible study is receiving such serious attention and that the need for this study in public schools and colleges is recognized. The response to the need is seen in the recent appearance of many textbooks which offer help to Bible students. It

needs no lengthy argument to prove that the pastor is the leader of the religious education of his church, and that the Sunday school is the unmistakable agency in the work of religious instruction, just as the Epworth League is the agency for religious practice and the church services the agency for religious worship. For these reasons we desire to introduce to the attention of our readers the above three books, which are of especial value for the purposes they have in view. Dr. James Denney well remarked that when we open the New Testament we find ourselves in the presence of a glowing religious life. Dr. Rall recognizes this fact throughout his very suggestive volume on New Testament History. He has finely succeeded in giving us a readable and an accurate account of the New Testament life and message. Ample justice is done to the many-sided life of the New Testament church, which drew its inspiration increasingly and continuously from Jesus Christ. "The great fact of Christianity is Christ. It is not some doctrine about him, nor some institution developed by his followers. The great creative fact from which all else sprang is the life and spirit and teaching of Jesus." After a clear and lucid portrayal of the world into which Christianity came, Dr. Rall expounds the life and teaching of Jesus. He then takes up the faith and testimony of the Jerusalem Church. Next he gives a sympathetic interpretation of the place of Paul and his remarkable contribution to the progress of Christianity in the Roman Empire. The concluding section is devoted to the Later Church, and here we wish the author had given more attention to the writings of John, which are without doubt among the richest spiritually in the New Testament. The brief bibliography is far too brief, because it omits such important books as The Days of His Flesh, by David Smith, Jesus and the Gospel, by James Denney, Studies of Paul and His Gospel, by A. E. Garvie. The author has mastered the problems of New Testament study, and he gives positive and duly verified conclusions in this volume, which, if used, will give students a very satisfactory conception of the beginnings of Christianity. Professor Moulton was the great pioneer in the literary study of the Bible. There is no doubt that its religious value is increased by such a study. In The Bible as Literature, Drs. Wood and Grant accept the main line of scholarly biblical interpretation and deal with this notable mass of unique religious literature in its historical growth and show their exceptional value to the cultivation of the religious life at its best. Their arrangement of the Old Testament material is out of the ordinary. They begin with the prophetic books and then take up the narrative portions of the Bible, and pass on to the books of poetry, wisdom, and apocalypse. Some characterizations of the books will give the point of view of the authors: "Deuteronomy is a prophetic sermon thrown into the form of a book of law." "The Book of Job is the most artistic literary production of the Bible. It ranks among the great poems of the world—in fact many regard it as the greatest of the world's poems." "The Book of Psalms was the hymn book of the second temple." "Hebrews is a great apologetic essay in the form of a general letter, upon the central importance of the Christian faith in the midst of more imposing because

more ritualistic and materialistic forms of worship, which are nevertheless of inferior merit." Here is a good description of the great apostle: "Paul was a breaker of new roads, an explorer, the first typical missionary of Christianity. He stirred up many difficult problems for which precedents were rarely to be had. He was often misunderstood; he was greatly hated as well as greatly loved. He was a positive personality and filled the spiritual atmosphere with electric currents of discussion. No church that he founded may have been able to grasp Paul's ideas and their implications without further aid from the very original mind that had so greatly stimulated their religious and ethical zeal." The New Testament section is of decided value. The chapter dealing with the synoptic problem is a very clear statement of the situation. There is also a very valuable chapter on the "Teachings of Jesus." We do not hesitate to say that this is one of the best introductions to Bible study. It will certainly enable students to appreciate the worth of the Bible with greater intelligence. We regret that the authors did not add a few more volumes to their books for reference. No mention is made of The Bible: Its Origin, Its Significance, and Its Abiding Worth, by Professor Peake. Among commentaries The Expositor's Greek Testament, edited by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, should find a prominent place. On the problem of the Gospels, Oxford Studies of the Synoptic Problem, edited by Professor W. Sanday, should be consulted. Dr. Sanders has produced in his History of the Hebrews a very compact volume. It covers the entire period from the early days down to the year 135 A. D. We might well call this a *vade mecum* for the study of Bible history. It is written in a clear and succinct style, without omitting the important elements in the wonderful history of Bible times. The student who follows this guide will become familiar with the whole Bible and with the Bible as a whole.

A Guide to the Study of Church History. By W. J. McGlothlin, Ph.D. (Berlin), D.D., Professor of Church History in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. London: Hodder & Stoughton; New York: George H. Doran Company, 1914. Pp. 359. Price, $1.50, net.

This is the kind of a book known in Germany, but little known in English-speaking lands. Perhaps Loofs's *Grundlinien der Kirchengeschichte in der Form von Dispositionen für seine Vorlesungen*, Halle, 1901, might be taken as a model first, though Loofs is more schematic, or catalogue-like, and therefore less interesting. The idea is to preface each section with a few reading references, and then give the briefest possible statement of the facts, to be filled in by the teacher in his lectures, or by the pupil in his reading. A quotation will suffice (p. 46). "2. Discipline. H. i. 341-7; K. i. 39:2; S. i. 114; A. i. (1). Persons were prepared for baptism by a period of instruction, usually two years, but it might be longer or shorter. These persons, called catechumens, were divided into three classes: (a) *hearers*, permitted to hear only Scripture lesson and sermon; (b) *kneelers*, permitted to take part in some of the prayers, but kneeling while congregation stood; (c) *co-standers*, who took part in

prayers standing, up to time of eucharistic service. (2) All sins committed prior to baptism were thought to be washed away in that ordinance. [Author is referring to second period.] (3) Sins committed after baptism were divided, from Tertullian on, into venial and mortal sins: (a) *Venial sins* were forgiven on repentance by the imposition of the hands of the clergy. (b) *Mortal sins* (murder, apostasy, adultery, heresy, schism, etc.) led to excommunication and loss of eternal life. Many held that persons excommunicated could never be restored to church fellowship; others allowed one restoration; others still laxer. *Long penance* required by all parties, from one to fifteen or twenty years. At first details of discipline were left to local churches, but before end of period it was regulated, in part at least, by synods (Ancyra, 314). Four degrees of punishment: (a) *weepers*, not permitted to enter the church, (b) *hearers*, (c) *kneelers*, (d) *co-standers*, the last three corresponding to grades of catechumens. On conclusion of period of penitence the imposition of hands and kiss of peace readmitted to communion and the blessings of grace. This was only the church's forgiveness, and did not insure divine forgiveness. The penitence was only an assurance of repentance, but Tertullian calls it 'satisfaction,' and before long it began to be regarded as the means of regaining favor with God. All penitent sinners received the communion when dying (*viaticum*), even if they had not been restored to fellowship. Martyrdom, the 'baptism of blood,' was supposed to wash away all sins. Persons who had committed mortal sins were not admitted to the clergy even after penitence." The author is fair and impartial. German scholars even would not object to his statement on baptism in apostolic age (p. 22), though we really do not *know* what form of baptism was used then, or whether—as Wesley thought—different modes were used. As to second period, the author says: "Pouring allowed in lieu of baptism first c. 120 A. D., where there was not sufficient water to immerse" (p. 40). This refers to recommendation of *Didache*, whose date is uncertain, say 80-125, probably 125, but we don't know how long the custom had been in vogue. *The Teaching* gives only the formal permission or advice, but the pouring was regarded as full baptism, as the subject was not rebaptized. The author minimizes excessively when he says (p. 40) that infant baptism is "probably" in Tertullian and Origen. "We should smile." In so sober a book could the learned author be joking in that "probably"? Students who use this admirable and reliable work should correct two or three errors in proof reading: p. 148, for *Clerics* read *Clericis;* p. 258, for Hobbs read Hobbes; p. 278, for Barkeley read Berkeley; p. 279, for Hoadley read Hoadly. The appendix of lists of popes, kings, and festivals is very valuable, even the new Pope of the summer of 1914, Benedict XV, being mentioned.

Social Christianity in the Orient. The Story of a Man, a Mission and a Movement. By JOHN E. CLOUGH, D.D. Written down for him by his wife, Emma Rauschenbusch Clough, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. xx, 409. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

The Evolution of a Missionary. A Biography of John Hyde De Forest, for thirty-seven years Missionary of the American Board in Japan. By CHARLOTTE B. DE FOREST. Introduction by Professor Harlan P. Beach, D.D., F.R.G.S. 8vo, pp. 309. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

The Missionary Obligation in the Light of the Changes of Modern Thought. By ALFRED E. GARVIE, D.D. 12mo, pp. ix+142. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, 75 cents net.

WHEN we are reading so much about the war it is well to turn aside and consider the work of the real empire builders of the race. They are found on the mission field. Their work is of so varied and intense a character, and they are so busy making history, that the work of writing history must perforce be left to others. Missionaries are among the broadest-minded and far-sighted men of the Christian church. We are confirmed in this opinion by the eager reading of these two biographies, which in a sense supplement each other. Dr. Clough devoted his long and arduous life to one of the outcaste tribes in India and became the beloved apostle of the Telugus; Dr. De Forest distinguished himself by apologetic and evangelistic preaching to the Japanese, and succeeded in giving them an open-minded interpretation of the gospel of redemption. The importance of Dr. Clough's work is indicated in the following words: "Early in his career he recognized the importance of the social group; he left men in it and Christianized the group. Family cohesion and tribal characteristics were factors with which he reckoned. And when, with the gregarious instincts that dominate an Eastern tribe, they came over to Christianity in families, in villages, in crowds, he was not afraid of them; he had become an expert on their social organization, and could handle the crisis." This volume is an invaluable contribution to the understanding of the mass movement toward Christianity which is one of the impressive phenomena on the mission field, where in a most literal sense a nation is born in a day. Another important missionary problem is solved by this volume; it is that the Christianization of the Orient must have Oriental features and be devoid of what is characteristically Occidental. "The Western forms of Christianity are not necessarily adapted to an Eastern community. There were years when I tried to lead the people toward Western organization; for I wanted them to grow into it. I even tried, since pressure was being brought to bear upon me from outside, to force it upon them. I was only partially successful. In so far as I could make use of the primitive self-administration of the Indian village community, in so far did I succeed. . . . The day will come when Western people will cease to expect the people of the East to adopt their customs and forms of thought along with their faith in Jesus." Another quotation contains a volume in a nutshell: "I am glad as I look back, that my efforts were mostly in the direction of preaching Jesus in a way which appealed to the Oriental mind, and that I gave to church organization, according to Western ideas, a secondary place. It seems to me I was in line with the New Testament church, and that God was guiding and helping me." Dr. Clough showed remarkable

facility in understanding the mind of the low-caste Madiga and in adapting the message of the gospel to the social, mental, moral, and religious needs of this primitive people. He was practicing social Christianity in India long before such efforts were known in the home land. The work of famine relief was undertaken on a large scale and yet no "rice Christians" were produced. The system of self-support and the large use of native agency in the spread of the gospel explain in part the remarkable triumphs of the evangel. He took charge of the Lone Star Mission in 1864, when it seemed as though it would have to be discontinued. When he laid down his burden in 1905 he had the joy of knowing that there were 100 missionaries, 60,000 members, and 200,000 adherents, not to speak of the many thousands who had died in the faith, after having witnessed a good confession. Truly, this is a heroic record and it deserves to be widely known throughout the Church. Dr. De Forest engaged in a different kind of work, but he was inspired by the same evangelistic purpose. Few men were privileged as he was to present so effectively such a complete and convincing exposition of the redemptive message of Christianity. He was one of the best types of the modern missionary who possesses outstanding piety, broad culture, and destructive thought. In a letter to Yale Seminary he appealed for recruits and added this significant sentence: "You each, if you want it, can have exclusive right to a parish of half a million; and you will have the supreme indifference of your entire parish till you win by your politeness and love and brain power your right to have your say." He won out to such an eminent degree because he preached the gospel of living love and always emphasized the note of sympathy. He found it necessary at the very outset to educate himself in the Japanese point of view that he might adapt his message to the Japanese mind. It is interesting to read how he preached on the Ten Commandments and produced very deep impressions. The sermons were published as tracts under such taking titles as "The Evils of Worshiping Dried Wood," "Medicine for Thieves," "The Funeral of the Seven Gods of Good Luck"—the last being on the tenth commandment, which, in abolishing the covetous spirit, will, it was argued, abolish also the gods whose worship springs from that spirit. The mediatorial and international functions of the missionary are well illustrated in this enlightening biography. Dr. De Forest rendered an important service by his progressive interpretations of Christianity, which were all the more acceptable because of the times of transition in Japan. He found that the principles of Biblical criticism helped him to separate the essential from the non-essential, the local and temporary from the universal and eternal. He thereby received a larger gospel. Such a testimony, coming as it does from one on the field, is worthy of careful consideration. This subject is discussed by Principal Garvie in five lectures. The volume is specially welcome because it not only expounds the task of Foreign Missions but also points out how modern scholarship furnishes more polished tools to the missionary who labors among the educated peoples of Japan, India, and China, who are so fatally exposed to the anti-Christian materialism of Western writers.